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MODERN SPAIN

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ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.

MODERN SPAIN

BY
Andrew Sharp

MARTIN HUME

EDITOR OF THE CALENDARS OF SPANISH STATE
PAPERS (PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE)

WITH A SUPPLEMENTARY
CHAPTER ON MODERN
SPAIN FROM 1898 TO 1918
by J. R. CAREY

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

An attempt has been made to furnish an additional chapter to the work of the late Major Martin Hume. The hardihood of such an undertaking is recognised, and the result will doubtless remind most readers of a stucco Georgian annexe to an Elizabethan mansion. The period to be covered —roughly from 1898 to 1918—bristles with difficulties even for extended treatment. The necessary limits of space have meant the crowding out of much and the inadequate treatment of more. Most of the points touched on are matters of living interest and impassioned debate in Spain, and the present writer has striven merely to indicate the various opinions without presuming to lay down the law. Spain is slowly working out her destiny. Every day her contribution to world civilisation, long obscured by the mists of prejudice, is becoming more and more recognised. She has a right to our steadfast sympathy in her present difficulties, and our cordial co-operation in her future progress.

J. R. CAREY.

London, 1923.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

IN the seven years that have passed since this book was written the happiest hopes expressed in its closing lines have so far been fulfilled. The child Alfonso XIII. has grown to be a man: a young man full of generous impulses, and deeply imbued by his wise mother in the duties and responsibilities of a constitutional monarch. To him in the flower of his promising youth Queen Christina has handed unimpaired the sceptre she bore so bravely in the anxious years of her son's long minority. Peace and a measure of prosperity have continued to smile upon Spain, and in the international councils of Europe the ancient monarchy bears an increasingly important part, in cordial friendship with the two great democratic forces, England and France. Those who on the memorable day in May, 1901, saw the King, so bright and eager, so manly yet so pathetically young, face his parliament and his people for the first time as their ruler, and with head erect and ringing voice swear to guard inviolate the Constitution by which he reigned, could not fail to be impressed with the earnest sincerity, the evident determination, of the young man to do right and fear nothing. Mistakes Alfonso XIII. may make, for he is human ; but it may be certainly predicted of him, that, like his father before him, he will do no evil knowingly to his people ; and that he will, so far as in him lies, keep his pact with the subjects whose love and sympathy he has already gained.

The old politicians of the revolution are dropping off one by one. Silvela, Sagasta, Romero-Robledo, and Pi y Margall have died since this book was written, and the newer statesmen who alternately govern Spain have found, as Canovas in his own words said of Alfonso XII., when he was of the same age as his son is now, that in Alfonso XIII. they "have a master." Like his father, too, the young King has determined to marry for love, and to marry an English Princess, bred in the free atmosphere of British life. When Alfonso XII. was urged by his ministers to adopt a measure limiting religious freedom in Spain, he replied—"There are two things upon which I will never give way, though it cost me my crown. I will never suppress religious liberty, and I will never marry against my will"; and the influences whose activity in an opposite direction drew this declaration from Alfonso XII., have found in his son the same firm resolve to resist the retrogressive forces of bigotry, and to suffer no political coercion in the matter of his marriage. The Catholic faith is, and must remain, the religion of Spain; but the day of religious persecution and tyrannical priestcraft is past for ever, and Catholic Spain is as free as Protestant England. The sympathies of Britons will join those of Spaniards towards the young couple who under such hopeful auspices are to begin life together. The national friendship typified by the personal union is a pledge of peace for Spain, and an advantage for our own country, and the closer communion between the peoples cannot but inspire Spain once more, as a similar friendship did well nigh a century ago, anew with attachment to orderly liberty guaranteed by pure parliamentary government such as happily prevails in our own land.

For Spain most of the auguries are hopeful. The vexed question of "regionalism" in Biscay and Cataluña still stirs the nation to its heart, but the wisest of those who have hitherto clamoured for complete provincial autonomy are beginning to recognise that the best way of attaining the end they have in view is not to stand apart from the national life and cry for an impracticable separation, but for the wealthy, active provinces of the north to infuse into all departments of the national life some of their own energy and strength: for Biscay and Cataluña to conquer and influence the rest of

Spain as Scotland has influenced the rest of Britain, and whilst retaining in vigour provincial institutions, work for, and with, the nation as a whole. Whatever solution may be found for this and other burning questions, one thing may be foretold with confidence. The days of despotism have fled for ever from Spain. The law and not the crown shall rule; and the bent of the young king, so far as it is known, encourages the hope that the popular liberties will have in time a strenuous champion and a faithful guardian. It must be the wish of all Englishmen, as it certainly is of Spaniards, that he with an English bride may reign long and happily over a free people; and in the process of time be succeeded by Anglo-Spanish descendants handing down the traditions of popular government for future ages in a country which in the past despotism has done its best to ruin.

MARTIN HUME.

LONDON, *April*, 1906.

ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN (AT THE AGE OF TWELVE).

INTRODUCTION

THIS is the story of a nation during a century of struggle upward out of the abyss into which despotism and bigotry had sunk it. Before the period commenced a king, more enlightened than his subjects, had brought from abroad wise and far-reaching plans of regeneration which he imposed upon a submissive, but apathetic and ignorant, people. These reforms were social, educational, and administrative, and in no way trenched upon the despotic political power which he had inherited from his forefathers, for he knew full well that orderly liberty must follow, and not precede, enlightenment.

It was Spain's misfortune that the sceptre of Charles III. passed into the hands of an amiable fool at the most critical period of modern times, when half civilisation was crazy with the new conviction that the face of society, and even the laws of nature, could be suddenly altered by changes in the form of governments. In England this belief was modified by the stolid good sense of the race, loyalty to the throne, and the elasticity of the constitution under which we lived; in France it was turned to his own advantage by one of the greatest geniuses and most unscrupulous men the world ever saw, and has resulted in a successful democracy which at intervals cries for a despot to save it from itself: whilst in Spain, where the throne had forfeited right to respect, where there was no constitution to be elastic, and no genius to rescue society from anarchy by new developments of despotism, the people themselves have painfully worked out, so far, their own salvation at the cost of a century of conflict and misery untold.

Again and again during the period, political empirics have prescribed rapid remedies for a chronic disease, always with the result that a crisis has been provoked which has further retarded the progress of the patient. False guides have betrayed the people from the straight upward path through short cuts into quagmires, or to the edge of the precipice: at every level resting-place the leaders have declared loudly that the summit has been attained, and in eloquent orations have called upon their followers, and the world at large, to witness and admire their cleverness in having reached it with so little labour. Every transient gleam of their own poor rushlight has been hailed in resounding phrases as the bright sunshine which was to be the final goal. The people in the meanwhile, inexperienced in the phenomena of progress, have readily taken flowing oratory for noble deeds, and flickering candles for the day's effulgence; only to give way to bitter disappointment and paroxysms of rage when they have learnt the truth.

and have been forced to toil upward again still in the twilight.

But, withal, the road has led them higher. The squabbles and corruption of politicians, the folly and blindness of those who sat in high places, have done their worst; but those who have patience to read to the end the story here told will see that in the course of the century the Spanish nation, in spite of all, has advanced, and is still advancing, though slowly, towards the material prosperity and enlightened freedom which is the right of all civilised peoples.

I may fairly claim to possess some special qualifications for relating many of the incidents set forth in this history. In my youth I have listened open-eyed for hours to the tales of aged relatives and their friends who had borne active part in the great struggle early in the century. Some of them had been friends of Godoy, some of them companions in arms of Wellington and Hill; and from the mouth of one I learnt the tragic story of the massacre of the 2nd of May, at which he had been present. The same aged gentleman and his brother, near relatives of my own, were amongst the victims of the despotism of Fernando, and expiated in prison and in exile their adhesion to the cause of the Constitution. From them, many a time and oft, have I heard on the spot the story of the battle of the Constitution in the Calle Mayor of Madrid on the 7th of July, 1822, and of the storming of the palace stairs by Diego de Leon in 1841 to capture the young Queen Isabel. At a later period my own observation commenced, and as a keenly-interested spectator and friend of many of the chief actors I witnessed most of the stirring scenes recounted in these pages, from the revolution of 1868 up to the death of Alfonso XII., since when I have never ceased to follow closely the incidents of the contemporary history of Spain.

In a work containing so many details, I cannot hope to have escaped errors, but I may claim that I have done my best to avoid them; and I have been careful to confirm my memory of the events I have witnessed, and of descriptions given to me by actors in earlier scenes, by comparison with other contemporary accounts.

MARTIN HUME.

LONDON, *October*, 1899.

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MODERN SPAIN.

I.

CHARLES IV. AND GODOY—A FRESH START DOWNHILL.

SPAIN in the last half of the eighteenth century and early in the nineteenth presented the curious phenomenon of a nation in which the great mass of the people lagged far behind successive governments in their desire for progress and reform. The quickening of thought, the emancipation of expression, the philosophical theories which preceded the great uprising of the French Revolution had stopped at the barrier of the Pyrenees; and with the exception of a comparatively few travelled and enlightened men who were looked upon by their compatriots as dangerous innovators, Voltaireans and Freemasons, the Spanish people demanded nothing better than to live in their own way in peace, giving blind love and obedience to their kings, and equally blind compliance with the forms of their faith, which in the great majority of cases had degenerated to the blackest and grossest superstition. Nor were the people themselves to blame for this. In natural gifts, and good qualities of all sorts, they had hardly their equal in Europe, but a series of unexampled calamities, owing directly to crimes and errors of their governments, had separated them from the industrial and intellectual movement of the rest of the civilised world; and in the dawn of the century of light still held them enthralled in the trammels of the age of darkness.

By the end of the seventeenth century, when the last King of Spain of the house of Austria, the idiot Charles II., died, the evil had been done. The centralising system of government initiated by Charles V. and Philip II. had, under the rule of their degenerate successors, thrown unchecked power in the hands of a series of corrupt and greedy favourites. The perfect representative institutions, which in earlier ages had been far in advance of any parliaments elsewhere, had been sapped by tyranny and corruption, and had become effete by losing hold of the national purse-strings. The baleful inheritance of the house of Burgundy in Central Europe had drawn Spain into a series of desolating wars in which Spaniards, as such, had no concern. Industry had been almost completely strangled by a preposterous fiscal policy which cast the whole of the crushing national burdens on to food and manufactures; whilst the expulsion of the Moriscos and their connection with handicrafts had caused industry to be regarded as degrading to a pure-born Spaniard who could shoulder a pike and, with good luck, plunder enough doubloons in America or the Low Countries to keep him in swaggering idleness for the rest of his life. The Church and the Inquisition between them, in their anxiety to shut out the religious schism which troubled other countries, had built a Chinese wall around education which successfully prevented the introduction of scientific advancement or intellectual progress from abroad, and had strictly limited the exercise of Spanish genius to works of imagination. All through the reign of the first Bourbon, Philip V., the nobles, the people, and, above all, the Church, had continued to offer an inert or active resistance to the efforts of his French advisers to introduce reforms into the administration of government. Beset as he was by constant wars, and later by the mental lethargy that overcame him, he did as much as was humanly possible under the circumstances to elevate the institutions of his people against their will. His son Ferdinand VI. was Spanish by birth and tradition, and, in more cautious fashion than his father, did his best to forward learning and the softer arts; and to give them a national impress which should relieve them from the reproach of being foreign introductions. But, withal, when Charles III., his half-brother, came from Naples to rule over Spain in 1759, practically a foreigner and surrounded by foreign ministers, all saturated, like himself, with the newer philosophical ideas of the French school, he was shocked at the backward and miserable condition of his new realm, and he determined that Spain should be brought abreast of other civilised nations, whether Spaniards liked it or not. He worked like a giant at his tremendous task, and more than once in the beginning of his reign his crown trembled in the balance when his reforms ran counter to the prejudices of his people: as, for instance, when he insisted upon lighting the streets of his capital and abolishing the ancient dress of the citizens, who, he said, skulked about the streets with covered faces more like conspirators than the subjects of a civilised monarch.

For well-nigh thirty years the greatest of the Spanish Bourbons strove to introduce the tardy light of advanced civilisation into his dominions by the aid of such ministers as Grimaldo, Aranda, Campomanes, and Floridablanca; and when the Jesuits were suspected of opposing his reforms, with a stroke of the pen one of the most powerful organisations in Christendom was abolished in Spain, its members sent into exile and its vast property confiscated. The Inquisition, which had overawed earlier Spanish monarchs, and the Papacy, which in the days of Spain's weakness had endeavoured once more to fix its grasp upon the Spanish Church, were made to understand that in Spain only one monarch henceforward would be allowed to rule in all things temporal and spiritual, namely, he who wore the crown by hereditary descent. It was despotism pure and simple, for the Cortes were practically dead, but it was, in the hands of Charles III., a beneficent despotism which forced upon the country, in despite of itself, the material and civilising reforms which peoples have generally to wring for themselves from unwilling governments. Fine coach-roads were run through the country for the first time, irrigation canals brought fertility to vast arid tracts of wilderness, splendid public buildings sprang up in all the important towns, of which they still remain the chief ornament. The crushing burdens which had strangled agriculture and industry were partially lifted from them, and foreign artificers were brought to teach Spaniards once more the skilled handicrafts they had lost. The crowding of unproductive idlers into the church and the cloisters was discouraged, and locked-up wealth and lands in mortmain in the hands of religious corporations were, to some small extent, freed for the general good.[1] Subsidised factories and heavy protective duties fostered the renascent national industries, and material prosperity smiled upon Spain for the first time for two centuries.

But though Spaniards accepted, not unwillingly, their increased wellbeing, and bent their heads without open demur to the incomprehensible measures of their monarch, they looked with undisguised dislike at the spirit with which the reforms were pervaded. They had always been jealous of foreigners, but since the advent of Philip V. the French workmen and traders had swarmed upon them like locusts, well-nigh monopolising what was left of industry and commerce;[2]

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[1] By the census of 1768 it is shown that there were in that year in Spain 15,639 parish priests; other beneficed clergymen, assistant curates, and unemployed priests, 51,000; cloistered clergy, 55,453; nuns, 27,665; church servants, sacristans, and acolytes, 25,248. In twenty years the number of unemployed clergy was reduced by over 8,000, and the cloistered clergy by a similar number.

[2] A census of foreigners in Spain was taken in 1791, when it was found that there were 13,332 French heads of families established in the country, as against 1,577 Germans and 140 English. The total number of domiciled foreign heads of families was 27,500, so that nearly half were French.

and against Frenchmen the hatred of Spaniards was exceptionally bitter. It happened that the newfangled ideas of the King, and particularly of his minister, the rash and impetuous Count de Aranda, had reached them through France, which made their measures doubly unwelcome to the populace and to the privileged classes who especially suffered. The onesided "family compact," by which Spain and France mutually agreed to defend each other's territories and interests, led Charles into the trap that his less able half-brother had avoided; and a series of unpopular wars with England, in which Spain had everything to lose and nothing but Mahon and Gibraltar to regain, absorbed much of the increased revenue accruing from the improved financial administration. As Aranda himself foresaw and set forth in a most remarkable prophecy, the aid lent by Spain to the revolt of the English North American Colonies formed a dangerous precedent for the separation of her own colonial dominions, and promoted the establishment of a great Anglo-Saxon republic in America, which in time to come should oust Spain from her last foothold in the New World.[1] Charles himself before his death, under the gentler guidance of the diplomatic Floridablanca, recognised his error in binding himself too tightly to France, over

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[1] "This new federal Republic," wrote Aranda to Floridablanca, "is, so to speak, born a mere pigmy, and has needed the support of two powerful nations like France and Spain to win its independence. But the day will come when it will grow into a giant, a terrible Colossus. It will then forget the benefits it has received and think only of its own aggrandisement."

COUNT DE ARANDA.

which and the ill-fated Louis XVI. the clouds were fast gathering when the King of Spain breathed his last in December, 1788. For two years previously Floridablanca had resolutely refused to be drawn again into the vortex of war and trouble which was slowly encircling the rest of Europe, but he had continued the internal reforms which he hoped would render Spain able to withstand the coming tempest. He had against him the advanced pro-French and military party, led by Aranda and O'Reilly, as well as the discontented clergy and nobles who had suffered by recent changes, and he was begging for his retirement when the old King died.

Amongst the Spanish people there was absolutely no breath of revolutionary feeling. Loyalty to the sovereign personally was a deeply rooted national tradition, and although their strong conservatism made them chary of welcoming innovations, it was the minister and not the monarch who was blamed for them. With skill and statesmanship in avoiding compromising entanglements, there seemed a better chance of stability for the Spanish throne at the time perhaps than for any other on the Continent. The high personal character of Charles III., his firmness, ability and justice, had contributed largely to this result. He was the first Spanish sovereign since Philip II. who had not been influenced by favourites, male or female, and although, as events proved, he lived in advance of his age and country, yet if his successor had possessed similar qualities to his own it is probable that many of the subsequent disasters, which cast Spain back into ruin, would have been avoided.

Charles IV. was proclaimed in Madrid in January, 1789. He was a simple, honest, kindly soul of forty, a man of scanty mental gifts, generous and easily led; yet still with plenty of Bourbon obstinacy, and a high sense of his kingly privileges. He had married several years before his cousin, Maria Luisa of Parma, who had inherited to a greater degree than her husband the strong passions and imperious self-will of their common ancestress, that "termagant of Spain," Elisabeth Farnese, who had kept all Europe in a turmoil during the earlier years of the century. The new King was thus under the complete dominion of his wife, whose caprices, it will be seen in the course of this history, certainly did not help him to overcome the difficulties before him. These were many and pressing, especially those of a financial character. The expensive wars of Charles III. against England, the consequent re-construction of the Spanish navy, and the many costly innovations in Spain and her Colonies had been paid for largely by money raised on treasury bonds to bearer for £8,000,000, and by the establishment of a National Bank of St. Carlos, and many finance and credit establishments and Chartered Companies to develop the Spanish Colonies. A vast amount of floating paper was thus put into circulation, which, by the death of Charles III., had greatly depreciated in value. The Banks and Finance Companies were mostly in a condition of semi-bankruptcy; and the failure of the harvest, and the rigorous winter of 1788, had increased the almost universal distress. The new King's first decrees[1] were generous but unwise. Taxes overdue were remitted, bread and other necessary food was made cheaper by government subventions to producers of inferior qualities, and large sums of money were raised by the Treasury on unnecessarily onerous terms, which, however, subsequently turned out disastrously for the lenders.

During the whole of the long reign of Charles III. the Cortes had only once been summoned, namely, when it was necessary to swear allegiance to the heir-apparent in 1760. A permanent deputation of the Cortes was supposed to exist in Madrid, in which the kingdom of Aragon was also represented, for the purpose of watching the expenditure of the excise, which was formerly voted by the representatives of the people elected by the Town Councils; but to all practical intents the Spanish parliaments were dead, and only met once in a reign for the purpose of swearing allegiance to the King, and acknowledging the heir-apparent. For peculiar reasons, which will presently be explained, Charles IV. went beyond this in the Cortes summoned on his accession, and from his innovation results ensued which to the present hour divide Spain into separate camps, and have already brought upon the unhappy country two desolating domestic wars.

With all pomp and ceremony on the 23rd of September, 1789, the deputies met in the ancient church of St. Geronimo, and there took the usual oath of allegiance. It had become customary to dismiss them immediately afterwards, to prevent them from asserting their ancient right to initiate legislation by address to the monarch; but on this occasion a mysterious hint had been given in the summons that something else would be asked of them besides the oath. It was a dangerous time to try experiments of this sort, for the States-General in France had only three months before kicked over the traces, proclaimed a National Assembly, and taken the memorable oath in the Tennis Court which inaugurated the Revolution; but Floridablanca, who still remained Prime Minister, and Campomanes, the President of the Council and of the Cortes, knew full well that subversive ideas had yet found no lodging in Spain. The deputies were therefore summoned to a special meeting, and to their surprise were required to take a solemn oath that they would keep secret the subject of their deliberations. When this had been done Campomanes divulged that the King desired them to present to him in the ancient form a representation asking him to abolish the decree of 1713, in which Philip V. established the Salic law in Spain, and to revert to the ancient Spanish rule by which females might succeed failing males of the same grade. No reason was given for the demand, and none was at first glance apparent, for the King had three young sons living as well as daughters; but the change would naturally be a welcome one to Spaniards, for they still recollected that Castile's most glorious sovereign had been a woman; and the Cortes readily acceded to the King's wish, begging him to legalise the enactment by publishing it as a decree. This he promised to do, but did not for reasons which will appear later; and so the matter slept, the deputies and ministers keeping the secret inviolate. The Cortes had been so compliant that Count Campomanes, the president, consulted them on other measures, with the object of checking the increasing entail of land, and encouraging the cultivation of estates held in mortmain; but the moment an attempt was made by some of the members to introduce petitions for reform of their own accord, they were hurriedly dismissed, and the Cortes came to an end.

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[1] Charles's first decree, signed a few days only after his father's death, recognised all the vast floating debt incurred by the three previous kings, on condition that the holders should subscribe three times the amount of their claims to a new 3 per cent. loan secured on the tobacco revenue. As, however, this source of revenue was already over-hypothecated, the subscribers ultimately lost their money.

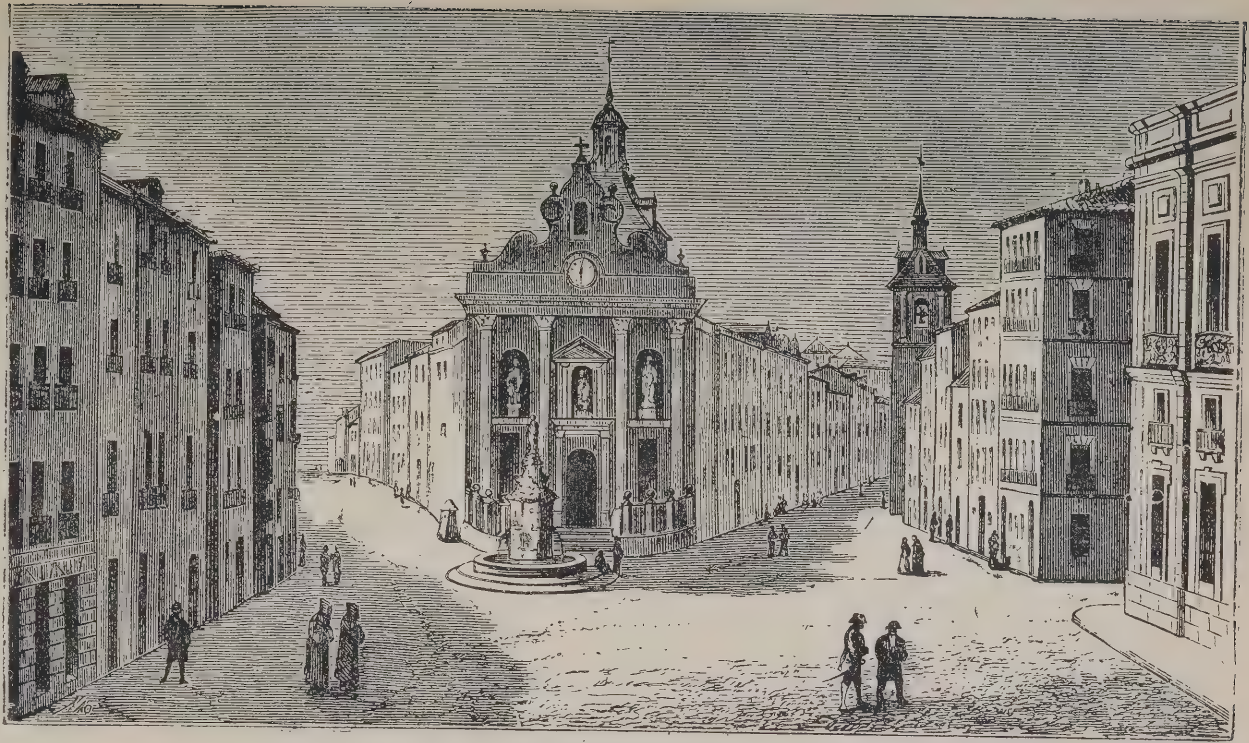
The reasons which prompted Charles IV. to request the abolition of the Salic law, and then fail to complete his part by publishing the decree, has given rise to much doubtful speculation; but the most obvious explanation is probably the true one. The decree establishing the Salic law in 1713 had laid down the rule that the heir to succeed must have been born in Spain. Charles IV. had been born in Naples, and although the condition just mentioned had been omitted from the codes printed in the reign of Charles III., it was still the law of the land, and rendered Charles's right to succeed questionable. On the other hand, there was no need to stir up the matter unless it was raised by others, and the King could at any time he thought fit perfect the new law by publishing it as a decree. France, moreover, was in a turmoil, and the King was drifting ever further away from the Assembly, which at one moment seemed to contemplate the possibility of adopting one of the Spanish Bourbons as their constitutional sovereign; and it may have appeared unwise to Charles to accentuate points of difference between France and Spain by abolishing the Salic law established by his French grandfather.

Floridablanca had continued for the first year of the new King's accession the reforms begun by Charles III., but he was an old man whose zeal was cooling. The excesses of the Assembly in France frightened him. He had been an advanced reformer for the greater part of his life, but if reform led to the subjection of sovereigns to lieges, to the storming of Bastilles, to inflammatory declamation in public places and the like, then he would have as little more of it as possible. His policy became consequently vacillating; balancing between the dread of irritating the French Government, and thus aggravating the position of Louis XVI., and yet driven by his fears to adopt the most tyrannical measures to check the spread of advanced ideas. By a decree of April 12, 1791, all newspapers in Spain were suppressed except the *Official Gazette*, strict watch was kept on the frontier to prevent the passage of news or propaganda from France, and in July, 1791, a monstrous decree was published which brought upon Spain the protests of all Europe. Every foreigner in Spain, resident or traveller—and we have seen that a half of them were Frenchmen—was to swear allegiance to the King of Spain and the Catholic religion, and renounce all claim or right of appeal for protection to his own nationality, under the most atrocious penalties. Whilst, on the one hand, he was showing his fear of the French Revolution, and refusing to recognise the sovereignty of the people proclaimed by the Assembly (July, 1789), Floridablanca was, on the other, appealing to the family compact to claim armed French aid against England in support of Spain's pretension to the possession of the whole of the west coast of North America. The Assembly acceded to the request, but a pacific arrangement was made by means of a personal interview between Charles IV. and the English ambassador, and fortunately hostilities did not ensue. The impolitic appeal, however, to a revolutionary government tied the hands of Spain, and rendered the other Powers suspicious of her; it was indeed at this period, and not later, as is usually asserted, that the weak, fast-and-loose policy of Spain towards France, which afterwards caused so much disaster, was inaugurated, and Floridablanca and his master must bear a fair share of the blame, all of which is usually heaped upon Godoy.

The position, it is true, was an extremely difficult one for Charles IV. The chief of his house, the King of France, insulted and held in duress by his subjects, was in ever-growing danger. Ties of blood and common family interest naturally led the King of Spain to try to save him. And yet he dared not go too far, for the National Assembly was in no mood to brook foreign interference, and Spain was not in a condition to undertake a war. The French émigrés were unceasing in their efforts to enlist Europe in aid of their King, and so far as expressions of sympathy were concerned, they had not much difficulty. The declaration of Pilnitz, and the agreement of the Bourbon princes to avenge any further ill-treatment of Louis XVI. after the flight and arrest at Varennes (June, 1791) had both been preceded by long and wearisome negotiations; and much precious time was lost before any action could result from them, owing to the divergent interests of the Powers, their jealousy of England, and the ineptitude and instability of the unfortunate Louis XVI. himself. Floridablanca, slow and hesitating, and depending to a great extent upon the guidance of the Empress of Russia, was negotiating with the Emperor Leopold and the King of Prussia for a joint invasion of France in the interests of Louis, when (September, 1791) the latter accepted the constitution and notified the fact to the European Powers. The Emperor and the other potentates accepted the declaration without open question, in order not to further aggravate Louis' position, but Floridablanca, without the knowledge of Charles IV., to whom he rarely spoke of foreign affairs, alone haughtily declined to acknowledge the notification sent in Louis' name as constitutional King of the French, until he had quite satisfied himself that the change had been made freely by Louis' own wish. The French Government were furiously indignant, and Floridablanca was made the scapegoat.

When Charles was remonstrated with by the French and Austrian ambassadors for the danger in which the action of his minister placed Louis, he told them that he now heard of it for the first time. Floridablanca's wise attempts to check the evils of land-entail, administrative extravagance, and ecclesiastical abuses in Spain, had set against him all the vested interests in the country, and he fell (February, 1792), to be replaced by the impetuous Count de Aranda, who was infatuated with France and all that belonged to her. He flew to the opposite extreme and embraced the Revolution without condition or safeguards, and the signatories of the declaration of Pilnitz, Austria and Prussia, entered into the war alone for the rescue of the Bourbon sovereign of France.

But events moved quickly. Louis was imprisoned in the Temple (August, 1792), and the Prussians were routed at Valmy and Jemappes; the Terror was in full swing, lusting for the blood of tyrants the world over, and calling upon the enslaved peoples of Europe to shake off their fetters. The Assembly, insolent with the victory over the Prussians, instructed their ambassador—Bourgoing—in Madrid to demand of Spain either a binding alliance or the alternative of war. Aranda's eyes were opened; Spain was in financial straits and unprepared for war: but for the Bourbon sovereign of Spain to be forced into alliance with the revolutionary Government which was trying the head of his house for his life was a bitter pill indeed. For some weeks previously the possibility of joining the alliance of the other Powers against France had been discussed by Aranda and the Council of State, and it was practically decided that Spain should join the coalition and invade France over the Pyrenees. The threats of the French Government, however, and the fears of Charles for the life of Louis in the Temple paralysed action, and another attempt was made to



THE PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID, AT THE END OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

(From a contemporary print.)

mollify the raging National Convention. The Spanish minister proposed a treaty of neutrality, and the French were inclined to listen. But the terms they demanded were bitterly humiliating for the Spanish Bourbons to accept. Aranda and the French ambassador, with great acrimony and recrimination on both sides, were endeavouring to come to terms, when suddenly, on November 15, 1792, without warning, the aged Prime Minister received his dismissal from the King. The position was known to be extremely critical, needing the highest qualities of statecraft, if Spain was to preserve her peace, safety, and honour; and the sudden dismissal of Aranda left the country aghast. What could it mean? asked the gossips of the Puerta del Sol with bated breath. There was only one answer, whispered with frowning brows and glances of indignation: "*The Choricero.*"[1] When Floridablanca had fallen, the same power behind the throne was said to have caused the change, although Godoy himself afterwards denied the fact; and stealthy murmurs ran, even then, that the bad times of the adulterous Queen Mariana and the vile favourite Valenzuela had come back again. But when the announcement was made that the experienced and dignified Count de Aranda was to be replaced by General Don Manuel de Godoy, Duke of Alcudia—the *Choricero* himself—disgust and indignation were only restrained from open expression by the traditional respect of Spaniards for the throne, and their love for the goodhearted, fatherly gentleman whom they called king.

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[1] Godoy received the nickname of the *Choricero*—the sausage-man—in consequence of his being a native of Estremadura, where the breeding of swine is the principal industry. Most of the sausage-makers in Spain are, or pretend to be, Estremeños.

A word is necessary before we proceed further as to the rise of Manuel Godoy, who was thus at the age of twenty-five called to the helm of State at perhaps the most difficult crisis of his country's history. Few historical characters have been the object of so much adulation and so much vituperation, both equally undeserved, as Godoy. In England and Spain, especially, it was perhaps natural that the man whose baseness and ambition were said to have dragged his country to the feet of Napoleon, and to have caused the Peninsular War, should have been held up to execration; and the most absurd fables with regard to him were circulated in both countries, and are still copied from book to book. All the bitter memories associated with him are dead now, and we can look upon his career with an impartiality denied to our grandfathers. When he was an old man, living in dire poverty and oblivion in exile, he published a vigorous refutation of the attacks that had been made upon him; but it fell upon deaf ears, for it came too late. He had waited loyally till after the death of the King and Queen, who had loved him to the last, had unsealed his lips; he had waited until his arch-enemy the false Fernando had ended his unworthy life, and when at length he spoke there were few living who cared; for the world was a new one and Manuel Godoy was forgotten. That he was entirely unfit for the task thrust upon him may be at once conceded; but it is given to few men to perceive their own insufficiency, and with wealth and honours crowding upon him by the irresistible passion of the Queen; with flatterers and suppliants hailing him as a heaven-born genius, with kings and potentates courting him, it cannot be surprising that Godoy, a mere half-educated lad, should accept complacently the goods the gods showered upon him, and do the best he could under the circumstances according to his lights. He would have been more than mortal if he had spurned his good fortune, and insisted upon remaining a private guardsman.

He had come to Madrid at the age of seventeen, the son of one of those small gentlemen in the provinces living humbly, idly, and proudly on the poor independence furnished by their ancestral lands. They scorned commerce and industry, and thought more of their coats-of-arms than the coats on their backs; there was little for their sons to do but to seek their fortunes in the career of arms, or in the household of statesmen. Manuel's elder brother was already in the King's bodyguard, and the lad had sufficient interest also to obtain admission to the corps. The members were all of noble birth, and ranked as officers, doing duty in the passages and antechambers of the palace and as escort to the sovereigns. This was in 1784 or 1785, and the young guardsman soon caught the fancy of the Queen. The absurd fables of his enchanting her with his guitar-playing and singing may be dismissed, but he must have been very handsome, for in his decrepit old age his bearing was extremely graceful, and the Queen fell in love with him, although she was old enough to be his mother.

EL. Exc.mo Sr. DUQUE DE LA ALCUDIA.

MANUEL GODOY, AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS MINISTRY.

He himself naturally avoids all mention of this, and ascribes his elevation to the desire of the King and Queen to have at their right hand a minister of their own making and entirely devoted to them. The ministers, they said, of Louis XVI. had played him false, and the same might happen to them. A minister of their own raising would probably be more faithful. This, no doubt, was the King's idea; and was in strict accordance with the old Spanish system of the great Emperor and of Philip II.; but the choice of Godoy for the position was that of Maria Luisa, who had already caused the lad's promotion to a grade which brought him into direct contact with the royal family before she began the education which was to fit him to be Prime Minister. In 1790, when he was only twenty-three, he was always present at the confidential interviews between the King and Queen and the ministers; and Maria Luisa encouraged him to display his wit and acuteness in political conversations with the King, who was soon persuaded by his wife that this was the raw material out of which their own model minister should be made. Before he was twenty-five he was rapidly advanced, successively to be a Knight Commander of Santiago, Exon of the Guards, Adjutant-General of the Guards, Lieutenant-General in the Army, Grand Cross of Charles III., Duke of Alcudia, Grandee of Spain, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Gentleman of the King's Chamber, and, as we have seen, Councillor of State, and Prime Minister on the fall of Aranda in November, 1792.

He found the condition of the country truly deplorable. It has been shown that the mass of the people were entirely out of sympathy with the reforming zeal of Charles III. and his ministers ; the Church and the nobles went further, and were to a large extent actively antagonistic. The excesses of the French Revolution had, moreover, frightened the reformers themselves, and the inevitable financial collapse of the edifice of credit reared by Charles III., depending, as it did, upon public support and sympathy, came when the tide of reform sank to its ebb. Godoy in his apology, written when he was an old man, passionately points out the difficulties which he, an inexperienced youth, had to face at this juncture. From motives of economy the army had been allowed to dwindle to 36,000 ill-equipped men ; for Floridablanca's fear, and Aranda's dislike, of England had caused all the money to be spent on the navy. War with France was now almost inevitable, there was no reserve in the treasury, and the revenues were inelastic, for the gross evils of land-entail and idle Church endowments still condemned much of the potential wealth of the country to lie waste. The moneyed classes were distrustful of the tax-collector and hid their resources ; and, notwithstanding the efforts that had been made by Charles III. and his enlightened ministers, Spaniards of all ranks continued to look upon trade and industry as unworthy ; and crowded into the idle and unproductive careers of the State service and the Church.

The first problem for Godoy was how to save the life of Louis, and yet escape the humiliating conditions imposed by the National Convention as the price of peace between France and Spain. The course adopted was probably that of Charles IV. and his Queen, rather than that of their young minister, for it was characteristically Bourbonic. Unlimited credit was sent to the Spanish ambassador in Paris to bribe the members of the National Convention, and vast sums were squandered in this way. With the draft of a treaty to Paris went a mild and timid request that the life of Louis should be spared, and Pitt was cautiously approached by Godoy with a suggestion that England should join in the request, a course which Pitt refused to adopt, although urged thereto by the Whigs. In vain Aranda solemnly warned Godoy that if Louis were executed in despite of Spain's remonstrance, war would be inevitable, and begged him to be cautious; but Charles IV. was determined to save his French cousin at any cost, and the prayer of Spain was laid before the Convention, with the draft treaty, in the last days of December. Charles offered to recognise the new government; nay, even to acquiesce in the deposition and exile of Louis, and to give hostages for his future behaviour; and simultaneously to sign the treaty of neutrality and mutual disarmament. Lebrun, the minister of Foreign Affairs, was suspicious that the treaty was to be used merely as a lever to save Louis' life; but many of the leaders of the Revolution were heavily bribed by Ocariz, the Spanish ambassador; and for a moment after the prayer for the King's life was read to the Convention, the answer seemed to hang in the balance. Then up sprang fiery Thuriot. "Away," he shouted, "with kings and their influence. Let not the foreign ruffians, the crowned brigands, dare to threaten the majesty of the people, or form cabals against us." His furious eloquence carried the Convention with him, and the Spanish King's prayer was ignominiously rejected. The draft treaty was altered by the Convention in a sense still more favourable to France, and sent back to Spain for reconsideration; but still Charles and Godoy pocketed the insults, for the sake of the life of Louis. Once more, indeed, whilst the votes of the members were being counted to decide whether the King was to die, Ocariz, the Spanish ambassador, made a last appeal for mercy for Louis on any conditions. He had bought, as he thought, a majority of the Convention, and again it seemed as if the last penance of the unhappy King might be spared. But gloomy Danton overawed them all, and the die of death was cast.

Thenceforward war between France and Spain could hardly be avoided. Godoy plaintively protests that it was not his fault. Perhaps it was not, but it has become a fixed article of faith that the war was of his making, and his memory bears the burden to all eternity. Bourgoing, the French ambassador in Madrid, demanded the ratification of the neutrality treaty, and the disarmament of Spain, but was told that nothing further could be done until some sort of apology was made. The Convention was not in an apologetic mood, and war was declared by France on March 7, 1793; Barrère in the name of the Committee of National Defence announcing that the Bourbons must be extirpated root and branch. All Floridablanca's panic-prompted measures to suppress revolutionary teaching were cast in the teeth of Spain; all the efforts of Charles to save Louis, all Godoy's approaches to England, were cited by France as pretexts for war. The Convention had assumed the *rôle* of universal emancipator of peoples; but the Spanish nation did not desire emancipation, and the war was popular on both sides of the Pyrenees. In Spain the hoarded millions were poured out into the hands of the King to be spent on the war.[1] The Church, the nobles, the populace vied with each other now; for it was no longer a people sulkily bending their heads to reforms forced upon them, it was the whole nation flying to arms to fight the spirit of reform itself in the hideous and exaggerated shape which its Spanish opponents had always foretold it would assume. The Spanish nation was ablaze to wreak vengeance on the French money-grubbers who had well-nigh monopolised the work in their towns, and whose countrymen in Paris had insulted and trampled on their faith and murdered the anointed of the Lord.

Enthusiastic as were the people, however, the organisation and equipment of the army were as bad as could be, and though great commanders sprang, as if by magic, to lead the hastily raised hosts of France against the Royalists and the armed coalition of Europe which was advancing to destroy the Revolution, no such good fortune attended Spain, where for centuries the system of government had discouraged individual initiative. With prodigious activity the armies of the Republic faced and vanquished its foes on all sides. A Spanish army of 3,000 men in April, 1793, crossed the Pyrenees into Rousillon, capturing place after place and marching upon Perpignan. But the general, Ricardos, had left his rear unprotected, and General Dagobert, with a large French force, slipped behind him and overran the north of Cataluña. All through the summer hard fighting continued on both sides of the frontier, without decisive result, whilst the French Royalists, besieged in Toulon, were reinforced by a Spanish fleet in union with the English fleet under Hood. But jealousy and mutual recrimination took place between the Spanish and English admirals, the Republican land force outside was overwhelming, the youthful genius of Napoleon was already making itself felt; the allies abandoned the besieged city—for which the Spaniards mainly blamed Hood, whom they accused of utter disregard for the lives and interests of the Royalists and the Spaniards. Much, however, as the latter resented the burning of the Royalist ships by Hood inside the harbour, and the destruction of the arsenal, it unquestionably left England mistress of the Mediterranean when Toulon fell into the hands of the Republic.

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[1] De Pradt says that whereas France had under the Assembly only contributed five millions of francs for the defence of the country, and that England at the commencement of this very war of 1793 only provided forty-five millions, the amount of money *voluntarily* subscribed by Spaniards at this juncture reached the great total of seventy-three millions, or nearly three millions sterling. The Archbishop of Toledo alone gave £250,000; and the contributions in men, horses, arms, and stores from the nation at large were as generous as the money gifts.

Before the new campaign of 1794 commenced Charles IV. called a council at Aranjuez to review the situation. In it the aged Aranda read a paper strongly reflecting on Godoy's conduct of the war, and advocating a *modus vivendi* with France. Hot words, almost blows, ensued between Godoy and Aranda in the King's presence. An insult to the favourite was regarded by the infatuated Charles as an insult to himself. He received Aranda's humble apology with rage, and within an hour the old minister was being hurried, without preparation, to his prison in remote Jaen, never again to enter the councils of his sovereign; although Godoy claims for himself the credit of subsequently obtaining his release from close confinement and from the threatened prosecution of the Inquisition.

The campaign of 1794 was from the beginning disastrous to the Spaniards. First the brave and dashing General Ricardos died, and his successor, Count O'Reilly, also died before he could assume command. The new general, Count de la Union, was out-manœuvred by Dugommier, and his lines of communication cut. The Spaniards were disorganised and routed and re-crossed the Pyrenees in May, followed by Dugommier. All through the summer the fighting continued on the Spanish side, and in September the one French fortress in Spanish hands, Bellegarde, surrendered after a three months' siege. In November the Spaniards were finally routed with enormous loss, both La Union and Dugommier falling, the strong Spanish fortress of Figueras surrendered treacherously and all Northern Spain was at the mercy of the French. The Spaniards were equally unsuccessful at the eastern end of the Pyrenees in Guipuzcoa and Navarre; and only with the greatest difficulty could fresh Spanish forces be raised to

MANUEL GODOY, PRINCE OF THE PEACE.

(At the time of his fall.)

recommence the campaign in the spring of 1795; for the country was now openly murmuring against the inglorious results of Godoy's government. The French army had crossed the Ebro and threatened Madrid. The cold fit had succeeded Spanish ardour; and now that Robespierre had lost his head, the Republic itself, under the Directory, became less violent and bloodthirsty. Mutual approaches therefore took place and peace was signed in July, France evacuating Spanish soil, whilst Spain ceded to the Republic the Spanish part of Santo Domingo. The peace was generally popular in Spain, although it has always been characterised by the enemies of Godoy as a shameful surrender. Seeing that the coalition of the northern Powers had broken up, and that French armies were strongly established on Spanish soil, it is difficult to see how better terms could have been made. Godoy himself points out that at least Spain retained her frontiers and her institutions intact, which some of the other Powers did not. In any case, Godoy was the only person who gained directly, either by the war or its conclusion, for the title of Prince of the Peace rewarded his efforts, and the disgust of the people at large against the *Choricero* grew deeper and deeper as such instances of the Queen's infatuation and the King's apparent compliance multiplied.

At this distance of time it seems that Godoy was not so much to blame for concluding the peace as for the deplorable policy he followed immediately afterwards. England was still at war with the Republic, and looked frowningly upon the terms of the peace which deprived her of an ally. The increase of French power in the West Indies, moreover, did not suit her, and matters became strained again between Spain and England, which had never forgotten the aid of Charles III. to the United States. In the circumstances, therefore, it would have been common prudence for Godoy to have assumed a conciliatory attitude towards England and to have preserved complete neutrality. Instead of this, immediately after peace was signed, he began making approaches to the Republic for an offensive and defensive alliance in anticipation of a war with England. The Directory, eager to secure the aid of the Spanish fleet, readily embraced the opportunity and Godoy signed, in August, the disastrous treaty of San Ildefonso, by which exhausted Spain found herself again face to face with England, the great naval power which alone could seriously injure her. To be dragged at the tail of France was bad enough when family ties and mutual interests bound the two despotic sovereigns together; but for the Spanish Bourbon to make common cause with the revolutionary government, which could in no way serve the interest of Spain, was nothing less than suicidal.[1] What wonder that thenceforward French statesmen should treat Spain contemptuously as a tool to be used as best suited them?

On the 6th of October, 1796, Charles IV. declared war against England, raking up all old grievances—not forgetting Hood's quarrel with Gravina at Toulon—to serve as a pretext. Even then England signified her willingness to make peace with both Powers, if the cession of Santo Domingo to France was rescinded; but the Directory would not give way, for General Bonaparte was making his triumphal march through Italy, and everywhere the arms of France were victorious. The first action in the war against England was disastrous for Spain. The Spanish fleet, in bad condition and poorly manned, but apparently powerful, consisting of 25 line-of-battle ships and 10 frigates, on its way to Cadiz to refit, was met by Admiral Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, with 15 sail, on the 14th of February, 1797, and utterly routed, with the loss of five of the finest ships under the Spanish flag. In July Commodore Nelson made an attempt to repeat the exploit of Essex at Cadiz two hundred years before and burn the ships in harbour; failing in which he made an equally unsuccessful dash upon Tenerife. In the West Indies the English were somewhat more successful, capturing Trinidad, although failing in Porto Rico and Central America. Thus far Spain only had suffered disaster from the war, for in no case had she anything to gain except by a treaty of peace with a defeated England. Of this there seemed no probability, notwithstanding the threatened invasion of Ireland, for anarchy was again prevailing in Paris, and Napoleon's hands were full in Austria and Italy.

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[1] There is every reason to believe that Godoy's extraordinary policy at this juncture was prompted by intrigues emanating from Paris, of which he was the dupe. He was persuaded that the Republic could not long endure; and the raising of a Spanish Bourbon to the throne of France was the bait he swallowed, probably with the hope also of an independent principality for himself.

When the Emperor Francis was obliged to open negotiations for peace (April, 1797), Godoy's emissaries were refused by France all participation in the negotiations. This was a serious rebuff, but much greater was it when, on the opening of the abortive negotiations between France and England at Lille, Spain was entirely deserted by her ally, excluded from the conference, and her claims against England not even promoted. Notwithstanding her protests, Gibraltar and Trinidad still remained in the hands of the English. Spain's pretensions to the sovereignty of the West Coast of North America were treated with contempt, and in view of the rapidly rising star of Napoleon, Godoy and his king must have been blind if they did not see that they had been hoodwinked and cheated. Thanks to Bonaparte's brilliant disobedience to the Directory, he forced a peace upon Austria (October 17) by which France gained Belgium, the Rhine provinces, Mayence, the Ionian Isles, and most of Northern Italy, whilst the independence of Venice was sacrificed to Austria ; and the whole power of the Republic and its satellites, Spain and Holland, was free to be employed against England, whose ally Portugal, even, had been forced by Godoy to abandon her, on renewed threats of a French invasion.

Spain in the meanwhile was being dragged more and more at the tail of the Republic. The Duke of Parma, the brother-in-law of Charles, found the new Cis-Alpine Republic (Modena) established by Bonaparte, an unquiet neighbour to his ancestral domains, and the Directory for some time endeavoured to force him into resigning his duchy in exchange for Tuscany or else for Corsica and Sardinia, whilst Charles was to surrender to France Louisiana and Florida. But the terms of the Directory were not acceptable to any of the parties concerned, and the matter slumbered, until the troops of the Cis-Alpine Republic overran the duchy of Parma, and proclaimed the deposition of the duke. The latter was willing then to accept the exchange previously offered. But it was too late, and he was forced instead to receive a French army into his territory and his pay, nominally to uphold him. In vain Charles and the duke protested. The French troops were in Parma and there they stayed.

Another instance of the determination of France to use Spain as an instrument to her ends was the intrigue set on foot when Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt was being secretly planned. It was suggested by the French Government that the Grand Mastership of St. John, which meant the sovereignty of Malta, should be granted to Godoy, in whose favour the constitution of the order should be altered, and the rule of celibacy abolished. Charles IV. seems to have approved of this plan for further elevating his beloved favourite, but the Prince of the Peace had no wish to be separated from his patroness and refused the offered sovereignty, although to make him the more worthy of it the King and Queen had conceived the idea of marrying him to a member of their own family, the eldest daughter of the King's brother, Don Luis,[1] which marriage actually took place in September, to the outspoken indignation of the people, Godoy being already married to a Doña Josefa Tudó.

The discontent of the Spanish people against Godoy was indeed becoming threatening. The hope of the crown of France for a Spanish prince was now seen to be illusory; Spanish interests had been openly disregarded by the Directory. In Portugal, where it had refused to ratify the treaty of peace laboriously negotiated by Godoy; in Parma, where the sovereignty of the duke had been treated with contempt; in Rome, where the Pontiff had been deposed from the throne of St. Peter, in the peace negotiations with England; everywhere Spain had been sacrificed in the eyes of the world. Godoy had therefore somewhat intemperately urged the French Government to fulfil their part of the bargain: and they had retorted by setting on foot intrigues to remove the favourite from his offices. This was no doubt the prime motive of the offer of the sovereignty of Malta, and when that failed other means were tried. Godoy's enemies were many, and he understood that his position was precarious. He attempted to appease the Directory by eager anticipation of their wishes. He ordered the Spanish fleet to leave Cadiz and engage the English squadron under Lord St. Vincent, and promised to expel the French émigrés from Spain, but he could not satisfy his hard taskmasters. The French ambassador, Truguet, almost insolently urged upon poor overburdened Charles to dismiss Godoy: the enemies of the favourite whispered to the King distrust and suspicion: even the Queen, it is said, had temporarily fallen in love with another guardsman named Mallo, and all presaged the early fall of the favourite.

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[1] The Infante Luis had married morganatically Doña Maria Teresa Villabriga y Drummond.

Another personality, moreover, was gradually gathering round it those who for various reasons were dissatisfied with the present order of things. Godoy had some time previously recommended to the King as tutor to the Prince of Asturias, the heir to the crown, a certain Juan de Escoiquiz, a Canon of Zaragoza, a man of some small literary attainment, who behind a mask of sanctity concealed immense cunning and unlimited ambition. He lost no opportunity of placing conspicuously before his pupil every fact which could tell against Godoy, and very soon established a complete dominion over the mind of the youth. Round the young prince the clever tutor managed to gather all the enemies of the favourite, and even ventured to attack Godoy to the King himself under the veil of a discourse which he presented to Charles. But this was too much, and he was suddenly dismissed from Court and sent to Toledo, where he carried on still an active clandestine correspondence with his former pupil and the leaders of the popular party against Godoy. All these instrumentalities at length succeeded in bringing about the downfall of the minister. He artfully tried to parry the blow by bringing into his ministry, just before his own dismissal, the illustrious literary genius, Gaspar Melchior de Jovellanos, and the almost as talented Francisco Saavedra; but to no purpose, and on the 29th of March, 1798, Madrid went mad with joy at the news that the *Choricero* was no longer a minister.

The decree relieving him from the Secretaryship of State and the command of the Guards is couched in the most flattering terms. It was only, it says, at Godoy's repeated requests that the King had consented to part with him, but he was "still to enjoy all his honours, pay, emoluments, and privileges," and the King emphatically expresses his gratitude and satisfaction with him. Godoy, indeed, says that only by great pressure could he obtain his dismissal, which at last Charles gave with tears in his eyes. But the gossips—and some people of far more importance—told a different tale. Charles's mind they said had been so influenced that he at first signed a furious decree of proscription against Godoy and even thought of putting him to death, from which he was only dissuaded by Jovellanos and Saavedra for reasons of State. If such was the case the mood did not last long, for though Godoy was nominally dismissed he hardly ceased for a month to exercise the same power as ever over the King and Queen, although the ministers, Jovellanos and Saavedra, bore the responsibility, and bitterly resented the illegitimate interference of the favourite. Matters soon became too irksome for Jovellanos to bear. Both he and Saavedra fell ill of a mysterious malady attributed to poison, and the great writer with delight turned his back upon the corrupt Court and resumed his duties in far-away Asturias (August, 1798), Saavedra remaining Prime Minister, with Don Luis de Urquijo as Secretary of State, and Cayetano Soler in the Ministry of Finance, whilst Don José Caballero replaced Jovellanos in the Ministry of Justice.

Saavedra, warned by the fall of Godoy, and determined not to incur the anger of the French Government, at once became the obsequious servant of the Directory and its representative Truguet. The émigrés were rigidly expelled from Spain without exception, the introduction and sale of English merchandise were prohibited under crushing penalties, and even the priests were sternly warned that they must avoid any expression offensive to the susceptibilities of the neighbouring Republic which had persecuted the Christian faith and martyred its ministers. Base and undignified compliance could go no further than the address of Azara, the new Francophil Spanish ambassador to the Directory (May, 1798), assuring them that: "The changes which have occurred in your government, instead of weakening the ties which bind my master to you, only render them stronger than ever." This was from the pre-eminently Catholic king who had jeopardised his own country to save the life, if not the crown, of his French kinsman! Spain was humble enough now for Napoleon to be certain that he need fear no opposition from her to his vast project of making the Mediterranean a French lake, and Egypt the high-road to a French empire of Hindostan.

Early in June the island of Malta surrendered to the conqueror without a blow, and on the 1st of July Bonaparte's great expedition sighted Alexandria. How Egypt was conquered and overrun this is not the place to tell, but in the midst of the triumph came the fell news of the Battle of the Nile (August 1, 1798). Nelson had just missed Bonaparte at Malta, but crushed his fleet in Aboukir Bay and caught him in a trap. The Spanish Bourbon King of Naples immediately threw off the French tutelage that galled him and opened his ports gladly to Nelson and his fleet; Russia and Turkey joined England against France; Austria more slowly came round to Pitt's suggestion of a universal league against the turbulent disturbers of Europe, and adhered in March, 1799. Portugal, too, now governed by the Prince of Brazil, who had married a daughter of Charles IV., openly braved France and added its squadron to the English fleet. This was a fresh blow to the Spaniards, who had struggled hard and long to bring about a reconciliation between Portugal and the Directory, and sometimes had seemed on the verge of success, but English influence and money had always in the end prevailed; and now Spain, exhausted and poor as she was, saw herself bound in unnatural union with the Republic during its great struggle against all Europe. Naples, Portugal, and the Bourbons everywhere were on the side of the monarchies against an infidel, anarchical, unpopular, and discredited government. Charles IV., almost alone by his ignoble compliance and his silly ineptitude, found himself on the wrong side. He tried desperately to bring about peace, and in every capital in Europe Spanish ambassadors pleaded for an arrangement, but without effect. Beaten by the French troops, Ferdinand of Naples took refuge on Nelson's ships (January, 1799), and the Spanish King had the baseness to supplicate the conquerors to give his brother's crown to one of his own sons, in order that he might hold it as the humble servant of the French Republic. The more cringing became Charles IV., the more exacting became the Directory. In vain the allied Powers offered the Spanish king ships and men to enable him to shake off the yoke, in vain Russia threatened him with war if he did not (July, 1799). Charles, blind to the interests of his country and his order, clung with increasing servility to those whose very existence was a negation of the right of kings to rule.

The explanation of the extraordinary infatuation of Charles IV. can only be found in his continued belief, at the prompting of Godoy, in the possibility of the French adopting himself or his son as their king. The Directory itself was tottering to its fall, for the fresh reverses sustained by the French in Italy and on the Rhine had completed its unpopularity: intrigue and unrest were rife in Paris, the frontiers of France itself were threatened, and when three members of the Directory resigned (June, 1799), it looked for a moment as if the dream of Charles IV. might possibly come true. But the arrival of Bonaparte in Paris in October, 1799, soon put an end to such idle visions. The "man and the sword" were both there at the psychological moment when all around them institutions were crumbling. "Vive Bonaparte!" greeted him on all sides, and the *coup d'état* of 18 Brumaire (November 10) decided the matter. The Legislature was expelled at the point of the bayonet, the prating doctrinaires and corrupt politicians gave way to the stern soldier, and by the end of the year 1799 Napoleon was installed as first Consul in the Tuilleries, a more absolute despot than any Louis of them all.

To this pass had the servile pusillanimity of

Charles IV. brought Spain in eleven years. Tied to the triumphal car of victorious anarchy and atheism, the proudest and most Catholic monarchy in Europe had sacrificed its own interests more absolutely than it had done in the darkest days of its history to the imperious ambition of Louis XIV., with the result that the sole reward for its baseness was to find itself obliged to look for support and friendship alone to a usurping despot, to whom all crowns and all men were merely pawns in the play of his own unbounded ambition. From the actions of Charles IV. in the first twelve years of his reign the subsequent disasters that fell upon his unhappy country in a great measure sprang.

II.

SPAIN AND NAPOLEON—"CLAY IN THE HANDS OF THE POTTER."

In the preceding chapter we have sketched the political position of Spain in the last years of the eighteenth century: we will now briefly glance at the material, moral, and financial condition of the nation at the same period.

From a great variety of causes, which need not here be set forth, the population of Spain had steadily declined from the time of the Goths, when it was very numerous, down to the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The emigration to America, the constant foreign wars, the crushing of industry and agriculture by unwise taxation, the expulsion of the Jews and Moriscos, and the consequent absence of food for a large population, had reduced the inhabitants of Spain at the opening of the eighteenth century to eight millions. The long War of Succession had, by the year 1715, further brought down the numbers to six millions, the lowest point ever reached. The efforts of the Bourbon kings and their reforming ministers to lighten the pressure of taxation, and to re-establish Spanish industry and commerce, however, soon produced effect, and in 1768 the population had increased to 9,307,000, and again on the accession of Charles IV., 1788, to 10,143,000, whilst the inhabited villages and parishes had risen in number from 34,530 in 1768 to 39,300 in 1788. This improvement had been largely owing to the promotion of industry by the Government, the continued discouragement of the flocking of idlers into the Church and religious houses, the severe laws against vagrancy. The food of the people had been cheapened by the facilitation of transport, by the opening of roads and by the abolition of local tolls and duties on merchandise in transit, and, above all, by the enactment of free trade in grain, the forbidding of speculative forestalling of breadstuffs, and the establishment of five thousand public granaries to supplement supply in times of scarcity (1789).

The persistent attempts of the reformers to check some of the crying abuses with which the Church afflicted Spain had in the same period reduced very considerably the number of unproductive ecclesiastics, who for centuries had been absorbing much of the national riches and giving nothing in return.

In 1768 there had been—		In 1788—
Secular Clergy	66,687	60,240
Monks	56,457	49,270
Nuns and Friars	27,665	22,337
Assistant Ministers	25,248	15,875
Total	176,057	147,722

The decrease, therefore, of unproductive and unfruitful persons under this head alone in the twenty years (1768 to 1788) was no less than 28,335. The process continued uninterruptedly under Floridablanca and Godoy, until the whole population reached 12,000,000 in the first year of the present century.

But great as had been the improvement in this respect it had only been attained by the ceaseless efforts of enlightened ministers to force upon an unwilling people measures which ran counter to their traditions and prejudices. The Spanish nation had two centuries before been forced into sloth, and it had grown to like it, so that the task of the reformers was a hard one. Mendicants and vagrants, airing their deformities and crying for alms in the name of the Virgin, still found their profession profitable, for the people sympathised with them if the law did not. Tradition was still strong against the hard, patient toil of the husbandman, and the fear of the rapacious tax-collector still survived. Hardly a hamlet in Spain lacked its church or monastery school, where the peasants' sons could learn the scraps of Latin which made them scorn the spade and sickle, and crowd into the lazy ranks of the Churchmen or the formidable army of "pretendientes," seekers after Government offices, who are still the bane of the country. The seventeen universities of Spain opened their doors wide to the poorest class of students, 90 per cent. of whom adopted study simply as a mask for idleness and mendicancy; living on the doles of food at the monastery gates—for which purpose they carried in their hat-brims the traditional wooden spoon—begging at the street corners on the pretence of a need to buy books, or earning, by occasional menial service in private families, enough to eke out their profits from begging. The number of persons claiming nobility, too, although they had decreased by one-third in twenty years (1768–1788), reached the enormous total of over 470,000 at the end of the period, and most of these lived idly or unproductively. It had always been a feature of Spanish life that persons of all ranks above the lowest were surrounded by a disproportionate number of more or less dependent domestics, and it was calculated that at the end of the period under review at least 276,000 of such relatively unproductive persons existed in Spain. It will thus be seen that, hard as the reforming governments had striven, they had not at the opening of this century penetrated very deeply into the inert mass of national tradition.

It may be interesting to notice a few of the measures by which even partial improvement in the condition of the people had been brought about. The alcabalas, or taxes of 14 per cent. upon all merchandise every time it changed hands, which had killed Spanish industry, had already been largely commuted for fixed local quotas, but were still grievously oppressive. They were now abolished altogether upon sales at first hand, and very greatly reduced upon subsequent sales, and the taxes on the principal articles of food (the millions) were also lightened, and the incidence was equalised by the imposition of a 5 per cent. income-tax on rents and revenues from land, and 2 or 3 per cent. on the rent of the holdings to be paid by tenants. The splendid system of high-roads inaugurated by Charles III. had been nearly completed by the end of the century, and for the first time travel in Spain became easy and safe. Inns were established on the principal highways under Government subvention, and on the initiative of Floridablanca regular stage-coaches were started at the risk of the Government in 1789 on the various main routes, and a post service organised from Madrid to Bayonne twice a week. The coach with six passengers occupied, it is true, a period of six or seven days on the journey from the capital to the French frontier; but even this was an immense advance upon the adventurous journey on muleback which had up to that time been the only mode of travel or communication by land with the rest of Europe.

The further to encourage industry a great number of skilled foreign artisans were introduced and established in factories under Government subvention, each master being bound to take and teach a number of Spanish apprentices; the tyrannical control of the ancient trade guilds (*gremios*) over their respective crafts was limited, whilst bounties were given to Spanish shipbuilders; timber, hemp, and other materials for the industry were allowed to be introduced free of duty, and export duties on Spanish merchandise were abrogated. The antiquated and oppressive privileges of the Mesta were curtailed and subsequently abolished, and the vast tracts of common pasturage turned to more civilised use.[1]

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[1] This peculiarly Spanish institution, which had existed for ages, consisted of a powerful chartered association of graziers, who were

THE FAMILY OF CHARLES IV.

(*After the painting by Goya in the Museo del Prado.*)

The breeding of horses, too, which had formerly been so profitable to Spain, was revived by the exemption of the owners of a certain number of brood mares (twenty) from taxation, from the billeting of troops, and from compulsory military service. Mining industry was promoted by the renunciation of the Crown of its claims to all minerals, which were in future to be the property of the discoverer. All these measures, and many others of a similar tendency, initiated by the reforming ministers of Charles III., were zealously carried forward by Godoy, who, unpopular though he was, and unequal to his position, honestly did his best to civilise and raise his fellow-countrymen; and was, during the whole of his career, a generous patron of art, science, literature, and learning.

The disastrous series of wars into which the ineptitude of Charles IV. and Godoy dragged Spain naturally checked the progress of reform, and the material and financial improvement resulting therefrom. In the last year of Floridablanca's ministry (1791) the total revenue raised in the Peninsula had reached 800,488,687 reals (96 to the £ sterling), or £8,327,690, whilst the expenditure was £7,629,349, of which the disproportionate amount of £500,000 was spent on the royal family and household. For reasons which have been already set forth the receipts

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allowed to lead immense flocks of Merino sheep, for the wool of which Spain had been so famous, from one part of the country to another twice a year; feeding them on common lands reserved for the purpose. Certain provinces in Estremadura and Leon, especially, were practically monopolised by these great wandering flocks, and this doomed to infertility immense areas of fine land.

had fallen on the accession of Godoy, and the war expenditure had risen; so that in the year 1793 the receipts were only 602,600,000 reals; in 1794, 584,162,000 reals; in 1795, 607,280,000 reals; whilst the expenditure had gone up enormously, being in 1793, 708,800,000 reals; in 1794, 946,481,000 reals; in 1795, 1,030,000,000 reals.[1] This, of course, meant the increase of taxation and a return to the oppressive means of raising it. A special tax was placed upon ecclesiastical and land revenues; and public trust funds, charitable and religious endowments, chancery deposits and the like, were forcibly taken by the Government on loan at 3 per cent., as well as large sums being raised by the creation of fresh treasury bonds. The bulk of the war taxation, as will be seen, fell at first upon the Church and landed classes, and Godoy's unpopularity with them was the natural result.

But when these classes had been drained well-nigh dry, and the borrowing power of Spain at home and abroad had shown signs of exhaustion, the ever-growing demands for warlike expenditure had to be met by fresh taxation on trade and on prime articles of necessity, and the poorer classes then felt the pinch. Continuity of fiscal system was lost. Experiments of all sorts were resorted to, and the plan of every empiric to raise money was tried; partial free trade, partial protection, monopolies in one direction, liberty in another;[1] until at the end of the century the finances of the country were in complete confusion, a huge annual deficit was established,[2] public confidence in the stability of the Government was destroyed, and Spain had already entered the downhill path which led her from the consistent system inaugurated by Charles III., and ended in chronic national bankruptcy.

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[1] The revenue from the Colonies at the same period was about 27,000,000 dollars, two-thirds of which were absorbed by expenses, and about 9,000,000 entered the Spanish treasury. An extraordinary increase in the prosperity of the Colonies had followed the edict of free trade in 1778. In Mexico alone the revenues for the three years preceding the grant of open trade were 131,000,000 dollars, and for the three years following 232,000,000 dollars, whilst the total amount of precious metals raised from the American mines rose from 14,000,000 of dollars in 1775 to an average of 22,000,000 a year at the end of the century.

Equally well intentioned, but much more successful, had been the efforts to improve the moral condition of the Spanish people. The limitation of the cramping power of the Church and Inquisition upon science and learning from abroad, and the patronage of the successive Bourbon kings, had brought Spain intellectually abreast of other civilised nations by the beginning of the present century. Unfortunate as may have been Godoy's political influence it would be idle to deny that he was one of the best friends that Spanish enlightenment ever had. He introduced new methods and new books into the schools, he liberated learning from the old blighting methods of the priests, and in every part of Spain promoted the establishment of institutes and societies for the spread of knowledge, and its emancipation from priestly trammels.[1] Schools of science, of handicrafts, of arts, received, under the rule of Charles IV., assistance and countenance such as in Spain had never been dreamed of before ; and by the period of which we write (1800) Madrid and the principal centres of population could in most of the arts and industries hold their own with the other cities of Europe.

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[1] What continued to frighten economists was that Spain's imports of goods from foreign countries amounted (in 1800) to £7,400,000, whilst her exports to foreign countries were only valued at £3,000,000, leaving an annual balance of £4,400,000 against Spain. This was, to a large extent, apparently balanced by the imports and exports to the Colonies, which sent to the mother country merchandise and treasure worth £8,400,000, whilst Spain sent thither goods worth only £4,600,000, the balance, they thought, remaining in Spain. These figures, however, were not very consolatory as the great imports from foreign countries were mainly manufactured goods, and the comparatively small exports to the Colonies were the same; whilst the exports to foreign countries and the large imports from the Colonies represented mainly natural produce and silver.

[2] The deficit for the last four years of the century reached twelve and a half millions sterling.

There had never been any lack of bright geniuses in Spain, even in its hour of deepest darkness, but now with learning smiled upon in high quarters and the printing-press at least partially free, literature and art took a wider field of development. Great artists like Goya, poets like Moratin and Melendez-Valdés, political economists like Sempere, and the universal literary genius Jove-Llanos, humorists like Father Isla and Iglesias, men of learning and letters like Capmany, Vargas - Ponce, Count Campomanes, Muñoz, Llorente, and a host of others presented an intellectual movement as brilliant as that offered by any other nation in the world at the same time. In its social aspects, also, Spain improved by leaps and bounds during the reigns of Charles III. and IV. The immodesty of Spanish women and the filth of Spanish streets had been for over a century and a half the theme of every traveller. The austerity of the Court of Charles III., and the continued labours of his and his son's ministers, had made Spanish society at least as outwardly decorous as that of London. Vagabondage, degenerating into brigandage, which the lack of industry and the wars of the Philips had made one of the most prominent characteristics of Spain, had been sternly suppressed, and an efficient urban and rural police enforced the supremacy of the law.

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[1] One of the titles of which Godoy was most proud was that of Protector of the Noble Arts of San Fernando, still an institution of importance in Madrid.

It will thus be seen that the renascence of Spain, which had proceeded almost uninterruptedly since the end of the long War of Succession, only required continued peace to ensure for the nation a flourishing and cultured future. The wrong turning was taken when the weakness, vacillation, and servility of Charles IV. and his ministers towards the French Revolution inevitably led the country into a series of wars in which it had everything to lose and no chance of gain, whilst convincing the unscrupulous Napoleon that he had nothing to fear from the dignity or firmness of either the King of Spain or his favourite.

The re-establishment of stable government in France under the Consulate, and the efforts of Napoleon aided by the Spaniards to divide the coalition against him, had left England and Austria the only open enemies in arms which he had to face. This is not the place to describe in detail the First Consul's splendid dash across the Alps, the triumphant campaign in Lombardy, and the famous convention by which the Austrian general agreed to retire beyond the Mincio, leaving the French once more masters of North Italy. Spain was more interested in the naval struggle against England. Charles IV. had continued timidly to comply with the behests of his allies to aid them with ships in the Mediterranean, where the English fleet blockaded Malta and practically held the sea. But it was clear now to the Spaniards that open war with England in the Mediterranean whilst the coasts of Spain were at the mercy of the predominant naval power meant ruin. Yellow fever was decimating Andalusia, the arsenals were unprovided, the ships undermanned, and the treasury well-nigh empty; and such aid as Spain could give to France was painfully extorted by her hard taskmaster. The two main points, therefore, towards which Napoleon's consummate diplomacy was directed were, first to isolate England, and second to bind Spain more firmly than ever to France. Russia was conciliated by the nominal cession of Malta to Paul I. as Grand-Master of St. John, the northern Powers were irritated by representations of the maritime encroachments of Great Britain; and Austria was alternately terrorised and cajoled.

In the meanwhile the Peace Conference of Luneville, in which all the Powers were represented, was sitting; and the consequent armistice enabled Napoleon to carry on his great intrigue successfully in every Court in Europe, until England stood alone (February, 1801). To chain misled Spain the tighter was a much easier task. Grand presents and loving letters were sent to Charles IV., Maria Luisa, and Godoy. Berthier went as ambassador with full powers to settle the question of Parma, which lay so near the Spanish Queen's heart. Charles IV. was fooled to the top of his bent, for Godoy and Maria Luisa were at his elbow. Berthier, ostentatious and grandiloquent, dazzled dingy Madrid; and Urquijo, the Spanish Prime Minister, already tottering to his fall under the attacks of Rome and the priesthood, in consequence of his efforts to free the Spanish Church from the control of the Papacy, was ready to grant any terms in exchange for French support. The new treaty of St. Ildefonso was consequently easily arranged (October, 1800), by which Maria Luisa's brother, the Duke of Parma, or his son was to be awarded a slice of Tuscany with the title of King, and unhappy Spain was to pay for it by the cession of Louisiana and the gift of six armed ships-of-war to France. To this was added a secret agreement to the effect that both Powers should continue arming with the object of forcing the Prince Regent of Portugal to abandon the English alliance.

It will be seen that Spain gained absolutely nothing by this treaty; the bulk of her active fleet was locked up with the French squadron in Brest, her coasts were open to attack, Minorca was held by the English, she had suffered grievously already by the French connection, and yet she alone was called upon to make sacrifices, and the only paltry consideration she received was the cession of a strip of recently conquered Italian territory to the Queen's brother, a foreign prince. It must not be concluded, however, that the corrupt and foolish action of the authorities in Madrid was accepted smilingly by Spaniards generally. On the contrary, although Godoy was not nominally minister, the whole nation outside of his circle of adulators cursed the *Choricero* deeply, if not loudly, for bartering away the interests of his country, and placing upon her neck the yoke of the hated *gabacho*. The Spanish admiral, Mazarredo, in command of the fleet at Brest went further, and resolutely withstood the efforts of Napoleon to employ the Spanish ships in expeditions solely in the interests of the Republic. The first Consul wished to use them in the relief of Malta and Egypt, Mazarredo insisted upon the prior importance of re-conquering Minorca, and protecting the Spanish coasts. He urged the forcing of the blockade of Brest, and a rendezvous of the allied fleets at Cadiz ; and it needed all the diplomacy of Napoleon to prevent the Spanish admiral himself from breaking away and taking his squadron out of Brest alone in the face of the English. The persistence of Mazarredo, and the useless cost of maintaining a Spanish fleet locked up in a French port, whilst the coast of Spain was being raided, ended even in awakening the minister Urquijo in Madrid, who gave the Spanish admiral firm orders to carry out his own plan.

Rebellion from such a quarter aroused Napoleon's anger and surprise. His first move was to endeavour to get rid of Urquijo, for he knew he could manage the Queen and Godoy, and with this object he announced his intention of sending his brother Lucien as a special ambassador to Spain. This was unwelcome news, for it evidently foreboded some fresh extortion, and at Godoy's suggestion Urquijo was prompted to request Napoleon to refrain from sending Lucien to Spain. As Godoy told the Queen at the time, he "was as much afraid of Urquijo as of the French," and he rightly foresaw that such a request to Napoleon would hasten the minister's fall rather than prevent it. Godoy therefore ostentatiously stood aside whilst Urquijo belled the cat. Very far from stopping Lucien, the Spanish remonstrance hastened his coming. Pushing forward, he left his suite at Vitoria, and suddenly appeared with only one attendant at the palace of the Escorial, and before many weeks had passed Urquijo, dismissed and disgraced, was on his way to the citadel of Pamplona, his place of exile.[1] The coalition of the Vatican and the First Consul had been too strong for him; and Godoy, now a *persona grata* with both, was made generalissimo of all the Spanish forces, and more openly assumed the reins of political power, behind the transparent mask of his cousin, Don Pedro

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[1] The fall of the reforming anti-clerical Urquijo left his colleague, Caballero, the Minister of Justice, still at the King's ear. This man was a violent clerical friend of the Inquisition, a reactionary who opposed and thwarted all progress and enlightenment. Godoy and the new minister, Cevallos, did their best to temper his zeal, as Urquijo had done, but even Godoy could never persuade Charles IV. to dismiss him. Godoy confesses that he did not understand the reason of this infatuation of the King for Caballero. To those who have studied the old history of Spain it will be no more mysterious than the rise of Godoy himself. It was the kernel of the political system of Charles V. and Philip II. to have for Prime Minister a man of the sovereign's own making, and to give him colleagues of violently antagonistic opinions; so that the sovereign might always hold the balance.

Cevallos. The loyal Spanish admiral Mazarredo was dismissed to soothe the angry Napoleon, and the subordination of Spanish interests to those of France was complete.

With the peace of Luneville the second coalition of the Powers came to an end. The arms and diplomacy of Napoleon had conquered, and England stood alone, her only friend, Austria, crushed by the armies of the Consulate; and Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark making common cause with France and its satellite Spain to crush the naval power they all dreaded. The First Consul had by this time fully taken the measure of Spanish statesmanship, and the arrival of his brother in Spain coincided with a further development of his personal plans to make use of the country for his own purposes. On the 13th of February, 1801, Godoy, as generalissimo of the forces, and Lucien as special ambassador, signed the agreement of Aranjuez, by which the Spanish naval forces were bound to act with those of the Republic in all the operations undertaken by the latter; the son of the Duke of Parma, greatly against his will, was forced to accept his shadowy crown of Etruria from the hands of the Conqueror in Paris;[1] and, above all, Charles IV. at last consented (January 29, 1801) at the bidding of Napoleon to co-operate with the French army in the conquest of Portugal, if the Prince Regent did not within a fortnight renounce the English alliance. This involved the passage, if necessary, of French troops through Spain, and placed the latter country at the mercy of her ally.

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[1] The Bourbon princes of Parma were entertained lavishly by Napoleon in Paris for a month, in order to impress the other royal families of Europe, but the Consul made no secret of his contempt for them. "This is a poor King," he wrote, "it is impossible to form an idea of his idleness. He has not taken a pen in his hand since he has been here and I cannot get him to attend to business. All these princes are alike."

Before many weeks had passed a force of 15,000 Frenchmen was on Spanish soil, under the command of Leclerc, co-operating with a large Spanish army against Portugal. Godoy as generalissimo had divided his 60,000 men into three corps, one of 20,000 to threaten the Minho on the north, another of 10,000 on the frontier of the Algarves on the south, whilst he, with the main body of 30,000 troops, set up his headquarters in his own native Badajoz. It is certain that Godoy's intention was to gain popularity and political strength by a successful campaign against a weak opponent, and his ridiculous and bombastic behaviour from the commencement of the campaign showed clearly his wish to make for himself as much capital as he could out of it. But he over-acted the part. He was no hero and no genius. His magniloquent proclamations, theatrical displays and exaggerated dispatches made of this "war of the oranges" a standing joke, and the *Choricero* an object of derision, as he had long been an object of dislike, to his countrymen.

Passing over the Portuguese frontier on the 20th of May, 1801, he found no adequate force to resist him, and quickly reduced all the Alemtejo, practically without fighting. Portugal had then no alternative but to accede to the terms dictated to her by Godoy. One of her cities, Olivenza, was

QUEEN MARIA LUISA.

(*After the painting by Goya in the Museo del Prado.*)

ceded to Spain, and she agreed to exclude from her ports the forces of her late ally, England; whilst France and Spain were to guarantee the integrity of her territory. The whole campaign only lasted three weeks, but the King and Queen, and naturally their Court, hailed the victorious Prince of the Peace as the saviour of the country, the rival of the great conqueror of his time; and the sovereigns in person adorned the festival of the victor in Badajoz (July), where they lodged in the house of Godoy's father, and the famous branch of oranges plucked under fire, almost the only trophy of war, was presented with much pomp and circumstance to Maria Luisa. All this play-acting, well as it suited Godoy, did not satisfy Napoleon, who refused to ratify the treaty of peace with Portugal, which left him without any pledge in his hands to extort better terms from England. Azara, the Spanish ambassador in Paris, strong Francophil as he was, had already found it difficult to reconcile his patriotism with the haughty and exacting attitude of the First Consul; and now that Godoy in the full flush of his triumph plainly hinted that the end of his compliance had been reached, and that any further exigencies from France might drive Spain into an alliance with England, the wrath of Napoleon knew no bounds. "Are the King and Queen of Spain tired of reigning," he asked Azara, "that they thus imperil their throne by provoking me?" Godoy for the moment was in no humble mood, and peremptorily demanded the withdrawal of French troops from Spain. The answer of the First Consul was to pour fresh battalions over the Pyrenees, in defiance of protests and treaties. At length the diplomacy of Azara, and the situation of Napoleon, enabled a temporary reconciliation to be effected, but thenceforward the Corsican knew that Godoy and his master must be humbled still further before he could use Spain unreservedly as an instrument of his will. By a subsequent supplementary treaty he despoiled Portugal of twenty-five millions of francs and the jewels of the Princess Regent, and by the end of the year the last French soldier had marched out of Spain.

The tragic death of the Emperor Paul and the English victory at Copenhagen had broken up the coalition of northern Powers against England, and with the evacuation of Egypt by the French troops, and the retirement of Pitt from the Prime Ministry in England, led to the agreement of London (October, 1801), by which Great Britain was to retain the island of Trinidad and the Dutch possessions in Ceylon; Malta was to be restored to the Knights, and France evacuated Naples and the Roman States, and recognised the Turkish rule in Egypt. The Congress of Amiens, which immediately followed, resulted in the series of treaties which for a short time gave a general peace to exhausted Europe. Each of the Powers represented made the best terms possible for itself; only Spain was sacrificed. The secret agreement of London between France and England had been hidden from her, and her island of Trinidad ceded without reference to its former possessors. In vain Azara protested and pleaded. Spain had been weak, the result of the "war of the oranges" had offended Napoleon, and consequently the interests of Spain had to go to the wall. In the definite treaty of Amiens (March 23, 1802) Trinidad became an English island; but Azara, who had already become alarmed at Napoleon's treatment of Spain,[1] made friends with Lord Cornwallis at Amiens, and established a possible community of interest between the two countries which afterwards bore fruit.

In the meanwhile Napoleon's ambitious plans were slowly maturing. For their success it was necessary that he should be as completely master of the Iberian Peninsula as he was of France. He had been kept informed of the action of the party in Spain opposed to Godoy and the Queen which had grouped itself around the young Prince of Asturias, Fernando, and had missed no opportunity of widening the breach. In the autumn of 1801, Charles IV. fell dangerously ill, and whispers ran that a will had been extorted from him leaving Maria Luisa and Godoy regents until Fernando, then aged seventeen, should show his capacity for ruling. The news was probably untrue, but it flew to Azara in Paris, who told Napoleon. "In a week," said the First Consul, "I will have an army of 50,000 men across the frontier to support the Prince of Asturias against such usurpation!" and he instructed Azara to write to that effect to Fernando.

Charles IV. recovered quickly, and nothing was done; but it was even thus early evident that Napoleon meant to profit by the discord he fostered in the royal family of Spain. During the spring of 1802 Lucien Bonaparte took a step further towards the subjection of Spain to his brother. In conversation with Godoy, he hinted very strongly that Napoleon might ask for the hand of the Infanta, Maria Isabel, a daughter of the King, in marriage. Godoy, and especially Charles IV., were aghast. Napoleon was already married to Josephine, and though Lucien said that, "things human and divine might be dissolved for the good of peoples," the idea of such a scandal for so proud a house as his nearly drove poor amiable Charles out of his mind. No time was lost, therefore, in arranging a double marriage with the Bourbons of Naples. The young Infanta, Maria Isabel, was united to the heir of the Neapolitan throne, and the sister of the latter, Princess Maria Antonia, was wedded to Fernando, Prince of Asturias. Godoy did his best to prevent, or at least delay, the latter marriage, and advised that the prince should be sent abroad to complete his education ; but Charles IV. was obstinate and alarmed, and determined to get both of his children married before Napoleon could interfere with fresh projects.

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[1] At this very time when peace was being arranged, Napoleon was fiercely demanding of Spain 6,000 soldiers and the Spanish squadron in Brest to reduce the revolted island of Santo Domingo. The troops were refused, but Napoleon threatened that unless the ships were conceded with a good grace, he would take them by force, and the Spanish squadron accompanied the French to the West Indies.

His choice of a bride for his son was a peculiarly unwise one if he wished to remain friendly with Napoleon, for the new Princess of Asturias was the daughter of that bold, strong Caroline, Queen of Naples, the sworn enemy of the French and the friend of Nelson. From her early childhood—she was little more than a child still—Maria Antonia had seen her father's throne sustained by British guns, and had looked upon the French as the foes of her country and her race. She herself, though delicate and consumptive, had passions as strong as those of her mother, whose instructions she carried with her from Naples, to thwart, and if possible to break, the alliance between France and Spain, and to bring her new husband's party to the side of England. Godoy's opposition to the match had increased her enmity towards him, and Queen Maria Luisa and her favourite soon found that the frail little princess had a bold heart and a bitter tongue which dared to say aloud what others feared to whisper in the privacy of their chambers—that the Queen of Spain was an abandoned woman who had sacrificed her country to the foreigner and soiled her weak husband's throne for the sake of an unworthy lover. Henceforth it was war to the knife between Godoy and the Queen on one side, and Fernando and his wife on the other. The two weddings were celebrated (October, 1802) with sumptuous official rejoicings at the Spanish Court, and the Order of St. Gennaro, as Azara wrote, was bestowed so lavishly as not to be worth the price of an egg in Madrid, but the joy of the Spanish people was real, because they knew that this was a blow to the *Choricero* and the Frenchmen whom they hated equally.

It may well be imagined that these events did not render more cordial the relations between Napoleon and the Spanish Government. The death of the old Duke of Parma, and the continued occupation of his duchy by the French, notwithstanding the claims of his son, the King of Etruria, the nephew and son-in-law of Charles IV.; and the resolute refusal of the latter to admit on any terms French cotton fabrics into Spain (November, 1802), also added to the growing estrangement. Clouds, too, were gathering in other quarters. In England, Mr. Addington's pacific policy was unpopular with all classes. The London press was loud in its attacks upon Napoleon's interference with the interior affairs of Germany to the detriment of Austria, and his activity in the West Indies. Malta was still held by English troops in defiance of the treaty of Amiens, and the French émigrés were more active than ever in their efforts to undermine the revolutionary government. At length matters came to a head. Napoleon violently demanded of Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador, the fulfilment of the treaty of Amiens, with the alternative of immediate hostilities. After a fruitless attempt to arrange terms relations were broken off, and in May, 1803, England and France were once more at war.

As usual, the first sacrifice had to be made by Spanish interests. It had been agreed at the time of the cession of Louisiana to France (October, 1800) that the latter Power should never transfer the colony to any other nation than Spain. Napoleon broke the treaty of St. Ildefonso and sold Louisiana to the United States for a sum of money with which to make war on England. Protests from Spain were useless, for Napoleon meant to use the misgoverned country for his own ends alone; and his great plans for the invasion and domination of England were proceeding apace. With such gigantic preparations as these, which stirred the imagination of the world, no thought of the interests of Spain could be allowed to interfere. But at least this time the eyes even of Godoy were opened, and, though too late, he resisted to the extent of his power the further encroachment of the French.[1] Napoleon demanded an immediate declaration of war against England in compliance with the treaty of St. Ildefonso, and that 24,000 troops and the whole Spanish fleet should be placed at his disposal. Godoy in Madrid and Azara in Paris struggled hard to moderate the demands of their tyrant, who grew more haughty and exacting every day. A great subsidy (six million francs a month), freedom for French trade in Spain, and indemnities and privileges without number, might, he said, be substituted for a declaration of war against England, but in some form his pound of flesh he would have.

The peace of Amiens and the re-opening of commerce with England had brought some return of prosperity to Spain, the people hated the French and longed for peace, and Godoy dared not yield. Upon the favourite fell the wrath of Napoleon. A special messenger was sent to Madrid with an ultimatum to the King in Napoleon's own hand. Either Godoy, the dishonourer of his house and the corrupt curse of his kingdom, must be dismissed, or a French army would cross the Pyrenees within twenty-four hours and sweep all before it. But before this was handed to the unfortunate Charles, the messenger was to see Godoy himself and let him know the fate before him if he did not yield. The wretched favourite tried by evasion to delay the issue, but the French ambassador was immovable. He would have no more references to Azara in Paris. The terms of the First Consul must be complied with at once, or the damning letter would be handed to the King. Godoy and the Queen were at their wits' end. They had already authorised Azara to make the best terms possible with Napoleon, but to go to war with England now by their own act in Madrid at the bidding of the Frenchmen seemed to bode certain ruin to them. The course they adopted was to persuade the King to take the First Consul's letter, *but not to open it*. The simple-minded King did as he was bidden. "I have received the letter," he said to the French ambassador, "because I was obliged to do so, but I will return it to you unopened. You will soon learn that your action was unnecessary, as Azara has full authority to settle everything in Paris. I esteem the First Consul. I wish to be his faithful ally, and provide him with all the resources my realm will afford." But withal, Godoy, by authority of the King, was forced to sign a preliminary agreement, conceding in principle the shameful demands of France, before the matter could be remitted to be settled in Paris, and it needed another threat of instant war from Napoleon before Azara signed the cruel treaty of Paris (October 9, 1803), by which poverty-stricken Spain purchased her neutrality for a subsidy of six millions of francs a month, and humiliating commercial concessions. It was not the fault of Azara, but it broke his heart, and to the weakness and unworthiness of Godoy and the Queen one more sacrifice was made by their unhappy country.

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[1] He refused, amongst other things, to urge the French Bourbon princes to renounce their claims to the crown, and he also refused to suppress the publication in the Spanish press of extracts against France from the English papers.

In May, 1804, Napoleon assumed the imperial dignity, and almost the first Power to recognise his new rank was Spain. Pitt, now in office again, worked incessantly to draw Spain to the side of England, and to open the eyes of Spaniards to the fact that their country was being used by an ambitious tyrant for the subjugation of Europe to France. But Napoleon had his grip firmly fixed upon Godoy; and though Spain was utterly bankrupt and unable even to pay the whole of the subvention agreed upon and the country at large hated and feared the French, the feeling of loyalty to the Crown and affection for the King prevented the discontent of the people from going beyond murmurs against the *Choricero.* The nominal neutrality of Spain was a mere mask, whilst French cruisers were fitting out in Spanish ports, and every penny the country could spare was being sent to Napoleon for the invasion of England. England's ally, Portugal, too, at any critical moment was at the mercy of her neighbour, and Pitt at length determined to treat Spain as a belligerent. Sudden orders were given that Spanish ships on the high seas were to be attacked, and in October, 1804, four frigates on their way from Rio de la Plata, under Admiral Bustamente, with a cargo of six millions of dollars, were assailed by Moore with four English ships off Cape St. Mary. One of the

Spaniards, the *Mercedes*, was burnt and the other three captured and carried to England as a pledge of Spain's neutrality. The indignation of the people was artfully fanned by the French interest, and open war between Spain and England became inevitable (December, 1804).

The party of the heir-apparent and his wife was in despair. No country was ever less prepared for war than Spain at this juncture. Short crops and the manœuvres of speculators in grain had raised food to famine prices, pestilence swept unchecked through the southern provinces, the drain of resources for the French subsidy had reduced the treasury to the utmost penury, the priests and Churchmen everywhere cursed a government that had sold the property of pious foundations, as they alleged, to pamper the greed of a vile favourite and to aid an usurping foreigner, whilst the Court and royal family itself were now openly divided into two camps. But notwithstanding all this, a new offensive alliance was signed in Paris (January 4, 1805), by which Spain bound herself to place at the disposal of the Emperor for six months 30 ships of war, manned and armed complete, in the ports of Cadiz, Cartagena, and Ferrol.

Nelson was in the Mediterranean with 11 ships. His squadron was well supplied with food from Sicily, Naples, and Sardinia; his ships and men were in splendid condition, for they had been at sea for twenty months, and the watchful eye of the great commander was everywhere. The great armament prepared at Boulogne for the invasion of England could do nothing until the powerful squadrons in Brest and Ferrol were released from the English blockade that held them tight. The plan of Napoleon was to effect a junction of the Spanish and French Mediterranean fleets at Cadiz, and then by a sudden feigned dash to the West Indies to draw Nelson on to the other side of the Atlantic. It was thought that the squadron in Brest would then be able to break through the blockade, release the ships in Ferrol, join the Spanish and French fleet from the West Indies, and with the force from Boulogne successfully invade England, whilst Nelson was on his wild-goose chase in American waters. It will be seen that for this plan to be successful it was necessary for several concurrent circumstances to be favourable; and experienced sailors were from the first doubtful of the result of carrying on naval operations on military principles. Villeneuve, whom Napoleon appointed admiral-in-chief, was despondent and distrustful by nature, and when he saw the wretched material of which his fleets consisted he lost heart entirely.

Villeneuve first sailed from Toulon on the 18th of January, but after a fortnight's knocking about in bad weather had to put back again, and lost seven weeks in refitting and repairs; so that it was the 29th of March before he could finally start to rally the Spanish fleet in Cadiz. With difficulty he gave Nelson the slip, and joined the Spanish admiral, Gravina, in Cadiz on the 10th of April. Spain was supposed to possess 16 ships in the port, but after three months' labour no more than six were fit for sea. They were of imposing bulk, but all, except Gravina's flagship, *Argonaut*, crazy, rotten, and antiquated. The plague was raging in Cadiz, the country was bare of stores, and the only crews available were the unwilling scum and rascaldom of the city swept into the net of the press gang. Gravina and his officers were brave, eager, and loyal in doing their best; but they all distrusted the French, and not for a moment did they deceive themselves as to the inferiority of their ships, guns, and seamen to those of the English. When finally all was ready for the dash across the Atlantic, Villeneuve found himself in command of 25 ships, with which he sailed to Martinique. For a fortnight Nelson battled with head winds about Gibraltar (May 7th) to get on the track of his foe, and it was the 4th of June before he cast anchor at Barbadoes, three weeks after Villeneuve had arrived in the West Indies.

But much had happened in that short time. Cornwallis held Brest in so firm a grip that Gantheaume could not get out; and, what was of more importance still, Napoleon found himself once more confronted by a great European league against him. "Upon the success of your arrival off Boulogne," he wrote to Villeneuve, "the fate of the world depends." Alas for him! Villeneuve was a weak reed to bear such a responsibility. In mortal fear of failure, dreading the very name of Nelson, the French admiral refused Gravina's prayers to recapture Trinidad for Spain, to attack Cochrane at Barbadoes, to seek and fight Nelson, to do anything, but to run home again, as he proposed to do at once, and endeavour to release Gantheaume from Brest.

Sailing from Martinique on the very day that Nelson arrived at Barbadoes, he sadly went north, leaving Nelson to hunt after him from island to island, in the vain hope of getting him to fight. On the 19th of June the fleets were, unknown to each other, close together, but Villeneuve escaped, and sailed finally for Europe on the 21st. His ships, especially the Spaniards', were slow, and the English Admiralty had early news of his return. The blockade of Ferrol and Rochefort was raised, and Calder was sent with 15 ships to meet and fight Villeneuve, which he did in a dense fog off Finisterre, on the 22nd of July. Despondent Villeneuve, complaining of his ships, his men, his allies, the weather, did nothing, but left all the fighting to gallant Gravina and the Spanish vanguard, who bore themselves like heroes, though losing two of their ships by capture. When Calder, gallant sailor that he was, but no tactician, thought he had done enough and sailed away with his two prizes, Villeneuve was glad to let him go, and hopelessly sailed to Vigo instead of to Brest as he was ordered, whilst Gravina and the Spaniards chafed at so low-spirited a commander. In the meanwhile Nelson had returned to Gibraltar (July 20th), and thus the Frenchman found himself between Calder on the north and Nelson on the south. He had rallied the ships in Ferrol and had now 29 sail. In vain Napoleon furiously urged him to enter the Channel. "One hundred and fifty thousand men and 2,000 boats await you," he wrote. "All depends upon you. If you act we shall be masters of Europe." But there was no action for despondent Villeneuve. He would take no risks, and his opportunity went by. The camp at Boulogne was broken up and marched to fight the coalition in Germany, whilst the allied fleets tamely returned to Cadiz to be closely blockaded there by an English squadron of inferior strength (August 20th), and Nelson, who for the first time for two years was free to run home, set his foot on English soil, and arranged his future plan of campaign.

On the 12th of October the English admiral arrived off Cadiz in the *Victory* to rejoin the English fleet. The position of the allies inside the port was lamentable. The Spanish officers openly insulted Villeneuve and demanded his dismissal from the command. They knew that with such a commander and with the material at their disposal they would be no match for the English fleet outside, which daily threatened to attack them even in port. Napoleon raged and stormed at the apparent ineptitude and timidity of Villeneuve. His great combinations were all being frustrated by the imprisonment of his fleets, and at last in desperation he called his admiral-in-chief a coward, and sent Rosilly to replace him. When this news reached the miserable Villeneuve, on the 18th of October, with the boldness of despair he gave sudden orders for the whole fleet to put to sea, rally the Spanish squadron in Cartagena, and sail to Naples as the Emperor had ordered.

The Spaniards were aghast and protested. Villeneuve in his turn taunted them with cowardice, and thenceforward there was no question of holding back, desperate as they knew the case to be. The next day the allied squadron left port—34 line-of-battle ships and five or six smaller craft, Avila commanding the vanguard of seven sail, Villeneuve the centre with a similar number, Dumanoir the rearguard of the same strength, and Gravina the reserve with 12 ships. The morning was lovely and bright, with red cloudlets flecking the cobalt blue of the sky, though the winds were light and baffling; and the great Spanish ships looked brave enough beneath their gilding and paint. The *Santisima Trinidad*, the biggest craft afloat, a vast four-decker of 136 guns, 220 feet long, the *Rayo*, the *Principe de Asturias*, Gravina's ship, and the towering *St. Ana*, which led the vanguard, were all much larger than the heaviest of the Frenchmen, the *Bucentaur* and the *Formidable*. But though Nelson had no ships so heavily armed as the Spanish monsters, his proportion of 100-gun ships was much larger.[1] Villeneuve practically left each captain to act for himself. "Nelson will endeavour to cut your line and envelope you," he said, "and you must prevent it if you can. Any officer who is not under fire will have deserted his post." Every seaman saw that the great, ancient, clumsy, ill-manned Spanish ships were not handy enough to prevent their being isolated, if such were Nelson's tactics; but no one held back now, for the allies had called each other cravens, and both were on their mettle.

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[1] The actual number of guns on the English fleet was 2,148, whilst the allied fleets had 2,626. The practice of the allies was, however, bad; the firing much too high.

Late on the 20th the fleets sighted each other. The wind was still light, and Villeneuve's squadrons were straggling, so that it was far into the night before the allies could range into a single line of battle, and then it was done in a loose and lubberly fashion—"all of a heap," as Dumanoir reported—Gravina's reserve squadron, in spite of protest, being included in the long line. Two precious hours after dawn were lost before Villeneuve gave orders for his fleet to luff up, and before the allies were well ready the English fleet came down the wind in the form of a great wedge with the *Victory* leading at the apex. There was a big gap in the loose allied line between the *Bucentaur* and the *St. Ana*, and to this point the wedge head was driven, cutting the line in two. No gun was fired from the *Victory* in reply to the enemy's cannonade until she got through the rank of ships. Then she turned to port and thundered into the *Redoutable* and the big *Santisima Trinidad*. Thus far Villeneuve had been right in his guess at Nelson's tactics; but what followed was a new stroke of naval genius, which no one had foreseen. The outer wings of the wedge of English ships curled round, and each one enveloped and isolated a certain number of the enemy's vessels. Thenceforward it was carnage—slaughter. Great Nelson fell when victory was already certain, for the *Bucentaur* and the *Santisima Trinidad* hauled down their flags before his life ebbed away. The Spaniards and the French fought as bravely as the English. Churruca, Alcalá-Galiano, Alcedo, and Magon fell; Gravina, sorely wounded, died in Cadiz shortly afterwards. Villeneuve subsequently committed suicide, and the navies of Spain and France were practically destroyed. Of the squadrons that left Cadiz, 40 ships strong, only 18 leaking, battered wrecks struggled back into port, and all along the bay the scattered wreckage and a thousand corpses were cast up by the heavy storm that completed the catastrophe of the battle. From the housetops of Cadiz the clustered citizens with horror witnessed the eclipse for the second time of the naval power of Spain; and the ill-starred subordination of their country to the fortunes of revolutionary France, which the weakness of the King and Godoy had made possible, became more hateful than ever to all Spaniards but those who battened upon the favour of the *Choricero*.

Napoleon's hope of beating England on her own element had disappeared, but on land he marched from victory to victory. The Austrian army surrendered to him at Ulm on the very day that the allied fleets had left the harbour of Cadiz, and less than a month afterwards he entered Vienna in triumph, soon to be crowned by the still greater victory of Austerlitz (December 2, 1805).

It has often been related, and sometimes questioned, that when the almost dying Pitt received the evil news of Austerlitz which made Napoleon master of the continent of Europe, he foretold that the force which would ultimately ruin the victor would take its rise in Spain. The prophecy has been looked upon as almost superhuman, but if it was ever uttered it only proves that Pitt was well informed of the public feeling in Spain; and that as a matter of fact an understanding already existed between the anti-French party of the Prince of Asturias and the English statesman. It must have been plain to him that the breaking-point between the two allies had nearly been reached. The Spanish Bourbon King of Naples was being turned out of his kingdom to make room for Napoleon's brother, Joseph; the intercepted letters of the spirited little Neapolitan Princess of Asturias to her mother telling of her efforts and those of her husband to arouse Spain against the French usurper had been made the subject of acrimonious complaint from Napoleon to poor over-burdened Charles: the bitter hatred between Maria Luisa and her daughter-in-law had brought to the side of the latter the great majority of the Spanish people who were groaning under the misery caused by the warfare in which only the French had anything to gain; and a man of less penetration than Pitt could see that the disappearance of Godoy from the scene would coincide with a revolt of the Spanish nation against the ignominy of being the mere bondsmen of Napoleon's ambition. Pitt, in fact, knew that the adherence of Spain to the anti-French coalition would turn the scale against Napoleon.

Austria at the peace of Presburg following Austerlitz, surrendered completely; but not so England, Russia, or Prussia. After the abortive peace negotiations with the English Whig Government the formation of a new coalition against Napoleon, to which even Spain might be rallied became a necessity. The fate of Fernando of

Naples must have loomed like a presage of his own doom to Charles IV., and even Godoy, enmeshed as he was in the toils of Napoleon, could hardly fail to see that Spain must make a stand against the destroyer of thrones before it was too late, or King, Queen, and favourite would be swept away together; if not by the French, then by his own enraged countrymen. The forces against Godoy were, indeed, already ranging themselves for the attack. The Princess of Asturias was indefatigable; Fernando's cunning ex-tutor, Canon Escoiquiz, had organised a regular system of propaganda against the favourite: priests and friars in every parish in Spain told of the vast sums plundered from the Church and squandered on the *Choricero*, whilst better men were starving. Godoy felt that he must change sides and brave Napoleon, for the forces against him at home were too strong for him any longer to withstand.

The new coalition against the Emperor was nearly complete in the autumn of 1806, when suddenly Prussia precipitated events by commencing hostilities alone. Napoleon's great army was already on German soil, and the Emperor himself flew to command it; but his interests now covered so wide a territory, the new kingdoms he had to protect were so dispersed and numerous, that it seemed as if surely he must be beaten piecemeal. Godoy appears to have thought that this was the time for him to change his coat; but he did so with characteristic timidity and disingenuousness. Only a few months before (May, 1806) his agent in Paris, Izquierdo, had, with his approval, handed to Napoleon a sum of twenty-four million francs of Spanish public funds on the Emperor's hint that if he did so Godoy might hope for further advancement at his hands. When the money was once in his possession Napoleon naturally made light of his hinted promises of kingdoms and dukedoms for the Spanish favourite, and Godoy, indignant and offended, sent an agent to London to make approaches to the projected anti-French coalition. The English Government was already in relations with the party of his enemies in Spain, and would have nothing to do with him; but in October, when Napoleon was in arms against the Prussians, Godoy took his step and endeavoured to foist himself upon the anti-French party without entirely breaking with Napoleon. Early in October every town in Spain was astounded to read a public proclamation signed by the Prince of the Peace. It called upon all loyal citizens to aid the sovereign by contributions of money, horses, and armed men, to defend the country "during the present danger." There was much inflated appeal to the patriotism and honour of Spaniards, and vague references to "our enemies"; but no hint as to who the enemies were. The proclamation reached Napoleon on the victorious field of Jena, and his brow lowered as he read it. "I will pay them for this," he muttered, and from that moment he determined that the Bourbons should be swept from Spain as they had been from France.[1] He might smile still—and he did so more than once—both upon poor Charles IV. and upon Godoy, but their doom was sealed from that hour —and incidentally his own too.

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[1] See "De Pradt Memoires sur la Révolution d'Espagne," and "Conversations avec Napoleon," by Escoiquiz.

In vain Godoy endeavoured, when he heard the news of Jena, to hoodwink the Emperor by the lame excuse that the proclamation was directed against Morocco; no one for a moment was deceived, although Napoleon pretended to be so for a time, until he could weaken Spain by deporting her troops and introducing further discord in her counsels. The latter was an easy task now; for the hatred between the party of the Prince of Asturias and that of Godoy and the Queen was stronger than ever. The young Princess of Asturias herself had died in May, 1806, of consumption, though Canon Escoiquiz took care to spread the rumour that she had been poisoned by the Queen's favourite; and this event, whilst it removed the principal focus of intrigue in the palace, and was to that extent favourable to Godoy, left young Fernando a widower free to strengthen his cause by a powerful marriage. Each fresh attack upon Godoy by the friends of the heir-apparent was answered by the granting of new honours to the favourite by the King, whose affection for his dear Manuel was as great as that of the Queen. The post of Grand Admiral of Spain and the Indies, with the title of Serene Highness—an unprecedented honour for a Spanish subject—was the new proof given of the monarch's love; and Fernando, offended and jealous beyond measure at what he called a usurpation of his rights, took a step which, while it was intended to beat

Godoy at his own game, played entirely into Napoleon's hands.

Up to this time it was the favourite who had posed as the friend of the French—whilst the heir-apparent, under the influence of his Neapolitan wife, had taken the popular side and turned to England. It was not easy or dignified for him suddenly to change into a suppliant of Napoleon; but Escoiquiz and his friends soon managed to get into confidential communication with the Marquis de Beauharnais, the new French ambassador (January, 1807). The latter was diplomatic and cautious, and the matter dragged for a time. He could not, he said, be a party to a plot against the King and Queen, or even Godoy, unless Prince Fernando himself gave him a pledge. This was done by an agreed signal when next they met, and during the summer it was arranged that Fernando should ask for a lady of Napoleon's family for a wife. He did so in an autograph letter in which truckling servility equalled base undutifulness. To the tyrant who had dethroned his kinsmen and sacrificed Spain he wrote thus: "The fear of troubling your imperial Majesty in the midst of the great deeds and the negotiations which so ceaselessly occupy you, has hitherto prevented me from satisfying directly my earnest desires to express to you, at least in writing, the feelings of respect, esteem, and affection which I entertain for the greatest hero of all time, sent by Providence to save Europe from the total overthrow which threatened her, to consolidate tottering thrones and give to the nations peace and happiness. The virtues of your imperial Majesty, your moderation, your goodness even to your most unjust and implacable enemies; everything bade me hope that the expression of these sentiments would be received as the overflowing of a heart full of admiration and truest friendship. The state in which I have been for some time, which it is impossible can have been unperceived by the great penetration of your Majesty, has hitherto been a second obstacle which has held back my pen. But I am full of hope that in the magnanimity of your imperial Majesty I shall find a powerful protection; and I therefore have determined not only to express the sentiments of my heart for your august person, but also to deposit in the breast of your Majesty as in that of a tender father, my most profound secrets." With incredible meanness Fernando then proceeds to hint in unmistakable terms at the relations between his mother and Godoy, and prays for Napoleon's "paternal protection" in his attempts to overthrow the "perfidious egotists," "the astute and malignant councillors" who surrounded his father; and abjectly begs that the Emperor "will deign to grant him a princess of his august house for a wife."

This letter was written on the 11th of October, 1807; and in the meanwhile Godoy was living in a fool's paradise, enjoying more than ever, as he imagined, the favour and confidence of Napoleon, who, by the victory of Eylau over Russia and the treaties of Tilsit, had now brought the whole continent of Europe to his feet. The arrival of the Emperor in Paris (27th of July, 1807) coincided with the reception of the news of the repulse of the English at Buenos Ayres, and the mutual congratulations of the allies, with the pretended cordiality of Napoleon towards Godoy, gave an opportunity for another step to be taken by the former in his plans for the final subjugation of Spain. Already, in order to gain his favour, Godoy had allowed fifteen thousand Spanish troops to be sent as a part of Napoleon's army to Germany, and now pressure was brought upon Spain to unite with France in compelling the Portuguese finally to abandon the English alliance. An ultimatum was sent to the Prince Regent of Portugal requiring him, not only to refuse access into his ports to English ships, but also to confiscate all English property and imprison English subjects. This he refused to do, as Napoleon had foreseen, and the cunningly prepared plot was then ripe for execution.

For many months Godoy's agent in Paris, Izquierdo, had been in secret treaty with Napoleon for the occupation and dismemberment of Portugal, which was to serve as the French Emperor's excuse for the introduction of his troops into Spain. A strong force under Junot had been collected in readiness on the Franco-Spanish frontier, and immediately on the refusal of the Portuguese to obey the commands from Paris the French army crossed the Bidásoa and camped on Spanish soil (October 18, 1807), before even the negotiations with Izquierdo in Paris had been concluded. It was a flagrant breach of faith on the part of Napoleon, and the first of the series of great events which changed the history of Europe. There were a few far-seeing Spaniards who viewed with distrust and alarm the contempt with which Napoleon was treating the rights of their country; but both Godoy and the opposite party of the Prince of Asturias had gone too far in their base courting of the Conqueror to turn back now; and Junot and his force were received with open arms as friends and allies.

The intruders lost not a day, but pushed on into the centre of Spain; whilst on the 27th of October Izquierdo signed the shameful treaty of Fontainebleau for the dismemberment of Portugal. It was agreed that the northern part of the kingdom should be erected into a sovereign state under the name of Northern Lusitania and given to the King of Etruria (Duke of Parma) in exchange for the cession of Tuscany to the French; the Algarves and Alem-Tejo were to be ceded as an independent principality to Godoy, and the centre of Portugal was to be held until the general peace, with the view of restoring it to the Portuguese royal family in exchange for Gibraltar or one of the Spanish colonies conquered by the English. Napoleon was to guarantee the independence and integrity of Spain, and a French army of 28,000 men was to be allowed to march through Spain, and fed at Spanish expense, as well as another force of 40,000 men in case it should be necessary. The ambition of Godoy had led Spain into this trap. Everything had been carefully prepared by Napoleon. The Prince of Asturias had played into his hands and was competing with the favourite for his support;

Maria Luisa was blinded to every consideration of maternal and wifely duty by her love for Godoy; the poor, weak King, believing himself a genius, was swayed to any side by his wife and her paramour; and the wily, unscrupulous Corsican, with a fine army on Spanish soil, knew now that he had them all at his mercy and could do with them as he pleased. So completely had all parties in Spain been deceived, that both Prince Fernando and Godoy respectively looked upon the French bayonets as having been sent to support his particular cause against the other.

III.

A DISTRACTED ROYAL FAMILY AND A BETRAYED NATION.

THE young Prince Fernando was not an amiable character. Sly, sarcastic, and malicious by nature, he had become, under the teaching and prompting of Escoiquiz, bitter and vengeful to the last degree, especially against his mother. When both parties, emboldened by the presence of the French troops, thought the time had come for striking a crushing blow at each other, rumours were spread through the capital from the prince's apartments that the Queen was plotting to disinherit her son and place Godoy on the throne;[1] whilst the favourite's friends were as busy disseminating rumours of the treasonable intrigues of the heir-apparent against his father, Godoy's party was able to strike the first blow, and for a time was triumphant. The prince had been ostentatiously occupied for some time in literary labours—the translation of French authors and the like—which gave an excuse for him to pass many hours in writing. But Godoy's spies watched him closely, and it was noticed that he wrote much late at night, a fact that was promptly conveyed to the King and Queen, who were for a time alone, as the favourite had remained at Madrid ill of fever when the Court removed to the Escorial early in October.

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[1] It was alleged that the Queen's youngest child, the Infante Don Francisco de Paula (afterwards the father of the King Consort of Isabel II., Don Francisco de Asis), was the son of Godoy; and that Maria Luisa and her favourite were desirous of changing the succession for the ultimate benefit of this child. This, of course, was possibly true, but there is no proof of it other than public gossip spread by Fernando's friends, and Maria Luisa was certainly the principal mover in obtaining the King's pardon for his son Fernando.

The distrust thus aroused was rendered acute on the 28th of October, when the King found on his dressing-table a note with the superscription, "Haste, Haste, Haste!" "The Prince of Asturias," it ran, "is planning a rising in the palace, and the crown is in peril. The Queen runs the risk of dying of poison, and steps should be taken immediately to frustrate the plot." In deep tribulation the King consulted his wife, and they agreed to pay a surprise visit to the prince's apartments. They found their son deeply immersed in some papers which he endeavoured to hide; but which the King seized and carried away with him, notwithstanding the violent and disrespectful protest of the prince. The documents proved to be in the highest degree compromising. There was a long address to the King which Fernando had copied from Escoiquiz's ciphered draft, accusing Godoy of the vilest crimes against morality, and as a minister: "he has," it said, "not only . . . prostituted the flower of Spanish women from the highest to the lowest, but his house, his official receptions, and his ministry, have been open markets for prostitution, in which adultery was paid for by pensions, offices, and dignities." He was further accused of an intention of killing the King and all his family for the purpose of himself usurping the throne; and the remedy proposed was to give Fernando a free hand to order the favourite's imprisonment, and to take such other measures as he thought fit. The King was to be invited to meet Fernando's friends at a hunting party, where proofs of all the accusations would be submitted to him, and he was to be requested not to see the Queen or Godoy afterwards until the blow had been struck. Other papers divulged the plan already referred to for the marriage of Fernando with a lady of Napoleon's choosing, instead of with the sister of Godoy's wife, as had been proposed. Documents of a still more compromising character were also found —according to Godoy—in which the liberty, if not the life, of the Queen—and even of the King—was evidently aimed at. These latter papers were seized and destroyed by the Queen, in order to save her son, though their nature may be guessed by the tone of poor Charles's letter of the same day to Napoleon, giving him an account of the discovery—"Monsieur mon frère," wrote the unhappy king on the 29th of October, "at the moment when I was occupied with the means of co-operating for the destruction of our common enemies; when I thought that all the plots of the late Queen of Naples had been buried with her daughter, I have found with a horror, which makes me shudder, that the most terrible spirit of intrigue had penetrated into the heart of my own palace.

Alas! my heart bleeds to give you an account of so fearful an attempt. My dear son, the heir of my throne, has formed a horrible plot to dethrone me, and has gone to the length of attempting the life of his mother. A plan so terrible must be punished with the exemplary rigour of the law. The succession of the prince must be revoked, one of his brothers will be more worthy than he to fill his place in my heart and on my throne. I am now seeking his accomplices, to discover the whole of this disgraceful plot, and I do not wish to lose a moment in informing your imperial Majesty, whom I pray to aid me with your wisdom and advice."

On the same night that this was written, the long, dusky corridors of the grim granite palace of the Escorial saw a sad procession, which reminded the trembling witnesses of a similar event two and a half centuries before, when Philip II. himself arrested his only son, Don Carlos. First came a gentleman-in-waiting, the Duke of Bejar, bearing candelabra to illuminate the darkness, then a platoon of the Spanish royal guard, in their blue and red uniforms, followed by a stout, well-built, fresh-coloured young man of 23, of singularly sinister aspect. His forehead was white and well shaped, and over his dark eyes lowered conspicuously heavy smooth jet-black eyebrows, glossy like leeches; but it was the lower part of the face which mainly attracted attention. The point of the drooping Bourbon nose descended over a very short upper lip to the level of the straight-slit mouth; whilst the nether jaw, underhung like those of the princes of the house of Austria, stood clear out, so that the under-lip was on a level with the point of the nose. This was Fernando, Prince of Asturias, who, in his own person, centred all the evil qualities of both his Bourbon and Habsburg ancestors without any of their virtues ; a man of undoubted ability, beloved to frenzy by a generous, loyal people, who made greater sacrifices for him than a nation ever made for a ruler ; but a prince who yet, through the whole of a long life, belied every promise, betrayed every friend, repaid every sacrifice by persecution, rewarded love and attachment by cruelty and injustice ; and who thus early began by treason to an over-indulgent father an evil career which was to bring untold misery to his country, and a heritage of war of which the end has not yet been reached. By the side of the prince walked his father, a stout, elderly, red-faced gentleman, immersed in grief and followed by the ministers and other courtiers, who thus conveyed the heir-apparent a prisoner to his apartments after his examination on the charge of treason. The next day there appeared on the walls of the capital a pathetic address of the King to his people, telling them how his son had been seduced into a wicked conspiracy against the throne. But the Madrileños could believe no evil of their beloved Fernando, and once more they made a scapegoat of the *Choricero*, who, they said, had invented a false plot to ruin the heir to the crown.

Fernando was no hero, and before many hours had passed, with incredible baseness, he betrayed all his accomplices and made a clean breast of his evil-doing to the Queen. He had, he said, written secretly to

Napoleon, he had signed a decree appointing the Duke of Infantado governor of Castile, speaking of the King as dead; but it was all the fault of those who advised him, and whose names he gave. Then it was that Godoy and the Queen began to understand that Napoleon had deceived them, and that the French army on Spanish soil was more likely to help Fernando than them. They were aghast; Godoy, sick as he was, flew to the Escorial to stifle the matter before it went any further. Entering the room in which Fernando was confined, he offered to arrange everything. Fernando, like the craven that he was, willingly accepted any course which offered safety for himself. At the dictation of the man whose ruin he had plotted, he wrote the following letters to his parents: "DEAR PAPA,—I have transgressed. I have failed in my duty towards you as my king and my father; but I repent, and promise your Majesty my most humble obedience. I should have done nothing without your Majesty's knowledge; but I was taken by surprise. I have divulged the culprits, and I beg your Majesty to forgive me for having lied to you the other night; by permitting me to cast myself at your royal feet.—Your grateful son, FERNANDO, San Lorenzo, November 5, 1807."

The letter to the Queen was as follows:—

"DEAR MAMMA,—I repent of the dreadful crime which I have committed against my parents and sovereigns, and with the greatest humility beg you to deign to intercede with my papa for me, to allow me to cast myself at his royal feet."

These letters were at once published with a decree of pardon for the prince, beginning with the words—"The voice of nature disarms the stroke of vengeance," and providing for the prosecution of Fernando's advisers. Care was taken by Godoy to avoid all mention of Napoleon in the case, for the Emperor had sternly warned him through Izquierdo that this must be done, and at the same time Fernando was made to appear undutiful, disloyal, weak, and treacherous. To this extent Godoy had conquered; but the great mass of the people was on Fernando's side and would believe no ill of him for trying to get rid of the *Choricero* and of the dishonour which clung to the Queen. To such an extent was this the case that even the judges specially chosen by Godoy refused to convict Fernando's accomplices; and after a long trial Charles himself, by an exercise of despotic power, sent Escoiquiz, the Dukes of Infantado and San Carlos and others, into confinement or exile.

From first to last this affair was disgraceful to all concerned. The son was ready to sacrifice his parents, the King was in a hurry publicly to condemn his heir, without waiting for proper inquiry or examination of proofs; at the first sound of danger Fernando threw the whole blame upon his advisers, for whom he could find no words sufficiently abusive, and in the most nauseous manner flattered and caressed Godoy, who in his turn took care that the prince's pardon should exhibit him in the worst possible light. It was evident to Napoleon by this time that popular as Fernando might be, he was too weak and mean-spirited to be useful, even temporarily, as an ally, but he might still be employed as a puppet. Steps were taken therefore by Beauharnais to assure the prince of the Emperor's continued protection, and negotiations were opened for his marriage with the daughter of Lucien. The lady, however, had a will of her own, and flatly refused the honour. In the meanwhile events were rapidly tending to a crisis which placed all other considerations in the background.

Junot had marched without delay into Portugal, where the Government had tardily endeavoured to avert the disasters which threatened by concessions to French and Spanish demands. Seeing that resistance was impossible the Regent, at the advice of Lord Strangford, decided to transfer his court to Brazil. On the day after the royal family sailed from the Tagus the French army entered Lisbon (November 30, 1807), amidst silent mourning of a people; and by the end of the year the whole kingdom was occupied by French and Spanish troops. It will be recollected that one of the conditions of the treaty of Fontainebleau had been that the King of Etruria should exchange Tuscany for Northern Lusitania. The King himself had died, but his widow, a daughter of the King of Spain, was acting as Regent for her son in Florence. She was quite ignorant of the arrangement which had been made over her head for another change of her dominions, and was astounded at the end of November by an intimation that the Emperor was on his way to Italy, and that she must evacuate her kingdom at once. She started heart-broken for Spain with her children, and on her way saw Napoleon at

Milan. Instead of consolation she received from him nothing but discouragement. She was given clearly to understand that he had no intention of fulfilling his part of the disgraceful treaty, and that her Northern Lusitanian kingdom was nothing but a chimera; he had, indeed, already offered the Portuguese crown to his brother Lucien, who had refused it.

The Emperor's plans for the subjugation of the whole Iberian Peninsula were now hardly concealed. He had taken the measure of all the governing powers in Spain, and saw that he might treat them with complete disregard. By the beginning of January, 1808, two new French *corps d'armée* had entered Spain under the command respectively of Dupont and Moncey; and conjectures of all sorts were rife as to the meaning of the great warlike preparations of the Emperor. The bulk of the Spanish people looked on with distrust, but were cunningly kept quiet by the idea that the French bayonets had been sent to establish their beloved Fernando on the throne, and to put an end to the rule of the *Choricero.* Godoy himself doubtless now understood the danger of his position, but it was too late to draw back, and his eyes were still fixed on the promised sovereignty of the Algarves. At his instance Charles sent servile letters to the Emperor, and no opportunity was lost of conciliating the Conqueror. But it was the lamb conciliating the wolf. Napoleon had probably not yet quite decided his ultimate mode of procedure, but he had already made up his mind that the Bourbons must follow the Braganzas, and the Iberian Peninsula be at his bidding alone.

Brigade after brigade of Frenchmen was poured into Spain, in violation of treaties and national rights. The French hardly took the trouble to keep up an appearance of friendship. The citadel of Pamplona was seized by stratagem by Armagnac in February, the fortress of Barcelona by Duhesme a few days afterwards, and gradually, either by trick, cajolery, or threats of force, nearly all the strong places in Northern and Central Spain were occupied by the intruders. The excitement and alarm of the people grew. The fate of Portugal, now treated as a French possession, was a terrible reminder of the helplessness of Spain; and the hatred of Godoy, upon whom the blame for everything was cast, grew deeper than ever. He had tried unsuccessfully to obtain leave to retire, and Charles was almost tempted to let him go, so outspoken now was the discontent of the people. But Fernando had no intention of letting him off so cheaply; he wanted him for a scapegoat, and excelled himself in adulation of the "saviour of Spain," whom he fervently begged to remain at the head of affairs. Poor simple Charles melted to tears at the sweet unity that reigned in his family, now that Fernando and "Manuel" were such dear friends, and also prayed his darling minister to stay, little suspecting that the plot which had been frustrated a few months before was now in full swing again.

At length in March (1808) it became clear, even to Godoy, that he could palter and trifle no longer. There were a hundred thousand French soldiers in Spain without reason or excuse. Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, had just arrived at Burgos as the Emperor's

Lieutenant-General, and fresh troops continued to swarm over the Pyrenees. Simultaneously Izquierdo came post haste from Paris with terrifying news. The Emperor demanded a fresh treaty with unheard-of conditions, which would practically have dismembered Spain, and deprived her of independence. Godoy in desperation advised the King to call upon Napoleon to suspend the further violation of the Spanish frontier and to fulfil the existing treaty obligations, or Spain would defend her soil and her honour. But it was too late: neither Charles nor Fernando's friends were prepared for so Quixotic a course, and the flight of the royal family seemed the only alternative, in imitation of the Regent of Portugal. It was decided at length that the King and Court should retire to Seville, there to await events, and if necessary afterwards sail for America;[1] and as a first stage of the journey it was ordered that a move should be made to the palace of Aranjuez at no great distance from the capital.

The resolution was to have been kept secret, but soon vague and disquieting rumours pervaded Madrid. It was no uncommon thing for the royal family to visit Aranjuez and other palaces accompanied by Godoy; in fact, they had recently passed much of their time away from Madrid, but the stormy petrels of Fernando's party kept public excitement awake. The turbulent Count de Montijo, the idol and leader of the vicious classes in Madrid, was lurking disguised in one of the lower quarters in daily communication with Fernando, and the priests and friars, as usual, were busy with their whispered hints against Godoy. It was noticed, too, that large numbers of rough countrymen were flocking into Madrid led by fuglemen; and to those who were in the habit of watching events it was evident that mischief was brewing. The lady with whom Godoy lived before and after his marriage, Dona Josefa Tudó, was noticed to be packing up her establishment in Madrid, and preparing for a long absence; and soon the gossip spread that in a council held at Aranjuez the advice of Fernando had been overborne, and the royal family had decided to continue their flight to Seville. Orders were also given for the greater part of the garrison in the capital to proceed to Aranjuez; and the citizens, alarmed and disturbed by the agents of the prince, openly demonstrated their indignation that at such a critical moment they should be thus abandoned by their rulers.

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[1] It was the opinion of the best-informed persons at the time, and is probably true, that this was the real object Napoleon had in view in proposing the fresh terms by Izquierdo. If he could frighten the royal family away the coast would be clear for him.

The excitement increased hour by hour, and, as usual, the whole of the blame was cast upon Godoy, who was said to have sold Spain to the Frenchmen, rather than Fernando should succeed. Charles endeavoured to allay the rising storm. In a proclamation addressed to "my dear vassals," he assured the people that they "might breathe freely: for the army of my dear ally, the Emperor of the French, is passing through my country solely with ideas of peace and amity: its object being to reach points threatened by the common enemy;" and he emphatically denied the story of his intended flight (March 16, 1808). This was for a moment a check to the conspirators in Aranjuez, where all the elements of disturbance had now congregated, but a judicious expenditure of money and effort by the prince's henchmen, the Count de Montijo and Don Manuel de Jauregui, spread abroad the news that Godoy was going to spirit away in the night of the 17th, not only the King and Queen, but Fernando as well.

In the meanwhile utter confusion reigned both inside and outside the palace. Murat was rapidly marching upon Madrid, and Dupont with his *corps d'armée* was hastening to occupy Segovia and the Escorial. The King, as we have seen, pretended to believe no harm, but the movements of the French paralysed all government and no orders were given except those for flight. The people were in a frenzy of excitement. Fernando was, or feigned to be, in fear of assassination by Godoy's orders, an idea also ostentatiously disseminated by Beauharnais, and for the night of the 17th the outbreak at Aranjuez was prepared. The Guards, who were under the command of Godoy's brother Diego, had been secretly gained to the popular side, and a large crowd of country people, mostly Manchegans introduced for the purpose, and hired ruffians, surrounded the favourite's palace in Aranjuez, under the leadership of the disguised Count de Montijo. It is asserted by eye-witnesses—but denied by Godoy himself—that at midnight his mistress left the house in a travelling carriage, and that this gave the first impetus to the disturbance: in any case a shot and a bugle call rang out simultaneously with the appearance of a light in Fernando's window at the time that a carriage left Godoy's house, and in a moment the tumult began.

The troops were in favour of Fernando, and at once took up positions where they might prevent the flight of the King; other groups shouted below the apartments of Charles, who was ill in bed with gout, whilst the main body of ruffians broke through the gateway of Godoy's palace. From room to room they rushed in murderous search of the hated *Choricero*, wrecking and destroying as they went. The Princess of the Peace, a member of the royal family, and her daughter, were treated with respect and conveyed to the royal palace, but consideration was shown for nothing else. As the crowd were breaking into his bedroom Godoy had just time to leap from his bed, throw on a dressing-gown and escape by a secret door to a lumber-room above, where he lay hidden under a roll of matting whilst the mob wreaked vengeance on the property, and wounded and imprisoned his brother. Inside the palace triumphant Fernando made no secret now of his approval of the rising. Maria Luisa cursed, and Charles wept at their treacherous son, but in the hope of diverting vengeance from their dear Manuel the King during the night signed a decree dismissing Godoy from his posts of Generalissimo of the army and Grand Admiral of the navy.

The next day, the 18th, passed in great anxiety but comparative quiet, but during the night it was conveyed to the King that a furthur tumult was impending, more dangerous to him than the preceding one, and that the troops could not be depended upon. There was nothing for it but to appeal to Fernando, who promised sulkily to use his influence to appease the popular excitement. His efforts were either insincere or too late, for on the morning of the 19th a more threatening crowd than ever assembled before the palace. Suddenly a shout went up from a thousand throats that the *Choricero* had been found, and the mob trooped off to the dismantled house of the favourite. Godoy, after thirty-six hours of hiding, had been driven by hunger and thirst to emerge from his roll of matting. He had in vain endeavoured to bribe a guard on duty in his bedroom, and had been taken prisoner. Before the hurried meal necessary for his restoration had been taken the mob had reached the outside of the house and were howling for his life. The man who had so long been master of Spain could find now in his own wrecked palace no corner in which he might hide his head, and trembling, well-nigh fainting, surrounded by guards, who shielded him as well as they could, he was led out through the mouthing multitude to the barrack guard-room. Under and over the horses of the soldiers murderous blows were aimed at the unhappy man ; bathed in blood, wounded and panting, resting his hands on the saddles of the guards at each side of him, though sinking with fear and fatigue, he managed to keep pace with the rapid trot of the horses that were bearing him away from the mad fury behind ; and at length rescued from immediate death, he cast himself down in an agony of tears on the rough guard-room floor, the threats and curses of his persecutors still ringing in his ears.

Soon, however, the crowd attempted to invade the barracks, for the cry was raised that the *Choricero* was escaping after all, and the King and Queen in terror for their favourite fervently prayed their son to save him. Fernando consented scornfully; he promised the mob that he would see justice done, and dispersed them, and then stood with a mocking smile on his wicked face over his prostrate enemy, the man upon whom he had fawned as his "saviour" so recently. "I have saved thy life, Manolo," he said contemptuously. "I thank your Highness humbly," was the reply. "Is your Highness already King?" "Not yet," said the prince, "but I shall soon be," and turning on his heels he left him, saying to the guard, "Send a surgeon to attend to that poor wretch. He looks like an Ecce Homo." Fernando was sure of his triumph now, and made his parents understand that he alone had power over the mob. The old King, afflicted beyond measure, saw that his undutiful son would be content with nothing less than his abdication. His ministers, particularly the principal of them, Caballero and Ceballos, had rallied to the rising sun of Fernando, and at seven o'clock on the same evening Charles IV. laid down his thorny crown, signing the decree which made Fernando VII. sovereign of Spain.

The news sent feverish Madrid frantic with joy. The palaces of the fallen favourite and his friends were sacked, all the emblems of his greatness destroyed, and throughout the country the same scenes were enacted. But over the mad rejoicing of the capital at the coming of Fernando—the Desired—the spectre of impending disaster loomed. The new King sent deputations of grandees to greet Murat on his approach, and on the 23rd of March the showy Neapolitan innkeeper's son entered Madrid with his staff, all flashing and glittering, at the head of a French army which no organised force in Spain could resist. The Madrileños love shows, and welcomed Murat, for they still thought he came to support Fernando. But their eyes were soon opened. The Frenchmen, discontented with their quarters, calmly and without leave took others which they liked better; and when Fernando entered his capital for the first time as King, on the day after their arrival, Murat ostentatiously manœuvred his men on the line of route to the annoyance of the citizens, who said that their king needed no foreigner's protection against loyal Spaniards, now that the *Choricero* had fallen. To make matters worse, Murat and Beauharnais were the only foreign representatives who did not hasten to recognise the new sovereign; for the rising of Aranjuez and the abdication of Charles had not been anticipated by Napoleon. His plan had been to frighten the whole of the royal family away to America, and then to take Spain as he had done Portugal; and the establishment of a new popular monarch on the throne did not suit him. When he received the news at St. Cloud he confessed this, and denounced Fernando as an undutiful usurper whom he would never recognise. But this did not mean that he would help the dispossessed father. On the contrary he told Izquierdo, his obedient tool, the day afterwards, that the events in Spain had relieved him of all treaty obligations towards her; and on the very same day he wrote to his brother Louis in Holland, offering him the crown of Spain, which Louis refused.

On the day following that on which Charles had signed his abdication, the fear and trouble past, he endeavoured to impose conditions upon the new King as to his policy, and as to his own future. Fernando and his friends would not hear of it, and Charles and his spirited wife began to realise for the first time that, by a stroke of the pen in a moment of terror, they had been reduced to persons of no importance. Then came indignant reaction against their son, and the foolish king consulted the French general Monthion, Murat's chief of the staff, who had just entered Aranjuez. The result was the signing of a private withdrawal of the abdication, on the ground that it had been extorted by force. This miserable vacillation and weakness exactly suited Napoleon, who was thus able to play off the father against the son to the discredit of the latter; and in this he was aided by the undignified letter in which Charles conveyed to him his protest against the abdication. The King of Spain "hastens to place himself in the hands of a great monarch, his ally, subordinating himself totally to the will of the only person who can give happiness to him, his family and his faithful vassals. . . . I was," he wrote, "forced to abdicate, but with the fullest confidence now in the magnanimity and genius of the great man who has ever shown himself my friend, I have resolved to conform in everything with whatever this great man may order with regard to us, to my fate, and that of the Queen, and the Prince of the Peace." Napoleon must have thought when he received this cringing letter that circumstances were positively inviting him to make use of such a royal family as this for his own ends. Worse still were the letters from Charles and his wife to Murat in Madrid, humbly protesting that they and Godoy, and not Fernando, were the real friends of the French; offering to make the country submit to Napoleon, and outbidding the new King in professions of attachment and obedience to the great man in whose hands they placed their country and themselves. Meanness and servility could go no further, and unmerited as were the subsequent sufferings of the Spanish people, the miserable royal family deserved all that befell them.

Almost the first regal act of Fernando VII. was to recall Urquijo, Cabarrus, Jovellanos, and all those who had suffered from the enmity of Godoy. Escoiquiz was summoned at once from his stall in Toledo to be made a Councillor of State; and the Dukes of Infantado and San Carlos left their exile to guide the decisions of the new sovereign. The shallow and inflated Churchman, Escoiquiz, an infatuated admirer of Napoleon, and himself a man of no ability or knowledge of the world, was perhaps the worst adviser that could have been chosen, whilst the two dukes were weak, showy men, unable to counteract his evil influence. The earliest measures of the new monarch were mainly towards the abrogation of the unimportant but unpopular local regulations decreed by the late government; but the suspension of the sale of the seventh part of the ecclesiastical properties for the State service, authorised by the Pope, proved that Fernando looked to reaction rather than to reform for support. In this, perhaps, he was wise, for, as we have seen, the mass of the people, sunk in ignorance and enchained in priestly bonds, had little sympathy with the more enlightened views of their travelled and better educated countrymen. In any case the growing effervescence of the public at the presence and attitude of the French troops, and the intrigues of the royal family, prevented any attention whatever from being paid to internal measures. NB

The wonder-loving people of Madrid were kept on the tenterhooks of expectation with the stories of the expected arrival of Napoleon to visit the new king. Murat lost no opportunity of adding to the excitement; apartments in the palace were arranged for the Emperor's reception, advance baggage, said to belong to him, was ostentatiously received, even his hat and boots were shown to the gaping citizens; but in the meanwhile Murat held himself personally aloof from Fernando, and carried on a close correspondence with the old King and Queen through Monthion. Charles, under his influence, had signed the protest against the abdication, to which reference has been made; and the subsequent deference with which the old King and his wife in their abandonment by their own people were treated by the French generals, doubtless suggested to them, as it was intended to do, a hope that by the power of Napoleon their full dignity might be restored to them, Godoy saved, and their undutiful son punished. Fernando, too, was made to think that something of this sort might happen, and his evil advisers, Escoiquiz particularly, began to whisper that he must take care to propitiate the Emperor before the latter could be influenced in favour of Charles.

Napoleon had already set out for the Spanish frontier, and if he had been able to frighten the royal family away to America, as he intended, he would no doubt have proceeded at once to Madrid; but the elevation of Fernando had altered his plans, and although the pretence of his coming was kept up, his real object now was to work upon the dissensions of Charles and his son until they both placed themselves in his hands. With this end in view, Murat suggested that Fernando should travel north for the purpose of meeting and welcoming the Emperor into his dominions. Escoiquiz, blind and foolish in his admiration for the French, approved of the idea, as a means also of forwarding Fernando's marriage with a Bonaparte; but it was felt that for the new King to leave his capital at such a juncture would be imprudent, and it was decided at first to send his younger brother, Don Carlos, who left Madrid on the 5th of April, with the idea of meeting the imperial guest at Burgos. But Don Carlos found no Napoleon at Burgos, and some of Fernando's ministers, particularly Cevallos, began to doubt. Murat was not a great diplomatist, and Napoleon would brook no opposition to his plans; so General Savary was sent post haste to bring Fernando into France by fair means or foul. He saw the young King immediately on his arrival in Madrid, and told him that the Emperor only wished to know whether his policy towards France was to be the same as that of his father, in which case he would recognise him as king, and refrain from all future interference in the government of Spain. Fernando was overjoyed and gratified. All he wanted was Napoleon's recognition, and here it was on easy terms. Savary suggested that as Napoleon was even then expected at Bayonne it would be only a polite attention for Fernando to meet him at Burgos. Flattery, promises and professions of eternal friendship at last prevailed, and in spite of warnings of treachery, in spite of the alarm of his people, in spite of the growing arrogance of the French, Fernando set out from Madrid to meet his imperial guest on the 10th of April. With him went Escoiquiz, Infantado, San Carlos, Cevallos, and a large suite; and a supreme board of government was constituted to act for him in his absence in all urgent matters. At the head of this Junta was placed his uncle, the Infante Don Antonio, a silly, weak-minded, bigoted old man; the other members being the Prime Minister Cevallos, who, however, accompanied the King; Gil y Lemus, Minister of Marine; Azanza, Minister of Finance; O'Farril, Minister of War; Piñuela, Minister of Justice, and a few other chosen councillors.

Through Spain Fernando travelled amidst a population burning with love and loyalty to him. If he or his blind advisers had made a stand, even now, a whole nation would have laid down their lives for him and for the independence of Spain; as Napoleon clearly saw when he first heard of his accession[1]; but there was no dignity, no patriotism, no honour in Fernando or his miserable family, and Savary lured him on from Burgos to Vitoria. There the alarm of his friends grew acute, and they resisted his further advance, but he was too near now for Napoleon to let him go. Seeing that Savary could not alone prevail upon the young King to proceed further, the Emperor himself wrote a letter which should have opened the eyes of the dullest. In haughty and vague language he treated Fernando's claims to the crown as being in his hands to decide, and went to the insulting length of saying—"You have no other rights than those transmitted by your mother." Savary, too, swore by his head that Napoleon would recognise him as King of Spain the moment he saw him in Bayonne, but not otherwise; Savary had, indeed, orders to carry him off by force if all else failed. In vain loyal Spaniards proposed to Fernando rescue or flight. Blind to all warnings, he decided to cross the frontier; the people of Vitoria threw themselves before his coach, cut his horses' traces, and with tears begged him to remain. In Irun the Spanish garrison offered to carry him away in safety in spite of the French. All in vain! Fernando, with his brother Carlos, crossed the Bidasoa on the 20th of April and stood on French soil.

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[1] See his letter to Murat, 29th of March, in Toreno's "Historia de la Révolution de España."

No representative of the Emperor came to greet him, no honours were paid to him; a few miles further on he met the three Spanish grandees whom he had sent to welcome Napoleon, and from them he heard the ominous tidings that the Emperor that morning had declared in their presence that no Bourbon should ever again reign in Spain. It was too late for repentance, and Fernando entered Bayonne virtually a prisoner on the 21st of April, 1808. For a few hours there was still room for hope. Napoleon embraced his guest, entertained him at dinner, and himself accompanied him to his lodgings. But no sooner was Fernando alone than Savary came with a message from his master to the effect that the latter had irrevocably decided to overturn the Bourbon dynasty in Spain and substitute his own, and that Fernando must sign a renunciation of the crown for himself and all his family. Anger and dismay at once reigned amongst trapped Fernando and his court. Escoiquiz—the little Ximenez, as Napoleon mockingly called him—was beside himself with rage at the way in which they had been tricked, and in his long conferences with the Emperor and his agent, the Bishop of Poitiers, persisted in refusing in his master's name to comply with the demand, as did Cevallos and Fernando himself. After three days of quarrels and mutual recrimination Fernando was astounded to receive a message from the Emperor to the effect that he would treat with him no more: the King of Spain was expected to arrive at Bayonne the next day, and doubtless he would be more amenable than the Prince of Asturias.

Murat had found it a much simpler matter to transport the old King and Queen into France than their son. He had begun by complaining to the Junta of the constant attacks upon his men by the populace of Madrid; and had then announced that he recognised no King of Spain but Charles, whose return to the throne he intimated. Already Murat had taken Godoy away from the custody of the Junta and had conveyed him, guarded by French soldiers, to Bayonne, and it was easy for him now to persuade Charles and wife to follow their favourite. Under his guidance Charles wrote to his brother Antonio, president of the Junta in Madrid, that his abdication had been forced from him and was void; and that he, as King, confirmed the Junta in their office during his approaching absence on a visit to his ally the Emperor of the French. On the 25th of April the credulous old King, with his wife and Godoy's daughter, left the Escorial, escorted by armed Frenchmen, to follow his son over the Pyrenees, drawn by the same bait that had lured Fernando, namely, the recognition of his sovereignty by Napoleon. The artfully promoted dissensions between father and son, the ambition, undutifulness, self-indulgence, and folly of both sides had ended in this: that the old King and his two next heirs were in the hands of the unscrupulous tyrant who had befooled them; whilst Spain, abandoned, unarmed, and disorganised, lay apparently an easy prey to the hundred thousand disciplined foreigners who swaggered insolently on her soil.

In Madrid matters had been going rapidly from bad to worse. The people, alarmed and dismayed at the deportation of Fernando, and at the growing insolence of the French troops, were ready at any moment to turn upon their unwelcome guests. On the 20th of April the crisis nearly came. The French officials, in defiance of Murat's promise to the Junta, ordered the Spanish court printer to print a proclamation signed by Charles IV. as King, and the news aroused the rage of the populace. With great difficulty the Junta appeased the threatened rising, and set at liberty the two French officers who had been arrested ; but the people knew now beyond doubt that the Frenchmen were the enemies of their adored Fernando, and would fain fasten again upon Spain the bonds of the *Choricero* and the Queen. And not in Madrid alone was the dangerous excitement growing. In Toledo, Burgos, and elsewhere formidable riots took place which were suppressed by the overwhelming presence of the French troops ; and in the meanwhile the weak and timid Junta in Madrid, which had been authorised by Fernando on his recognition of Napoleon's treachery to act as a council of regency during his absence, were beset with doubts and fears unending : not daring, on the one hand, to withstand the growing demands of impetuous Murat, or, on the other, to disregard Fernando, and act boldly for the public benefit to the best of their ability. Thus, whilst they gave at Murat's bidding authority for certain Spanish deputies chosen by him to go to Bayonne and discuss with Napoleon the future government of Spain, they dispatched envoys of their own to Fernando begging him to send them orders as to the policy they themselves were to follow.

In the face of this utter confusion and ineptitude on the part of the Spaniards the French were strong, united, and decided. Twenty-five thousand French troops were in or near the capital, and a strong force of artillery occupied the open space of the Retiro. At every dominating point around the city brigades were posted ; approach on all sides was held by the intruders, whilst the total number of Spanish troops in the neighbourhood did not reach 3,000, men who were closely confined to their barracks ; and Murat took care by constant manœuvres and ostentatious parades to impress their powerlessness upon the people. Such a state of tension could not in the nature of things last long, and on Sunday, the 1st of May, whilst Murat and a brilliant staff rode from Mass through the Puerta del Sol, a storm of hisses greeted them. The immediate reason for this was an order given to the Junta in the name of Charles IV. on the previous day for the Queen of Etruria and the Infante Don Francisco de Paula, the only two children of the old King left in Spain, to proceed to Bayonne. After some resistance the Junta, convinced of the impossibility of withstanding the French, were forced to consent, and it was arranged that the Princess and her young brother should leave in the morning of the 2nd of May, a day thenceforward for ever to be held as the greatest in the annals of Spain.

All through the spring night the poorer quarters of the city were alive with unquiet folk, and as soon as dawn broke the people flocked down the Calle Mayor into the great open space in front of the royal palace standing high on its bluff, from which could be seen the tawny landscape stretching away westerly for leagues to the foot of the snowy Guadarramas. It was said that the princess and the little prince, and even foolish old Don Antonio, were to be taken away by force, and as the crowd swelled to a vast multitude so the anger grew against the false *gabachos* who had kidnapped their beloved Fernando and would take his youngest brother too. At nine o'clock in the morning three travelling carriages appeared before the door of the palace, and a sympathising royal lackey told those near him that the little Infante Francisco was weeping at the thought of going away. Sobs and lamentations of women, curses of men, broke forth at this cruelty to an innocent child. The Queen of Etruria and her children might go, as they did, without hindrance, for she was unpopular and friendly with Murat, but there were two carriages still at the door, which the crowd said were for the Infantes. As this was being discussed one of Murat's *aides-de-camp* rode up to the palace to learn what was passing, and simultaneously with his appearance a woman in the crowd screamed, "They are taking them away from us!" As if by magic the cry changed sullen discontent to ungovernable fury, and with one accord the French officer and his escort were set upon by the mob. Some Spanish Walloon Guards endeavoured to protect them, but all were on the point of being slaughtered when a patrol of French troops appeared on the scene and they were with difficulty rescued

Murat's quarters were only a few minutes' away on the heights of St. Vincent overlooking the other end of the palace, and the news soon reached him.

The riot was the spontaneous outbreak of an unarmed mob, and might have been as easily suppressed by the authority of the Junta, as was that of the 21st of April; but Murat understood that the time had arrived for terrorising the Spanish people into obedience once for all, and the attack upon his *aide-de-camp* gave him an opportunity not to be missed. Whilst the crowd were busy disabling the travelling carriages a large body of French troops with two cannon occupied the sides of the square in which the multitude was closely packed, and without notice poured into the mass a murderous musketry and artillery fire. Shrieks and groans mingled with shouts of rage as the survivors endeavoured to escape. Those who succeeded in doing so rushed up the Calle Mayor, and dispersing in all directions carried the news through the city. The long pent-up fury of a brave and ardent people against the insolent foreigner blazed out irresistibly. There was no thought of the utter disproportion between a disorganised rabble of civilians and the seasoned soldiers of Napoleon: armed only with such poor weapons as they could obtain—cudgels, ox-goads, trade-knives, and the like, with here and there an ancient blunderbuss or superannuated sword—the groups flocked down the narrow streets of the ancient burgh killing every stray French soldier who failed to surrender and beg for mercy.

The great parallelogram of the Puerta del Sol with its paltry church of the Buen Suceso at one end was, as usual, the focus of excitement. Down the nine thoroughfares which debouch into it swept an ever-increasing multitude filled with but one thought—hatred of the *gabacho*. The solid wall of people desperately resisted, although with cruel loss, repeated cavalry and infantry charges by the French troops approaching from the palace quarter down the Calle Mayor and Calle del Arenal; but, by and by, the big guns were brought from the Prado and posted in the Calle de Alcalá and Carrera de San Geronimo at the opposite end of the parallelogram, so as to command the whole space, and soon a hail of grape-shot strewed the cobble stones with dead and dying, whilst the charges of the savage Mamelukes and Poles from the opposite end spread dismay amongst the people. Soon the word passed from one to another that artillery must be met with artillery, and that up in the old artillery barracks in the north of the town at least there were some big guns and ammunition. It is true that the place was held by a French force, and that the Spanish troops had been strictly forbidden by the Junta to act in any way against the intruders: the mob cared for nothing now but vengeance; and trooping up the streets that led to the artillery post, soon a vast multitude of people stood before the closed gates of the barrack and demanded admittance.

They were thus clamouring, without plan or organisation, only impelled by blind fury, when there stepped forth to the front one of those leaders of men produced by great crises. He was a captain on the artillery staff named Velarde, who had collected a small company of State Volunteers on his way, and now called upon his countrymen inside the barrack to support the people against the foreign foe. At his demand the seventy Frenchmen surrendered and were disarmed. There were only fourteen Spanish artillerymen in the post, and these at first hesitated to disobey the orders of the Government. But they were soon overborne by the popular enthusiasm, and their commander, Don Luis Daoiz, tearing up and trampling upon the orders of the Junta, threw in his lot with his comrade Velarde. Small-arms and ammunition were distributed as quickly as might be to the eager people, who scattered on every side to shoot down *gabachos*; and the five cannons in the barrack yard were dragged out and placed in strategical positions in front of the gate. There the two brave artillery captains and all those who remained around them solemnly swore to fight the intruder until they died; and the great cry went up "Death to the French, and long live Fernando!" Ammunition was short; already the advancing hosts of Frenchmen could be heard, death was almost certain for all, but none flinched. Whilst the artillerymen hastily manufactured cartridges, the rough work of the gunnery was done by civilians, men and women too, equally eager for vengeance and patriotic sacrifice.

Attack after attack from the French was repulsed by this little band of heroes; but at length General Lagrange with a force of 4,000 men and many cannon attacked the old barrack from all sides. Over and over again they had to fall back and still more troops were sent up by Murat, but yet the post held out. All the Spanish artillerymen had fallen by this time, and Daoiz was sorely wounded, whilst heaps of civilian slain cumbered the working of the guns; the only projectiles were gun-flints and stones, but still the people fought on. At length Lagrange advanced with a white flag and asked for parley. But peaceful parley with Daoiz soon changed to quarrel, and before them all the two leaders fought, Lagrange receiving a wound. Then the French general's infuriated escort of grenadiers cast themselves upon Daoiz and killed him with bayonet thrusts, disabled as he was already. Upon this a host of Frenchmen poured in, and the Spaniards, soldiers and civilians, back to back fought with the foe until most of them had died in fulfilment of their oath. When, at last, the few survivors surrendered, Madrid lay at the mercy of Murat.

The terrified Junta prayed the conqueror to stay the slaughter; and General O'Farril undertook to calm his countrymen. Through the streets the agents of the Junta went reassuring the people. "It was all settled," they said; "it was nothing but a mistake," and so on, and the blood-stained city sank to muttering quietude during the early hours of the afternoon, though all the streets were still commanded by French cannon and the mounted Mamelukes held the Puerta del Sol. Suddenly a discharge of musketry rang out, and like lightning the news sped that Spaniards were being captured as they went on their way, and were being summarily executed in the courtyard of the church of Buen Suceso, and in the open place of the Puerta del Sol. On pretext that they bore arms, though it were only a pair of scissors, peaceful citizens were taken by the hundred, and all through the dismal day, and far into the night, the carnage went on. Without form of trial General Grouchy condemned all those upon whom the faintest breath of suspicion could rest. Bound to the stirrups of the Mamelukes they were led to the Prado, or to the heights near Murat's quarters, and there shot.

The next morning the terrified townsmen read on their walls a proclamation of Murat decreeing vengeance for the French blood shed. "Every armed person shall be shot. Every place where a Frenchman has been killed shall be burnt to the ground. Any assembly of more than eight persons will be regarded as seditious, and scattered," and the cowed Madrileños understood that force and not law was master. Murat had for the moment won the day. The people were crushed; the little Infante Francisco was already on his way to Bayonne; and on the morning of the 4th the Infante Antonio, President of the Junta, whose poor wits had almost given way under the stress of his position, gladly turned his back upon Madrid and went to follow the rest of his family into exile. The man was a besotted fool at best, but the heartlessness of his farewell to his colleagues in the Government showed that he was as selfish and brutal as most of his family. In grammar that would have disgraced a child, he wrote: "For the guidance of the Junta I let it know how I have gone to Bayonne by order of the King, and I tell the Junta to go on just the same as if I was in it. God send us good quittance. Adieu, Sir, until the valley of

Jehosephat.—ANTONIO PASCUAL." No word of regret or sorrow for the brave Spaniards who had fallen for love of his unworthy house; no sense of patriotic duty to the people who were sacrificing all for him and his. And so the last Bourbon but one slunk out of the country amidst the scorn and derision of all men, and Spain, abandoned and deserted, was left to fight out her own salvation.

The rising of the 2nd of May and afterwards was purely popular. With very few exceptions the nobles, officials, civil and military, and higher classes generally, either stood aloof, or effusively rallied to the foreign intruder. But base as was the conduct of the ruling elements in Spain itself in this supreme moment of national history, it was dignified and patriotic in comparison with the behaviour of the royal family in Bayonne. The welcome of Charles IV. and his wife by the Emperor formed a great contrast with the contemptuous reception that had been extended to Fernando. Salutes, guards of honour, and *feux de joie* accompanied the old King and Queen from the frontier to Bayonne, for they were unpopular and impossible as sovereigns of Spain, and were easily influenced; whereas Fernando had the nation at his back. It was therefore to Napoleon's interest to ignore the right of the latter and concentrate his attentions on Charles.

The King arrived in a state of burning indignation against his son, whom he refused at first to see, except in public, but his earliest inquiry was for his dear Manuel, and thenceforward for the rest of his life and that of the Queen Godoy was their constant and faithful companion. Soon an interview was arranged between the Emperor, Charles and Maria Luisa and Fernando; and in a violent scene in which the father and mother loaded their son with abuse and reproaches, which more than once threatened to descend to personal violence, Napoleon and Charles insisted upon Fernando's renunciation of the crown. At first the young man refused to comply—it is said that he offered to abdicate on certain conditions, among which was that his father and he should together return to Madrid, though that is denied by Godoy; but whilst he was sulking and doubting the news of the 2nd of May arrived in Bayonne. Napoleon, in a rage, summoned the Spanish king and his son. "Let there be an end of dallying!" he cried, and when Fernando appeared he roundly threw upon him the blame of all that had happened. Charles and Maria Luisa, too, overwhelmed the prince with reproaches. Threatened with death as a traitor to his king, Fernando, always a coward, broke down, and the next day, May 6th, Escoiquiz signed for him an unconditional renunciation of the coveted crown.

This removed Napoleon's principal obstacle, for the old King was easily dealt with. He had, indeed, already, in anticipation of Fernando's abdication, authorised on the previous evening the signature by Godoy of a deed transferring the realm of his forefathers to the Corsican upstart who had him in his power. By this shameful instrument Charles sets forth that the dissensions in his family making it impossible for him to secure the happiness of his "faithful vassals," he transfers his sovereignty to the only man capable of doing so, and accepts in exchange from the French treasury a pension of £300,000 a year (out of which he was cheated), with the residences of Compiègne and Chambord, a perpetual dotation of £40,000 annually to the Infantes, and free asylum in France to the royal family and the Prince of the Peace. Only one more renunciation was required to make Napoleon's triumph complete. Fernando had resigned the crown but he was still Prince of Asturias, and the renunciation of Charles could not rob him of his birthright. But all sense of dignity or resistance had gone now, and on the 8th of May the miserable Escoiquiz again signed in Fernando's name his surrender of all his rights to succeed to the crown of Spain[1] in exchange for a feudatory landed estate, a pension of £40,000 a year and the rank in France of "Royal Highness." Then Napoleon had done with them all, and they might go. The next day old Charles, Maria Luisa, their younger children and Godoy started for Fontainebleau, which they subsequently left for Compiègne, whilst Fernando, his brother Carlos and Don Antonio, went to Talleyrand's château of Valençay, where they afterwards dwelt. From Bordeaux Fernando and the two

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[1] Napoleon in one of his conversations in St. Helena confessed that his ruin dated from his insisting upon the abdication of the Spanish Bourbons. "But," he added, "when I saw those idiots quarrelling, and trying to oust each other, I thought I well might take advantage of it to dispossess a family antagonistic to me. I did not invent their quarrels, and if I had known the matter would have brought so much trouble to me I should never have undertaken it."—*Las Cases.*

Infantes addressed a proclamation to the Spanish people, explaining that the surrender had been made in the interests of the peace and prosperity of the country, and exhorting them "to look for their happiness to the wise dispositions of the Emperor Napoleon. Their ready obedience to him will be considered both by the prince and the two Infantes (*i.e.*, Carlos and Antonio) as the greatest proof of loyalty to them; even as the greatest indication of paternal affection is given by their Highnesses to the people when they surrender all their rights in order to make the people happy." Thus, in base and undignified fashion, the Bourbon rule in Spain came to an end and the nation suffered its agony alone.

IV.

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

THE departure of the Bourbon princes and the catastrophe of the 2nd of May mark the end of the old era in Spain. Before we proceed to give an account of the far-reaching consequences that ensued, it will be well to glance at the condition of the nation at the time of the outbreak.

In a previous chapter it has been shown how rapid had been the renewed financial decadence of Spain from the accession of Charles IV. to the end of the century, in consequence of the wars resulting from his policy towards France. The continued naval struggle with England, which interrupted almost entirely Spain's foreign commerce, greatly accentuated the decline in the remaining years of the reign; and at the time of the abdication the public debt had been piled up to £72,000,000 sterling, three-quarters of which had been raised upon onerous terms by Charles IV., whilst the annual deficit of the national revenue reached three and a half millions sterling. All kinds of devices were resorted to for the purpose of raising money. Forced loans, patriotic appeals, charges on special funds or particular industries, and deductions from State payments kept all classes discontented, and mainly caused the unpopularity of Godoy. Amongst other experiments were a tax of 50 per cent. on incomes of foreigners in Spain, the re-imposition of the alcabala of 14 per cent. on foreign goods, income-taxes ranging from 4 to 15 per cent., succession dues from 3 to 25 per cent., taxes on carriages, taverns, hotels, milliners' shops, theatres, &c.; and, above all, enormous and repeated demands upon the funds of the clergy. The unrest and want of confidence aroused by these and other similar experimental measures following no fixed system naturally reacted on the state of industry and commerce. We have seen the strenuous efforts of Charles III. and his ministers to replant manufactures and agriculture in Spain, and the success which had attended them. Now under his misguided son most of this improvement was swept away. The Government still struggled hard to protect and foster the renascent industries. Technical schools of botany, natural history, applied chemistry, and mechanics, were subsidised heavily: the factories of cotton, china, glass, machinery, buttons, optical instruments, and many others, still continued to be patronised by the State; but the long war, and the heavy burdens it necessitated, once more crushed most of the life out of the laboriously reared plant of labour; and the devastating struggle on Spanish soil between France and England following the events we have recorded, completed the ruin already commenced.

The state of the national defences in 1808 was also as deplorable as well can be conceived. The destructive blow of Trafalgar had left the Spanish navy, although nominally still consisting of 42 ships, 30 frigates, and 20 corvettes, with hardly a vessel seaworthy or fit to cope with modern armaments. Whilst this was the case with the material, the *personnel* of the navy was ridiculously excessive both in number and cost, particularly as regards officers. To man ships which could not put to sea, to fire cannon that would burst at a discharge, to defend ports that were ruinous and untenable there were on the pay-list of the navy 91 flag-officers, 220 captains, and 950 lieutenants, in addition to engineers, coast-guards, pilots, and gunners, and no less than 70,000 seamen and marines of all ranks. There was a similar disproportion in the land forces between the nominal and effective strength. There were supposed to be 100,000 regular troops and 40,000 militia; but most of the equipped and serviceable men had been sent away to other countries to fight for Napoleon,[1] and those that remained, a comparatively few effective men, were mainly in rags, unshod, unpaid, and undrilled.

Whatever may be said, however, of the disastrous foreign policy of Charles and his guide Godoy, it cannot be denied that Spain owed to both King and Minister a lasting debt for their constant efforts to raise the intellectual condition of the country. Mention has already been made of the liberal support given by Godoy in every part of Spain to technical education and the re-establishment of skilled handicrafts begun by Aranda and Floridablanca. In addition to this, however, the founding of Pestalozzian institutes and primary schools, the systematic teaching of political economy, engineering, pharmacy, botany, &c., the reform of the medical schools, the organisation and registration of the professions, the foundation of modern professorships in the universities, and the splendid endowment of research in all forms, were particularly conspicuous under Godoy's influence from the commencement of the century to his downfall.[1] The classes who most bitterly opposed him were mainly those who throve upon ignorance, namely, the ecclesiastics, the privileged classes, and the ignorant mob, who at a subsequent period shouted " Hurra for chains, down with liberty!" but it is undoubted that the freedom and impetus given by Godoy to printing, and to learning and literature generally, made of this period from 1800 to 1808 one which, in the matter of intellectual progress at least, was worthy N.

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[1] There were said to be at the time 15,000 Spanish troops in Denmark, several battalions in Italy, and about 30,000 men in Portugal and on the frontier; 15,000 were at Ceuta, the Balearic isles and the Canaries, 10,000 at San Roque opposite Gibraltar, about 8,000 at Cadiz, and a somewhat smaller number in Galicia. These were the official figures, but the number of serviceable troops was very much smaller. The local militia was in its normal condition little more than a paper force.

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[1] It must be also recollected to Godoy's credit that during all this period he was hampered by the opposition of the principal nominal minister, Caballero, the sworn enemy of intellectual progress, who was persistent in his efforts to shut out books from abroad and to prevent the spread of enlightenment in Spain. As has already been explained, not even Godoy's influence could induce Charles to dismiss Caballero. The great drawback to Godoy's fame in this respect was his banishment of Jovellanos, the most illustrious man of letters of his time, in consequence of his political opposition to him.

of all respect; and compared favourably with the darkness of the succeeding years.

True to the tradition of Spanish literary form the works of imagination of this period were still mainly dramatic and lyrical. The great Moratin published between 1800 and 1808 his two principal comedies, "El Si de las Niñas" and "La Mogigata," the latter of which, however, brought him into trouble with the Inquisition (1804), shortly before that tribunal had to surrender its literary censorship. The poets Melendez, Manuel José Quintana, and Juan Nicasio Gallego in stirring patriotic verse sang at the same time the past military glories of their countrymen, and called the nation to arms against the intruding foreigner; but the most remarkable literary development of the period under review was the profundity and abundance of didactic and scientific works. One of the greatest comparative philologists the world ever saw, the Jesuit Lorenzo Hervás, the father of modern philology, published (1800-1805) his "Catalogo de las lenguas de las naciones conocidas"; Ledesma and Joaquin Antonio del Camino ("Academia de la Historia, Memoria," vol. iv.) brought out respectively works of the highest interest on the origin of tithes and ecclesiastical tributes; the Spanish navy found a worthy historian in Vargas-Ponce; political economy was treated profoundly by Escolar, La Ruga, and Llaguna; navigation by Alcalá Galiano, Lopez Royo, and Macarte; botany by the celebrated Abbé Cavanilles; and the history of the Spanish stage by Pellicer and Garcia Villanueva. At the same period the daring brush of Goya, rebelling against the second-hand insipidity of the followers of Mengs, Maella, and Bayeu, and against the fashionable hard classicism of David, founded a new and purely Spanish school of painting in which boldness and naturalness were united once more with perfection of technique. The arts of engraving and typography, too, were at this time producing in Spain results as perfect as were to be found anywhere in Europe—Carmona, Muntaner, and Fabregat were executing plates which to the present day are considered masterpieces ; and the books issued by the press of Ibarra, of which the paper, type, and ink were all of Spanish manufacture, were perfect specimens of their kind.

But both the material progress initiated by Charles III. and the intellectual advancement which continued under his son were brought to an end by the disastrous events which have been described in the preceding chapters. Thenceforward for years Spain, devastated by war, desolated by alien armed hosts who fought out the great issue of the era on her soil : ravaged by famine, convulsed by internal dissension, her cherished institutions overthrown, and her national destinies the plaything of greedy pretenders, she could only suffer and sacrifice her all for the national cause.

The world has rarely seen so magnificent and spontaneous an outbreak of patriotism as that which sprang unbidden from the great mass of Spaniards on the news of the events of the 2nd of May. Rejoicing at the accession of Fernando in March had been followed by conflicting emotions as the perfidy of the French and the weakness of the royal family became more apparent; and by the 2nd of May Spain was a great tinder heap waiting for the spark. The news of the heroic attitude of the people of Madrid ran like wildfire through the country. In a village called Mostoles, nine miles from the capital, the mayor happened to be a man of notable energy and patriotism. Over the southern provinces of Spain this humble functionary sent without hesitation the fiery cross, calling his countrymen to arms. On swift horses the rousing message of the Alcalde de Mostoles was carried from town to town. "The fatherland is in danger," it ran; "Madrid is perishing, a victim of French perfidy. Spaniards! come and save her.—The Alcalde de Mostoles." To the north also flew the tidings, and there as elsewhere the sanguinary decree of Murat was torn from the walls; and everywhere the cry went up, "Long live Fernando and death to the French!"

Men, women, and children partook of the exaltation of the moment and armed themselves as well as they might, attacking in many places those authorities whom they considered favourable to the French or friends of Godoy, and at first soiling the national cause with acts of cruelty and violence such as might be expected of an excited mob. But all this soon changed, and with a patriotic self-restraint beyond all praise the people, unorganised as they were, concentrated their vengeance on the intruding foreigner, for whom there was no truce or mercy. On the 3rd of May Murat boasted to the Minister of War, O'Farril, that the events of the previous day had delivered Spain into the hands of the Emperor. "Say rather," replied O'Farril, "that they have for ever deprived him of it." And so it proved; although O'Farril himself and the military and official class to which he belonged did little to help forward the consummation. Experienced Spanish soldiers looked upon the resistance of an unarmed and undisciplined people against the swarming hosts of the Emperor as madness; the State officials, apprehensive for their pay and pensions, not unnaturally leant to the side of the strongest and best organised party; but the middle and lower classes throughout Spain were banded as one man to resist and destroy the intruder at any cost to themselves.

It was in the extreme north-west corner of Spain where first the resistance of the people was organised — Asturias, from which modern Spain itself it had ~~been~~ reconquered from the Moors; the heroic province which had been the last refuge of Christianity at its lowest ebb, rose again to its legendary fame, and initiated a formal national war against the foreign invader. The provincial council of Asturias—an ancient elective body mainly concerned in financial administration—happened to be in session at Oviedo, the capital. They pronounced for the side of the people against the authorities, and declared national war against the French (25th of May). The Spanish forces sent by Murat to crush the revolt joined them, with the exception of some of the higher officers; those in Oporto deserted their French allies with the same object, and soon a disciplined armed force of 18,000 men was ready to form a nucleus of the reconstituted national army. Murat promptly recognised the danger. He drafted the various Spanish regiments into French divisions of greatly superior strength. Three thousand Spanish soldiers were shipped for Buenos Ayres, and officers upon whom he could depend were placed near General Solano and General Castaños, who commanded the Spanish forces respectively at Cadiz and San Roque. Wherever possible he took possession of all arms and ammunition and fortified his own position in the Retiro, for it was now evident that he had to deal with a whole nation in arms. In all the great towns the local authorities were superseded by revolutionary councils of defence chosen from the most active and patriotic of the citizens : arms and ammunition were seized by the popular bodies, in many cases after conflict with the State troops ; and practically the whole male population of the places not actually occupied by the French enlisted under the national flag.

It was natural that those who were thus absorbed in the one overwhelming idea of fighting the French should turn their eyes to the only power which had hitherto succeeded in resisting Napoleon ; and to England the Council of Asturias sent a deputation to pray for aid in the national cause. Posting from Falmouth with all speed, Viscount Matarrosa (Count de Toreno) and his colleagues told their wonderful story to Mr. Wellesley Pole, the Secretary of the Admiralty, before seven o'clock in the morning of the 8th of June. It seemed to the listener too good to be true, although it exactly confirmed Pitt's prediction made years before; but Canning's clear prescience at once recognised both its truth and its vital importance; and before three days were passed pledges of support with all the strength of Great Britain were flying across the Bay of Biscay to the sturdy Asturians, who had taken the first step in the Peninsular War. Not the Tory government of the Duke of Portland and Canning alone showed enthusiasm for the gallant stand made by the Spanish people; the Whigs and the English nation at large acclaimed this accession to the enemies of Napoleon, and were eager to help their new allies.

Arms, ammunition, and army stores were sent in abundance from England, and in the meanwhile all Spain was organising the defence. Galicia, Leon, and the province of Santander seconded Asturias, and placed their numerous but undrilled levies under officers of the army or militia at strategical points of their territories. Asturias and Galicia were mountainous countries unoccupied by the French, and for a time were unassailed, but on the tableland of Castile, and in places where the French were strong, the Spaniards promptly learnt the difference between their own undisciplined hordes and the seasoned soldiers of Napoleon. At Segovia and Logroño the French soon suppressed the populace, but at Valladolid and other places in Old Castile the authorities themselves headed the rising after some pressure, and General Cuesta, the governor, organised the defence in a way which made it dangerous for the French to attack except with concentrated forces. Cartagena and

Valencia in the east pronounced early for the conflict, and were followed promptly by Badajoz in the west. Nor was Andalusia in the south far behind. In Seville, one of the richest cities in Spain, a revolutionary council was elected, and the whole population declared for the national cause with indescribable enthusiasm. Either from jealousy of the Council of Asturias, or from local ambition, the Seville Council assumed the title of Supreme Council of Spain and the Indies, and arrogated to itself sovereign powers. The position of the city was certainly very favourable for becoming a centre of national defence, especially if Cadiz and San Roque would also join. Castaños, the Spanish general in command at San Roque, had already opened communications with Sir Hugh Dalrymple, Governor of Gibraltar, and following Seville, at once declared for the revolution with his 8,000 men; but General Solano, who had just arrived at Cadiz from revolted Badajoz, was a strong adherent of the French, and extremely popular with his men, and he hesitated to take what looked a rash step. His timidity was resented, and he was murdered by the mob, after which Cadiz joined Seville in the revolt. Jaen, Granada, and Cordoba followed the example, and in each place the oath was taken to fight without remission until the French were expelled and Fernando restored to the throne. Spanish authorities who resisted were forced to surrender or fly for their lives; but amid much violence at first,[1] the organisation for the defence was gradually brought into something approaching order by the active efforts of the Supreme Council of Seville, and the great armed struggle began ; the French forces in the centre of Spain being surrounded on all sides but the Basque provinces and the Pyrenean frontier by an inimical nation in arms.

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[1] At Valencia, as in so many other places, terrible scenes of violence were enacted at the instigation of the Jesuit Father Calvo, who sought to win over the mob by his fervid zeal. Prompted by him they

The first triumph of the patriots was the surrender to the Spaniards of the French squadron in the Bay of Cadiz, rigidly blockaded as it was by Collingwood and Purvis, whose offers of aid in its capture were politely declined by the men of Cadiz. This stroke of fortune redoubled the enthusiasm of the south ; but the people of the north had also their rallying point of early heroism in the splendid example of Zaragoza. The Captain-General of Aragon, Guillelmi, like most men of his rank and class, was opposed to the national cause ; but in his capital as elsewhere there sprang from the citizens themselves the irrepressible impetus which bore all before it. Almost simultaneously with the order from Madrid that Aragonese deputies were to be sent to Bayonne with those of other parts of Spain to ratify by their votes in a sham Cortes the iniquitous proceedings of Napoleon and the Spanish royal family, there arrived at Zaragoza news of the approach of an army of seven or eight thousand Frenchmen to take possession of the city. There were only a few companies of Spanish troops in garrison, 500 in all, and the governor

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murdered all the Frenchmen settled in the city, and several Spanish citizens whom he pointed at as reactionaries. The Council of Valencia promptly put an end to Colvo's atrocities and hanged him.

THE TOWN GATE OF THE CARMEN AT ZARAGOZA.
(*Left as a permanent memorial of the siege.*)

obstinately refused to countenance resistance ; but a young Aragonese nobleman, Don José Palafox,* placed himself at the head of the people ; Guillelmi was deposed, arms were distributed broadcast, the authorities fled, and Zaragoza stood ready to defend its honour against the hosts of the invading Emperor (May 26th).

The city had practically no fortifications but its crumbling walls, behind which some ancient cannon were placed, but the exaltation and superstition of the people had persuaded them that their tutelary saint, the Virgin of Pilar, was miraculously leading them ; and women and children vied with men in repelling the French assaults (June 15th). There was no vanquishing such a spirit as this. Hundreds of citizens fell before the repeated charges of the cavalry, but thousands of others were ready to take their places, and finally the French troops with heavy loss of men, standards, and arms, gave up the assault in despair ; and after vain attempts to negotiate with Palafox and the citizens, commenced a regular siege of the city. It is impossible here to enter into detail of the indomitable spirit shown by the inhabitants during the next six weeks of constant and unequal struggle. On August 3rd the heavy French artillery had completely riddled the old walls with breaches, and after a tremendous conflict, the invaders poured in. Then from every window, from every salient corner, from every recessed doorway in the narrow winding streets, muskets and blunderbusses belched forth death upon the *gabachos*. Mad with fury the Zaragozanos took no heed for their own safety, so long as they could stalk and kill a Frenchman. For seven hours without cessation the carnage went on, until the gutters ran blood and the heaps of dead and dying, assailants and assaulted, mingled in horrible heaps, barred the passage of the streets. Behind barricades of their own poor chattels men, women, and children fought till they fell. At length, when darkness came, the French were forced to entrench themselves in one small corner of the city in a monastery called Santa Engracia, where they remained all the next day, almost panic stricken at the obstinacy of the Aragonese.[1] On the 5th a band of armed Catalan volunteers, 6,000 strong, came to the aid of the devoted city, and this finally turned the scale. On August 13th those of the French who still lived blew up the monastery and fled, leaving behind them their guns, munitions, and stores.

It must have been plain now to Napoleon, if he did not know it before, that he had undertaken a task which would tax even his prodigious energy, genius, and resource. Almost simultaneously with the French defeat at Zaragoza the armed Catalan peasants beat the French at Gerona,[2] Bruch, and

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[1] During this interval the French general sent a note to Palafox proposing a peace, in these laconic terms, "Peace and Capitulation?" to which Palafox replied as curtly, "War and Steel!"

[2] General Duhesme, after he had been driven back disgracefully by the armed populace of Gerona in June, sallied from Barcelona on July 10th, determined to reduce the place at any cost. He expressed his intention in imitation of Cæsar thus: "Arrival, 24th July; attack the city 25th; 26th, capture it; 27th, level it to the ground." His second attempt was more disastrous to him than the first, and he abandoned the siege on August 17th.

Esparaguerra, and drove them back in confusion to Barcelona, and a still more important reverse happened to the intruders in the south. It has already been mentioned that General Castaños, the commandant at San Roque, was the first Spanish general of high rank to join the national cause. He had therefore been appointed by the Council of Seville to the command of the Spanish patriot-army of the south, and in a few weeks had 20,000 roughly drilled and badly equipped but fairly serviceable troops.

The French army in Andalusia, under Dupont, after sacking Cordoba and Jaen, had retreated to Andujar, commanding the passes of the Sierra Morena from the south; but, Dupont with a hostile population on all sides of him, was short of provisions and in danger of being cut off from his base at Madrid. A reinforcement of 6,000 men were sent to him from Toledo under Védel, and a similar body, which, however, never reached him, were despatched by Junot in Portugal. Castaños determined to strike a blow at Dupont's army in order to free Andalusia from Frenchmen, and place the Sierra Morena between the sovereign Junta of Seville and the usurping government in Madrid. The patriot-army was organised into three brigades under the command respectively of Reding, Coupigny, and Felix Jones, an offer of assistance from 6,000 English troops then in transports off Port St. Mary being declined; and on July 15th operations were opened by a feigned attack upon Dupont at Andujar, by Castaños with one brigade, whilst the other two were directed to outflank and defeat Védel at Bailen. By a mistake in tactics, however, the latter general had abandoned Bailen before the Spaniards arrived there, in order to join the French main body at Andujar. This he did not effect out of fear that the Spanish intention was to cut off the French retreat by occupying the passes of the Sierra Morena. Whilst the Spaniards occupied Bailen, therefore, Védel retired northward into the mountains, leaving Dupont with his division of 10,000 men between two fires.

During the night Dupont, without the knowledge of Castaños, stole away from Andujar with most of his forces to attack Reding at Bailen, and at the same time recalled Védel to his aid. Reding being unaware of Védel's movements, and fearing that he might attack Castaños in the rear at Andujar, started before dawn on July 17th to reinforce his chief. No sooner had he sallied from Bailen, however, than to his surprise he met Dupont and his division. Both generals were anxious for a prompt engagement as Dupont might at any moment be attacked in the rear by Castaños, whom he had left at Andujar, whilst Reding feared a similar attack from Védel. There were 3,000 more Spaniards than Frenchmen; their arms, experience, and equipments were much inferior to those of their foes; but they were fighting for their fatherland, and against the dashing charges of Dupont's seasoned soldiers they stood as firm as a wall. Again and again the French veterans rushed against the citizen ranks only to retire discomfited with heavy loss. Védel came not from his wild-goose chase in the mountains to support his wavering countrymen; but suddenly, to Dupont's dismay, a part of Castaños' brigade from Andujar attacked the French in the rear. This ended the fight, and a parley was called. After two days of haggling the whole French force surrendered, and laid down their arms. Unfortunately on this occasion, as on many others, the excited Spaniards, driven to fury, broke out of hand and murdered scores of disarmed and helpless prisoners; but this, and all else, was forgotten in the rejoicings for the great victory which gladdened the heart of Spain, from the Pyrenees to the pillars of Hercules.

In the meanwhile the patriots in the east were no less successful. Marshal Moncey with 8,000 Frenchmen had at first beaten back the improvised armies sent by the Council of Valencia to prevent his approach; and on June 27th sent his summons to the city to surrender. The authorities, despairing of resistance, were in favour of capitulation, when the people, headed by the famous Father Rico, again spontaneously declared for fighting to the end. The terrible scenes of Zaragoza were repeated in Valencia. The half-armed citizens fought with the fury of demoniacs. At least 2,000 Frenchmen were killed in the few hours of the assault on the city, and on June 29th Moncey and the rest of his troops fled, leaving Valencia free. Thus on all sides, except on the plains of Castile, where Bessières and Lasalle were everywhere victorious, and had now occupied Valladolid, Palencia, and all the large towns, the French were forced to stand on the defensive, and prepare for a regular campaign of conquest.

It is now necessary for us to summarise briefly what had taken place in the capital since the fateful 2nd of May. The miserable Junta had allowed Murat to impose himself upon it as president, and on the same day (May 4th) Charles IV., before his abdication, had signed in Bayonne a decree appointing him his Lieutenant-General to govern the realm. It is difficult to regard with patience the self-stultification of the Junta, to whom at this moment the task of governing Spain had been entrusted. They owed their first appointment and their regency to Fernando, from whom they held full powers, and yet they obeyed the old deposed King and an intruding foreigner. At the bidding of Fernando, in a passing moment of strength, foreseeing their own future powerlessness, they had appointed another Junta to replace them in case of need, to sit at Zaragoza, or other safe place, and yet at the first demand of Murat they undid their own act, and became the servile tool of the usurper. Napoleon had decided to give the crown to his elder brother Joseph, King of Naples, an excellent and able man, who was doing well in his new kingdom, and did not wish to leave it. But Napoleon was peremptory, and Joseph obediently came to Bayonne. It was desirable that some form of legality should be preserved, however, and it was Murat's task to manage this.[1]

First he ordered the Junta, the Council of State, and the other Councils to petition the Emperor to appoint his brother Joseph sovereign of Spain. This they and other public bodies did in terms so nauseously servile as to raise a blush on Spanish cheeks now, well-nigh a century afterwards. In pursuance of the same system, an assembly of Spanish Notables was summoned to sit at Bayonne as a Cortes to ratify the choice, and to grant a constitution to Spain. Most of the notables were chosen by Murat, though many refused to serve and fled. Before the day for their meeting Joseph arrived at Bayonne (June 7th), and four Spanish deputations were hastily organised to congratulate their future king. The Duke of Infantado at the head of the grandees told him that Spain looked alone to him for happiness; the Councils of Castile, of the Inquisition, of Finance, of the Indies and of the army abased themselves before him as if he were a demigod; and the next day these representatives of the governing and official classes addressed a communication to their fellow-countrymen at home, calling upon them to lay down their arms and accept with due gratitude and rejoicing the new monarch the Emperor had deigned to send them. As soon as a sufficient number of deputies could be got together in Bayonne to look like a Cortes, a brand new constitution was devised and signed by ninety-one prominent Spaniards, but as it never took effect in Spain, and its few concessions to modern ideas of liberty were illusory, it may be passed over without further notice.

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[1] He did so unwillingly, for he desired the crown for himself instead of that of Naples or Portugal, which his imperial brother-in-law had offered him.

With all pomp and circumstance Joseph I. set foot in his new kingdom on the 9th of July, surrounded by the ministers and officers of State he had chosen.[1]

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[1] The Secretaries of State had been increased from five to nine. Urquijo was Minister of State; Cevallos of the Foreign Affairs; of the

JOSEPH BONAPARTE, KING OF SPAIN.

Guns thundered and bells clanged on the frontier. Joseph, well meaning and honest, did his best; but all around him, after the first burst of machine-made rejoicing, were scowling faces; and from Vitoria he wrote to the Emperor, already disheartened: "No one has told the truth to you. The fact is that there is not a single Spaniard on my side, except the few who attended the meeting and who are travelling with me. Those who were so, and had arrived here and at other places to meet me, have fled to hiding, terrified at the unanimous opinion of their countrymen."

Joseph's position from the first was an impossible one. Between the unreasoning hate of the Spaniards and the tyrannical harshness of his brother, his own honesty of purpose was powerless, and he could only drift with events, though thenceforward he never deceived himself as to the final result. All along his line of route the French army had been victorious. The obstinate ineptitude of General Cuesta had made Bessières master of Castile from the sea to Madrid, after the defeats of Rioseco and Cabezon; and the new sovereign came to his capital through a weeping land under the shadow of foreign bayonets. From every stopping-place he wrote to his brother what the real position was. In Madrid his disappointment was greater still. Signs of mourning were everywhere, and a few days after his arrival he wrote: "All classes are flying. Henry IV. (of France), at all events,

Colonies, Azanza; Navy, Mazaretto; Finance, the Count de Cabarrus; Justice, Piñuela; and War, O Farril; Jovellanos was appointed Minister of the Interior but positively refused to serve.

had a party. Philip V. (of Spain) had only one rival to fight against. I have for an enemy a whole nation of 12,000,000 souls, hating me and thirsting for my life. The detestation against the Prince of the Peace is extreme, and it is now turned on me. . . . Sire, believe me, and err not: Your glory will sink in Spain."

But suddenly one morning Madrid forgot its sorrows, and went wild with joy. The news, the glorious news, of Bailen had come, and the victorious Spanish troops were marching over the Sierra Morena to Madrid. Whilst the people in the streets were mad with delight, the intruders in the big granite palace on its bluff were in dismay. No help could come to them from the south, east, or west, for Dupont and his men were prisoners, Moncey in Valencia and Duhesme in Catalonia could not even hold their own, and Junot in Portugal was held tightly in the grip of an English army. So, after a ten days' reign, the "intrusive King" had to fly from his capital north over the Ebro [1] (July 30th), and then in rapid succession there marched into Madrid, amidst the frantic joy of the people, the heroes of Zaragoza, of Valencia, and, most welcome of all, Castaños and the victors of Bailen. Five of Joseph's ministers accompanied him in his flight, but not another Spaniard, high or low—not even a menial servant—would deign to follow the flying foreigner, for it was plain that Joseph was fighting a losing battle against a whole nation. As he travelled north, the French armies, to the number of 70,000 men, fell back beyond the line of the Ebro and awaited the dispositions of the Emperor to reconquer Spain. ✓

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[1] Napoleon, on the day that he received news of Joseph's flight, wrote to him from Rochefort: "La grande armée est en marche. Les secours vous arrivent; sa réunion avec Bessières doit vous mettre à même de montrer les dents. . . . J'apprendrai avec plaisir que vous avez montré du charactère et du talent;" but when he learnt ten days afterwards that both Joseph and all his armies had retired across the Ebro, he expressed his anger to his brother thus: "Mon frère, tout ce qui passe en Espagne est bien déplorable. L'armée parait commandée non par des généreux qui ont fait la guerre, mais par des inspecteurs des postes. Le pays qui vous convient pour faire la guerre est un pays de plaine et vous vous enfoncez dans un pays de montagnes sans raison ni nécessité. Dans une retraite aussi précipité, que de choses on doit avoir perdues, oubliées!"

In Portugal, too, matters went no more favourably to France than in the other parts of the Peninsula. Junot and Kellerman had found themselves deserted by all the Spanish troops they had been unable to disarm and confine, and the Portuguese people rose as one man when the news of the Spanish revolt reached them. The English Government, eager to take advantage of these circumstances to re-establish their influence, ordered General Spencer's force off Cadiz to proceed to Portugal, and sent Sir Arthur Wellesley to join them with a division of 10,000 men which had been intended as an expedition against Spanish America; Sir John Moore, with 10,000 British soldiers, being also instructed to sail for the same destination. Wellesley lost no time after landing early in August. He was the junior general officer, Sir Hugh Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard, his seniors, being appointed to command, but on his own responsibility he pushed forward towards Lisbon as soon as he had joined Spencer's force. Beating back

Delaborde (August 17th) he met the main French army at Vimiero (August 21st) and fought them, against the opinion of his senior officer, Sir Harry Burrard. Junot's force was smaller than that of the English, but the latter were short of cavalry. Wellesley's choice of position remedied the defect, and the French were entirely defeated. The arrival of Sir John Moore's force from the Baltic completed the discomfiture of Junot; but what Wellesley had gained by arms his colleagues lost by diplomacy. The infamous convention of Cintra, signed by Sir Hugh Dalrymple as Commander-in-chief (August 30th), allowed beaten and helpless Junot to sail away for France in English ships with all his arms and booty; and, to the disgust of the British sailors and their chief, Admiral Cotton, the Russian squadron, which they already looked upon as their prize, was also permitted to leave the Tagus unmolested.

Whilst the French were thus discouraged on all sides, and a rapid movement of the Spaniards towards the north might have struck them a staggering blow, the national leaders in Madrid were occupied with unworthy intrigues and personal ambitions, and allowed the opportunity to pass. Cuesta, the vain and overbearing defeated general of Castile, and Castaños, the victor of Bailen, were both plotting to obtain a military dictatorship for themselves, whilst the people called for some form of representative government. The provincial Juntas, especially that of Seville, had on the whole shown energy and patriotism under very difficult circumstances; but Madrid was, not unnaturally, desirous once more of assuming the leading place. The Junta of Regency appointed by Fernando had of course disappeared with the arrival of Joseph, and now that the latter and his government had fled the way was open for the establishment of an entirely new *régime.* After much discussion and dispute, it was decided to summon a national assembly, of which the members were elected by the provincial Juntas.

They met at the end of September to the number of thirty-five, and from the first it was evident that very divergent views were held by the various constituent bodies as to the duties and powers of this Central Junta. It must be recollected that representative government had been practically dead in Spain for at least a century. Some doctrinaires wished to revert to the ancient procedure of the Cortes of Castile, some were for the provincial autonomy which formerly existed; others, imbued with the modern ideas of the French Revolution, were in favour of imitating the National Convention. Amidst this infinite wrangling they were united on the subject of the sovereignty of Fernando, whom they crowned *in absentia* with unnecessary pomp and expense. Jovellanos represented the more advanced section of the Central Junta, but was beaten in the struggle for the presidency by the old minister Count de Floridablanca, who was now looked upon as a Conservative. A more reactionary element still was the Council of Castile, which by the old constitution had charge of the whole judicature of Spain, and was the highest administrative power in the realm. This body had grovelled servilely at the feet of Joseph, but as soon as he had fled they asserted their supremacy, and protested against the actions of the Central Junta as each fresh innovation was introduced. Their protests, however, were unheeded, for they were a discredited body, and the members of the Junta themselves soon lost their balance and passed from one extravagance to another. Certainly, in opposition to the desires of the most influential provincial Juntas, its constituents, the Central Junta proclaimed itself sovereign in the absence of Fernando, assumed the title of Majesty, and exacted royal honours, whilst Floridablanca, with the style of Highness, took up his residence in the palace of the kings, and all the members were Excellencies with large salaries. Confusion, dissension, and jealousy reigned supreme, both amongst civilians and soldiers. Much time was wasted in pompous rejoicings and undignified squabbles; and after a disastrous delay a Council of Generals met at the end of September to plan a national campaign. They extended such forces as they had in a vast semicircle ranging from Santander to Cataluña, a far too extended line to be effective with only 70,000 men. In the meanwhile Napoleon, watching their follies with delight, rapidly organised his attack.

Ney and Jourdan crossed the Pyrenees; men and munitions were poured into Spain, and the Emperor himself assumed the supreme command. The Spanish generals were obstinate and opinionated, but inexperienced and mostly incapable; jealous of each other, and with mainly undisciplined troops. Almost every tactical mistake possible was perpetrated by them. Blake, one of the best of them, was hampered by the meddling of the Central Junta, and was finally superseded in the command of his division by the Marquis de la Romana, who had just brought his men from Denmark to join the national cause (October 26th). By a series of rapid movements of Lefebvre, this, the left division of the Spaniards, was defeated and driven back (November 11th), whilst Napoleon in person advanced into the heart of Castile, with no Spanish force between him and Madrid. The Spanish centre under Castaños was completely crushed at Tudela on November 26th, and the right was driven into the mountains of Aragon. The news carried dismay to Madrid and to the Central Junta, which had now retired to Aranjuez. Napoleon had left Burgos on the 22nd of November, and might be before the capital at any moment, the French were creeping down Estremadura, and threatened the retreat southward of the Government: so on the 1st of December "his Majesty" the Junta fled to Talavera, and subsequently to Seville, to carry on the government of Spain, leaving the defence of Madrid to the Marquis of Castelar and Don Tomas Morla.

There were only two battalions of troops in the city, and treachery was rife amongst the higher classes, Morla himself being sold to the French; but the "town of the 2nd of May" determined to fight even the great Emperor himself, with his 60,000 veterans. The fight, as may be imagined, was but a short one. Napoleon from his headquarters in the suburb of Chamartin dictated his not ungenerous terms of capitulation: and on the 10th of December the French garrison entered the "crowned burgh" amidst the sulky silence of the beaten burghers. Napoleon was uncertain at this time as to his future policy towards Spain. He had received his brother coolly, and was somewhat inclined to divide the country into five French provinces, instead of reappointing Joseph king; but his hands were full, and his presence elsewhere was urgently needed. He consequently proclaimed to the people of Madrid that he would restore his brother, but he warned them that if they misbehaved themselves again he himself would assume the crown, in which case he would "force them to respect him." He began as an example by proscribing and condemning to death in their absence all the nobles who had deserted or opposed the cause of the French, and in his decrees from Chamartin quite ignored Joseph.[1]

In the meanwhile the distracted Central Junta could only appeal to the English for aid. Sir John

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[1] Some of his decrees at the time were remarkable. He dismissed the members of the Council of Castile as being "cowards unworthy to represent a brave and generous people," and the Inquisition, once all-powerful, was abolished by a stroke of his pen. He made no pretence of fulfilling the terms of the capitulation. His own opinion as to the manner of treating Spaniards is expressed in a letter to Joseph from Valladolid, Janvier 8me—"Je ne suis pas content de la police de Madrid. Belliard est très faible. Avec les Espagnols il faut être sévère. J'ai fait arrêter ici quinze des plus mechants et je les ai fait fusiller. Faites en arrêter une trentaine à Madrid . . . Quand on la traite avec douceur cette canaille se croit invulnerable; quand on en pend quelques uns, elle commence a se dégoûter du jeu et devient soumise et humble comme elle doit être." Napoleon only entered the town of Madrid once during his stay. Accompanying Joseph to the palace, he placed his hand on one of the lions at the bottom of the great staircase and pronounced the words—"Je la tiens enfin, cette Espagne si desirée?" Turning to his brother as he ascended the stairs he said—"Mon frère, vous êtes mieux logé que moi," which was quite true.

Moore had advanced from Portugal into Spain, and was at Salamanca by the middle of November with 20,000 men, whilst Sir David Baird with the reserve of about 4,000 was at Astorga. Moore, in view of the complete defeat of the Spanish native forces, was doubtful, but at length, on the 12th of December, set out towards Valladolid with the object of threatening the return of Napoleon from Madrid. Two days afterwards he learnt that the capital had fallen, and that the French were threatening his own retreat, Soult drawing him on by feigned backward marches; whilst Napoleon himself, with the flower of his army, the National Guard, was advancing as rapidly as the heavy snow and dreadful roads would allow. The Spanish force under Romana, which was to have joined Moore, was demoralised, starving, and in rags: the people of the country, terrified now at the severity of the Frenchmen and the rapacity of the soldiery of all sorts, were unfriendly, and themselves almost without food or drink. Moore saw that his only chance of escape was a rapid retreat to Galicia; and, closely followed and harassed by Soult's forces, with the Emperor just behind and Ney threatening his flank, he set out on his heartbreaking journey to Corunna, whilst Romana was ordered to retreat to Asturias, thus crossing and hampering the English line of march.

It is impossible here to give an account of the horrors of Moore's retreat. The men, mostly disorganised, got out of hand, straggling, malingering, and plundering. Hundreds died of drunkenness on the way, hundreds more of the inclement weather and constant hardships, scores of thousands of pounds worth of stores had to be destroyed to prevent them from falling into the enemy's hands; and the wretched Spaniards, robbed and maltreated by friends and foes alike, dared not show hospitality to the former, even if they would, for fear of the French who were close in the rear. Napoleon himself abandoned the pursuit at Astorga and returned to France, the English army ending its retreat by making a gallant stand at last before Corunna to cover the embarkation of the vanguard and guns (January 16, 1808). Brave Moore himself fell in the never-to-be-forgotten fight, but at least he saved his army from the shame of capitulation, and the last of them sailed for England the day after the battle, exposed to the fire of Soult's artillery.

It was obvious to the British Government by this time that the enthusiasm of the Spanish leaders had overrated both their resources and their ability, and that if the country was to be rescued from the domination of France, it could only be done by large organised armies from England, led by consummate commanders. Amongst the rank and file of the Spaniards from first to last the utmost bravery was exhibited; bands of guerrilleros with an endurance almost past belief continually harassed the enemy, and lent valuable aid to the English troops; and wherever Spanish soldiers, especially cavalry, were brigaded with English regiments, they fought splendidly; but the higher officers of pure Spanish blood, especially Cuesta, Peña, and Castaños, were idle, incompetent, jealous, and vain. Uncertain as to who were really their masters, always with an *arrière pensée* of their own interest; harassed, moreover, by wild and contradictory orders from a remote revolutionary government of civilians; with undisciplined forces, and frequently without the stores absolutely necessary for their men, it cannot be surprising that their co-operation with the English was often unsatisfactory. English critics of the campaign in blaming, as they do freely, both the Central Junta and the Spanish generals for their ineptitude, too often lose sight of the difficulties of the situation. We have seen how suddenly the most conservative country in Europe was plunged into a perfect cataclysm of change; all her old institutions disappeared in the course of a few months, and the violent alternations of government threw her naturally into a state of semi-anarchy. It is less wonderful that the Central Junta under such distracting circumstances should have failed to reach the English standard of regularity, than that they were able to do as much as they did.

Joseph entered his new capital for the second time in state as king on the 22nd of January, 1809, a few days after the complete rout by Victor at Uclés of the only Spanish organised force near the capital; and a month after (February 20th) the heroic Zaragoza, as the result of a second two months' siege which will ever remain memorable, was forced to surrender to Marshal Lannes at the head of an overwhelming French army, amidst scenes of horror indescribable.[1] There were now 300,000 French soldiers in Spain, commanded by all the generals who had become famous in the Napoleonic wars. The Emperor's plan was to send Soult to conquer Oporto and Lisbon, Ney was to remain in Galicia, Victor was to reduce Estremadura and Andalusia, especially Cadiz. Sebastiani with a strong force was to protect Joseph in Madrid, Suchet was to hold Aragon, Saint Cyr, Cataluña; and the north of Spain was entrusted to Kellerman and Bonnet. To meet these redoubtable warriors England agreed with the Central Junta to send men and money to enable the Spaniards to arm and organise for the absent Fernando.

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[1] Lannes himself wrote to the Emperor: "I have never seen stubbornness equal to the defence of this place. Women allow themselves to be killed in front of every breach. Every house needs a separate assault . . . In a word, Sire, this is a war which horrifies."

Soult had taken possession of the north of Portugal, when Wellesley with 20,000 troops (to which were added 8,000 Portuguese) landed in Lisbon (April 22nd). With prodigious energy the English general at once drove the French back into Galicia, which province and that of Asturias they then abandoned. Encouraged by this, the sturdy Aragonese also rose, and with the help of Blake and his brigade, confined the French dominion of the ancient kingdom to the capital of Zaragoza. In the meanwhile Soult made another attempt to get into Portugal by Ciudad Rodrigo, in conjunction with Victor, who approached the frontier lower down by Merida and Badajoz. Wellesley's activity, however, together with a victory by the Spaniard Lacy over the French in the Mancha, caused Joseph to recall his armies more closely around his centre at Madrid, and Victor then retreated to Plasencia and Soult to Salamanca. Wellesley then marched rapidly from Abrantes, formed a junction near Plasencia with Cuesta's force from Estremadura, whilst Victor fell further back to Talavera, whither Joseph with Sebastiani's division hurried in order to attack the English and Spaniards in front, while Soult came over the mountains from Salamanca and attacked them on the flank. Cuesta, obstinate as usual, refusing to co-operate loyally with Wellesley, moved forward alone, and was met and beaten back to Talavera, pursued by the French (July 26th). On the following day the great battle of Talavera was opened by an attack upon Cuesta's division, which now formed the right of the allied army; but the main brunt of the battle fell upon the English. Joseph's force was driven back again and again during the two days of the fight. Soult came not; and at length the French made a precipitate retreat, with a loss of 7,000 men and 16 cannon, the English losing 6,000 men, and the Spaniards 1,200.[1]

The results of this great victory were almost entirely nullified by Cuesta's wrongheadedness. Wellesley set out on the 1st of August to beat Soult, who had now arrived at Plasencia, leaving the Spaniards at Talavera to hold Victor in check and prevent him from joining Soult. Cuesta, either from treachery or cowardice, abandoned the place and ran after the English, whom he joined at Oropesa. Wellesley, almost in despair, therefore had the bitterness of seeing Soult and Victor in union at Talavera and Plasencia, and the allies suffered a defeat at Puente del Arzobispo, which, together with Cuesta's disloyalty, compelled the English commander to fall back on the Portuguese frontier and stand on the defensive.[1] In the meanwhile reinforcements were being hurried from France, for Madrid was once more threatened by a Spanish force under Venegas on the south. Joseph, however, completely routed Venegas' army with heavy loss on the 11th of August, and returned to his capital.

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[1] There were present at the engagement 34,000 Spaniards, of which 6,000 were cavalry; 19,000 English, of which 3,000 were cavalry, and 50,000 Frenchmen.

During his stay there as king Joseph had striven hard to gain the sympathy of his subjects; and, to judge by the fulsome addresses which reached him from official bodies in most places where the Junta was not supreme, he was not altogether unsuccessful. Uninfluenced by the old Spanish traditions, he abolished by decree a host of laws which still impeded the circulation of merchandise, and which operated adversely to agriculture; he regularised the despatch of business in his various ministries and tribunals of justice, centred the consultative power in a Council of State, and endeavoured to protect the peaceful taxpayer from extortion. But if he had been an angel from heaven the result would have been the same. The regiments of Spaniards he formed deserted as soon as they saw their old flag borne by their compatriot antagonists: he was represented by his unofficial subjects as a deformed and drunken monstrosity; insult and scorn were lavished upon him—behind his back—with a malignity which was only equalled by the ingenuity and wit with which it was presented. Most of the old abuses were abolished. The monasteries were suppressed, as were the pensioned military Orders of Knighthood; the Inquisition disappeared, the clergy were made subject to civil jurisdiction, Church plate as well as private plate was seized for revenue: but it was all of no avail; Joseph was a Frenchman, and as such was odious; Fernando was a Spaniard—or was supposed to be, although he had little Spanish blood in his veins—and as such was beloved.

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[1] Wellesley wrote to his brother the Marquis of Wellesley, at this time English ambassador to the Junta. "It is useless to complain, but we are certainly not treated as friends, much less as the only prop on which the cause of Spain can depend." And again, "I am much afraid from what I have seen of the proceedings of the Central Junta, that in the distribution of their forces they do not consider military operations, so much as they do political intrigue." The Marquis at the same time wrote to his Government: "Far from affording any just foundation of confidence in their intentions, such assiduous declarations of activity and enterprise, unattended by any provident attention to the means and object of the war, serve only to create additional suspicions of ignorance, weakness, or insincerity; but whatever insincerity or jealousy exist towards England is to be found in the Government, its officers, and adherents; no such unworthy sentiment prevails amongst the people."

In the meanwhile the rival government of the Central Junta in Seville was injudicious, and not untouched by corruption or disloyalty. The Spanish Colonies had echoed the cry of the mother country, and unanimously declared for the national cause. All South America, and the remote Filipinas, broke out into a fervour of loyalty which equalled that of Spain; and during the one year 1809 sent nearly £3,000,000 sterling to the patriot government, in return for which the important decree was issued by the Junta declaring the Colonies to be no longer

Crown colonies alone, but an integral part of the realm, and as such entitled to representation in the government. This was preparatory to the summoning of a Cortes of the nation, in which all interests should be represented. Fernando from Bayonne had enjoined *his* Junta of Regency to summon a Cortes, but they had not done so, and the Central Junta, desirous of conciliating the restive Provincial Juntas, in May, 1809, convened a meeting of the *ancient* Cortes for the following year, with the ostensible object of rehabilitating the representative institutions of the country which had been gradually undermined and lost in the preceding 250 years. The constitution of the Assembly, however, was to be altered in several respects, and the deputies from the Colonies admitted.

In the earlier pages we have shown how unready the Spaniards were to accept reforms from kings and ministers. They showed themselves now no more enthusiastic in their welcome of the various innovations in the constitution decreed by the Junta, whose presumption and incompetence—if not worse—would have led to its prompt downfall, but for the fact that nine out of every ten Spaniards had for the time but one idea: namely, the killing of as many *gabachos* as possible. It will be well to say something of the persons who had thus assumed the sovereign power in Spain in the name of Fernando. For a time there was some antagonism between the orginal supreme Junta of Seville and the Central Junta which had emigrated from Madrid, but this had ended in a union of the two bodies.

As usual in such bodies in times of revolution some of the scum rose to the top. Count de Tilly, originally one of the two representatives of Seville on the Central Junta, and now an active member of the Government, was a notorious profligate, steeped in every form of dishonesty and vice; but popular, dashing, and rich. His colleague, Hore, was a fit companion for him; and Riquelme, Caro, Calvo, and Cornel were neither particularly estimable nor wise; Count de Altamira, who had succeeded old Floridablanca in the presidency, was, like his predecessor, a lover of pomp, and an adherent of the old *régime*, but of infinitely inferior ability; in person and mind more resembling a baboon than a man. Nor was the Marquis de Villiel, another prominent member, much better; but against these unworthy members must be placed Jovellanos, Saavedra, and Garay. The first was now an elderly man, but his intellect and his love of enlightened reform, his prescience and his prudence were as brilliant as ever; but he was in a minority on the Junta. Saavedra, formerly an able Finance Minister, honest and well-meaning, had now lost much of his energy; whilst Garay, the Minister of State, was a plain, laborious, patriotic man, who did his best to keep his colleagues on the right path.

The Junta sat in full dress, with swords, every day, and nearly all day, in the beautiful old Alcazar of Seville, and the work was divided amongst various committees. The members, originally elected by the provincial Juntas, were mainly the creatures of chance, and, as has already been pointed out, had assumed powers and titles which were never for a moment contemplated by their constitutent bodies. The country was in a state of division and anarchy, mostly occupied by foreign armies, and the people were practically new to really representative institutions of any sort; and although satires and pasquins against the pomposity and general ineptitude of the Junta were abundant, there was not sufficient organised opposition—even if it had been possible—to take the management of affairs out of its hands; the popular hopes, as expressed by the Provincial Juntas, being founded mainly upon the assembly of a representative Cortes which could speak with authority. This was a mistake, but a natural one. What the country needed was not yet a strong legislative power, but a really honest, able, and powerful executive, which the Junta was not, for its constitution was accidental, its majority reactionary, but weak, and many of its members vicious, treacherous, or corrupt.

The Junta itself, with the exception of Jovellanos, Garay, and a few of the more enlightened members, were not enthusiastic about the assembly of a Cortes. They had ordered exhaustive studies to be undertaken for a year past to decide upon the constitution of the Chambers, but as the time approached for the meeting its "Majesty" the Junta hardly concealed the apprehensions it entertained that its own days of power were numbered. As a movement of self-defence the Junta decided, greatly to the disgust of its more intelligent members, to entrust its executive power to a committee of six of its number, chosen from the more unworthy and retrograde element.

Although Wellesley's retreat after Talavera caused consternation to the patriots, Blake in Cataluña (where the splendid heroism of Gerona kept the French in check for months), the Duke del Parque, who gained a great victory over Marchand near Salamanca, General Santocildes in Leon, and the guerrilleros everywhere, kept the French constantly employed. With the object of rehabilitating itself before the Cortes met in January, the Junta was ill advised enough to order an attempt to follow up del Parque's victory by the capture of Madrid, and instructed Eguia, who had now replaced Cuesta in chief command, to concentrate all the forces of Estremadura and the Mancha for an advance on the capital. Eguia was incompetent and irresolute, and was out-manœuvred by Victor at the outset. Seeing this, he and his army fled south to the Sierra Morena, and there begged the Junta to reinforce him. Instead of this he was dismissed, and replaced by Areizaga, who then proceeded towards Madrid. At a place called Ocaña, near Aranjuez, the two armies met (October 18th), both being about 48,000 strong; and the rush of Sabatini's cavalry bore all before it. The Spanish levies became a hustling mob seeking safety where they might. Arms and uniforms were cast away in utter panic, and in many cases whole companies surrendered to a couple of mounted Frenchmen. 5,000 Spaniards lay dead on the field, 5,000 more surrendered in a body, there being 13,000 Spanish prisoners in all, with 50 cannons, and all the flags, munitions, and stores. The whole Spanish army in fact was annihilated, and the panic-stricken Central Junta, when it heard the news that, even in Seville, its "Majesty" was not safe, began to hint ominously of flight to Cadiz, standing on its island, with an English fleet in the bay.

The Junta itself now was a mass of contrary ambitions and jealousies. Palafox aimed at a dictatorship of Aragon, the Marquis de la Romana was intriguing for the regency of Spain; plot and counterplot occupied the thoughts of all parties, and on every side the national cause was postponed to personal greed; except in the sound-hearted rank and file of the people, whose undivided wish was to free their land from *gabachos*—no matter how; whilst unworthy Fernando in his prison-palace at Valençay was crawling at the feet of the Emperor, and excelling himself in servility in his congratulations on the birth of an heir to "*our* august sovereigns the great Napoleon and Marie Louise."

At the end of 1809 the national cause was in appearance black enough. After indescribable heroism Gerona had at last succumbed, and Aragon and Cataluña lay at the mercy of the invader. The Spanish organised forces in Leon had been scattered, and a similar fate had befallen the armies in the Mancha and Estremadura; but withal the hundreds of small bands of guerrilleros, particularly those under the famous "Empecinado" in Castile, kept the enemy in continual alarm; Valencia, Murcia, and Andalusia, were still free from Frenchmen, as were also the mountains of the north-west. In other words, the organised armies of Spain, such as they were, had been beaten everywhere; but the Spanish nation itself, outside of officialdom, was as sturdy as ever in its determination to cast out the invader, or die in the attempt. It was clear to Napoleon that if the nation was to be conquered, he must strike at the focus of the national defence, the seat of government in Andalusia; and against it he sent a fresh army of 55,000 men, headed by Joseph himself.

The Junta was in a panic, anarchy and treachery reigned everywhere, even in Seville itself; and no serious resistance was offered to the French in their march southward. The Junta and its government fled precipitately to Cadiz (January 19, 1810), as the last bulwark of Spanish liberty; leaving Seville a prey to a self-appointed revolutionary council, which attempted to exercise sovereign powers, until the French took possession of the city, and put an end to its imbecility. The Central Junta had now lost all prestige. The public voice, such as it was, began to clamour for reform in earnest, whilst the Junta became more reactionary every day. Weak, violent, and self-seeking as it was, it saw at last that, though it could not preserve its own corporate existence, it might hamper popular reform, and save the interests it really represented, by appointing a regency of five of its members with full despotic power; and, this being done, the Central Junta dissolved itself (January 31, 1810).

Pending the assembly of the Cortes, the Regency of Five was therefore nominally supreme over Spain, except in the actual presence of French bayonets, but was itself cooped up in the isle of Leon, upon which the city of Cadiz stands, and was closely beleaguered by the invaders. The Regents themselves, with the exception of Saavedra, who was old and failing, were reactionaries of no ability or distinction,[1] and they were aided in their intrigues to prevent the coming Cortes from ~~adopting innovations by the incitements~~ of the Royal Council recently reappointed by the Regency, consisting, as it naturally did, of all that was most despotic and jealous of change. No words too hard could be found for those who held or propagated ideas of reform in the institutions of the country.

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The official classes and their royal masters between them had by their baseness, corruption, and folly handed over Spain to the foreigner; the mass of the people out of sheer doglike loyalty were cheerfully sacrificing their lives, and all they held dear, to win back for the unworthy ones the realm they had lost. And yet in this supreme moment, with the guns of French besiegers thundering in their ears, the main thought of the Regency and the ridiculous Royal Council was how to suppress and punish those who asked that the people should have some voice, however humble, in the government of the country which could only be won back by their blood and patriotism. Again and again, on various pretexts, the meeting of the Cortes was postponed; every conceivable obstacle—and they were already sufficiently formidable—was interposed to the election of deputies: in vain the Provincial Juntas clamoured, and the now awakened people protested; reasons for delay were always ready.

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[1] The Regency consisted of the Bishop of Orense (Quevedo y Quintana), Saavedra, General Castaños, Admiral Escaño, and Fernandez de Leon, soon replaced by Lardizabal, representing the Colonies.

The Conservatives desired the Cortes to be elected on the ancient plan, by the official municipalities of certain cities, and to sit together with representatives of the nobles and the clergy; others, more advanced, wished for the English system of a House of Lords and a separate popular chamber; whilst the most radical elements were in favour of a single elective congress which should be invested with the national sovereignty. A more important point still was that of the mode of election. It was obvious that the ancient Cortes of Castile, consisting of a very few members nominated by the Town Councils, was in the circumstances out of the question. Aragon, Cataluña, Navarre, Valencia, and the Basque Provinces were as deeply interested in the national defence as Castile, and they clamoured for representation. Only after much discussion was it finally decided by the Regents to give the suffrage to all resident adult men, with a member for every 50,000 souls. These voters were to elect Parish Councils, which in their turn were to elect District Councils, and the latter the Provincial Councils, which at last were to elect the national deputies. To these were to be added, for this Cortes only, a member for each of the eighteen cities which had the right of representation in old times, and a member for each Provincial Junta. This was perhaps as much as it was wise to give at first to a people who had lost the tradition of selfgovernment, but it will be understood that, in a country mainly occupied by foreign enemies who punished with death those who professed allegiance to the Government of Cadiz, the material difficulties of so complicated an election were great.

Nor were the questions with regard to the Colonial representation easily settled. The Radicals were in favour of placing the suffrage for the Colonies on the same footing as for the mother country; but they were overborne by the Regency, who decreed that the Town Councils in Spanish possessions abroad should select members to form Provincial Councils, who should send to Spain a deputy for each province.[1] Doubtless the Regents imagined that these many safeguards would give them a tractable Cortes, but in this they were mistaken. The country was in a fever of patriotism, and only men who spoke fluently and strongly had a chance. These, naturally, were for the most part lawyers and literary men, who had received such enlightenment as they possessed through French culture, and were vaguely imbued with the theories which produced the earlier French Revolution. Such men, with a sprinkling of priests from the Basque Provinces, and a few soldiers and local politicians, formed the Cortes which was

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[1] It was arranged that the members for the Colonies and for those parts of Spain which, being occupied by the French, could not elect representatives freely, should be provisionally chosen by and from the natives of the respective provinces who happened to be resident in Cadiz at the time. The number of substitutes thus chosen were thirty for the Colonies and twenty-three for Spain. This was unquestionably the weak point of the Cortes of 1812, and gave to its far-reaching and bold measures less authority than they otherwise would have had.

to take so momentous a step in the history of Spain as to change her form of government.

Their very constitution, to begin with, was an important innovation, and was looked upon by the friends and representatives of the absent Fernando with unconcealed dislike; but when the personality and views of the members became known, then dislike turned to dismay and apprehension. The Royal Council and the Council of Castile (abolished by Napoleon but rehabilitated by the Regency in Cadiz) made all manner of claims, on the grounds of ancient NB usage, to interfere; the Regents almost in despair at having to deal with so democratic a body as the new Cortes, postponed the meeting as long as they dared; but the members were waiting impatiently, and at length the step had to be taken, though with a bad grace and much misgiving.

The first representative parliament Spain had seen for centuries met on the 24th of September, 1810, at San Fernando, near Cadiz, amidst a scene of patriotic exaltation such as has rarely been witnessed, even in that impressionable land. Profoundly impressed by the historic importance of their meeting, the members opened their sitting with full religious ceremony, the High Mass being celebrated by Godoy's brother-in-law, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Don Luis de Borbon;[1] and in the name of the nation they solemnly swore on the Gospels to tolerate no other faith than that of Rome and to own no other monarch than Fernando. The sittings took place in the local theatre, there being only the one elective chamber, and almost the first words spoken were those of the Bishop of Orense, tendering the resignation of the Regents into the hands of the Cortes. The step was probably taken thus early in order to place the new assembly in a difficult position and with the hope that, whilst still inexperienced and unorganised, it would fail and discredit itself in the sudden exercise of supreme government. The democratic leaders of the Cortes, of whom the chief was *Argüelles, were, however, equal to the occasion, and declined to accept the resignation of the Regents until the Cortes had settled down. Whatever may have been the faults of the new governing power want of boldness and energy was certainly not amongst them. Almost its first act was to assert the sovereignty of the Cortes and assume the already much-abused title of Majesty. The legislative, judicial, and executive powers were separated; the inviolability of the deputies asserted, and the oath to respect the sovereignty of the people in Cortes was obligatory on all, a provision which met with much resistance from Conservatives, especially from the Bishop of Orense. Other subjects divided the two schools of politicians, such as the liberation of the press, and the abolition of the censorship, which was carried by sixty votes against thirty-two; and the two parties were now called, for the first time, respectively, "Liberals" and "Serviles,"* the former being led by Argüelles and the Count de

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[1] He was the only member of his family who had escaped the net of Napoleon. On the abdication of his cousins in favour of the Emperor, he wrote from Toledo an abject letter of submission to the usurper, in which he spoke of, "la douce obligation de mettre aux pieds de Votre Majesté l'hommage de mon amour, de ma fidelité, et de mon respect. Que Votre Majesté imperiale et royale daigne me reconnaitre comme son plus fidèle sujet."

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Toreno, and the latter by Francisco Gutierrez de la Huerta.

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In an assembly thus constituted, and with no traditions or old procedure to guide it, the debates, as may be imagined, were loose, and frequently violent and undignified; personal questions occupied a great share of the time, whilst the fatal gift of fluency belonging to Southern races made the proceedings almost interminable. The resignation of the original Regency was accepted a few weeks after the first meeting of the Cortes, and a new executive was appointed, consisting of Joaquin Blake, Gabriel de Siscar, and Pedro Agar; but as the first two were outside the city, others were temporarily appointed to replace them, one of the substitutes, the Marquis de Palacio, being at once arrested and placed on his trial for hesitating to take the necessary oath recognising the sovereignty of the Cortes.

Whilst the representatives of the people were imitating the French National Convention, discussing infinitely vague theories, wrangling over personal trifles, voting salaries for the members, and reducing the emoluments of every other State official, King Joseph outside was master of Andalusia, except the extreme point comprising Gibraltar, Tarifa, and Cadiz, held by General Graham, with a force of English and Portuguese, and a Spanish army of 14,000 under the Duke of Alburquerque. Hardly a day passed without some skirmish near Cadiz; from Gibraltar and Tarifa the English constantly delivered harassing attacks upon Soult's outposts, in conjunction with the Spanish troops at San Roque and Algeciras, whilst the patriot forces inside Cadiz by frequent sallies seconded the efforts of their allies.

All round Cadiz Bay the French were posted, and, by land, little communication was possible between the national government and the north of Spain. But Admiral Purvis and the British fleet held the sea, and messages of encouragement, orders for the organisation of the defence, and assurances of eventual victory, were borne by swift cruisers to the rest of the Peninsula from the island city. In the meanwhile the war was being carried on without cessation by guerrilleros, especially by the Empecinado and Mina, and by the remnants of the army, which had been reorganised, in Estremadura and in the extreme north-west of Spain. Wellington had been obliged to retreat before Massena and had at length prevailed upon the British Government to authorise a new plan of campaign with greater forces, which should enable him, as they ultimately did, to sweep the French from the Peninsula. The base of the new operations was Portugal, and here Wellington was stubbornly fighting Massena, on the lines of Torres Vedras, near Lisbon, breaking the spirit of the French troops and weakening their belief in the generals, until the Spaniards were ready and the time was ripe for an advance in force into Spain with the enormous army which he had gradually got together.[1]

But the anxieties of the new representative Government were not confined to the Peninsula. The revolt of the English-American colony and the overthrow of ancient institutions in Europe, had produced their natural effect in Spanish-America, and on more than one occasion since 1790 there had been attempts at separation from the mother country. At the first news of the French perfidy in 1808 the fever of loyalty to Fernando and indignation against the invader had spread from the Peninsula to the dependencies; but the baseness displayed by the official bodies in Spain, the folly and ineptitude which marked the course of the Central Junta, and the anarchy which reigned in the mother country, gave rise gradually to a feeling of impatience amongst the younger Creole inhabitants of the Colonies. There was but little intercommunication between the various American dependencies, and no general plan of revolt; but first Venezuela, and then Buenos Ayres and New Granada, proclaimed their independence in the spring of 1810, without hindrance from the authorities or the troops, while Chile and Mexico, a prey to civil war, were rapidly advancing in the same direction. The overburdened and inexperienced Cortes of theorists endeavoured to conjure away the evil by palliatives and tardy concessions; but the central Government had now neither power nor prestige abroad; besieged in its own city at the extreme corner of Spain, with a French king seated in the ancient capital of the realm, its hold upon the vast continent across the Atlantic slackened, rapidly and irretrievably, while the mother country was struggling for her own independence.[1]

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[1] Seventy thousand regular troops and 60,000 irregulars.

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[1] An interesting report was presented to the Cortes at this period, 1811, showing the revenue and expenditure on the whole of the Colonies. It appears that the net amount reaching the home Government from

The main question, however, which occupied the Cortes of Cadiz was to devise a new charter for Spain, which should restore to the people the popular liberties of which successive kings had filched them, curb the privileged classes, and limit the royal authority for the future. This is not the place to discuss the wisdom of the moment chosen for so important a constitutional change: there is much to be said for both sides of the question. The circumstances of the country made impossible a free and complete representation of the people such as was desirable for the adoption of measures altering the bases of the national life; and the enforced silence in exile of the King, who was one of the parties principally affected by the change, would seem to render inevitable the conflict which afterwards occurred between him and the reformers, as a consequence of their action. On the other hand, the friends of progress, with some reason, pointed out that a return to the old despotism was impossible after the abandonment of the country by the royal family; and that the sacrifices and heroism which the people had displayed on behalf of the national independence rendered them worthy of the domestic liberties which, now that they had the opportunity, they asserted for themselves.

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Early in 1811 a commission was appointed to draw up a fundamental political constitution for Spain,

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Mexico was only £100,000 a year, whilst Guatemala, Chile, Cuba, and the Philippines sent nothing. On the other hand Santa Fé produced a profit of £160,000; Caracas, £40,000; Buenos Ayres, £500,000; and Peru, £600,000; the total net amount contributed to the home Government by the possessions abroad being in round figures £1,400,000.

and the chamber transferred its sittings to the church of St. Philip Neri, in the city of Cadiz itself. During the long period of discussion and dispute as to the terms of the new constitution, the Cortes and its executive strained every nerve to carry on the war. The Spanish armies had now been reconstituted and divided into six corps, and Massena, finding his retreat from Torres Vedras threatened by the native levies of Leon and Castile, gradually had to fall back into Spain constantly followed by Wellington. Olivenza, Fuentes de Oñoro, Almeida, Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, and at last the terrible carnage of the storming of Badajoz, stand for ever as the guide posts of the English renewed advance, whilst on all sides, from Galicia to Murcia the Spaniards fought, sometimes in armies, often in mere bands; beaten again and again, but always reassembling, co-operating loosely with the English, but preferring independent action.

Napoleon's difficulties were closing round him; it was not easy to send the constant reinforcements required, and he bitterly and unjustly blamed Joseph for not doing the impossible. Both the "intrusive King" and the Cortes were at their wits' end to raise funds out of the desolated country. The former could depend upon little but what he obtained from Madrid, which was taxed to an unheard-of extent, until famine and misery were universal. Joseph tried to make the people forget their troubles by giving them bull-fights and shows, but all in vain, for he was a Frenchman; and the French armies were burning houses and slaughtering citizens suspected of patriotism wherever the eagles reached.

Distracted Joseph sometimes would fain have been rid of his brother's troops and his brother's imperious interference, and have tried his own way of conciliation. Once, indeed, he made distinct advances to the Government of Cadiz, but without avail, for still the cry of every Spaniard was, "Death to the French and long live Fernando!" The Cadiz Government, too, had to face (1811) a crushing deficit; the debt having now reached over £72,000,000 sterling. without counting the cost of the war, and the annual returns of revenue were calculated at only £2,600,000, whilst the expenditure, without the service of the debt, was placed at £12,250,000 sterling. A special war income-tax, graduated from 2½ to 70 per cent., was decreed, and other extraordinary measures were taken, but, as will be understood, the Cadiz Government was forced to look mainly to England and to the Provincial Juntas to sustain the cost of the war.

In January, 1812, the Cortes adopted the new Constitution, which was to regenerate Spain. Instead of gradually widening the existing or traditional institutions of the country the members of the forward party, nearly all of them partisans of the French Revolution, devised an entirely fresh code, foreign both in spirit and form, by which the whole national life was remodelled in an enactment of ten chapters containing 348 clauses. The abstract sovereignty of the nation was reasserted, the Catholic religion alone acknowledged, and the monarchy was to be hereditary under the parliamentary constitution. The legislative power was vested in the single chamber Cortes

Conflict between
liberalism -
reaction in
[illegible] very form
of new
Constitution
unsound

with the King, the executive in the King's ministers only, and the judicial in the judges; the Parliaments were to be indirectly elected by equal electoral districts of 70,000 souls, on a residential manhood suffrage, and were to be summoned yearly, the royal veto upon acts being confined to three rejections, after which the acts became law in despite of the King's veto. The monarch was prohibited from absenting himself from the realm, or marrying without the permission of the Cortes, and the succession was fixed on the old Spanish basis, like that of England, but the Infante Don Francisco de Paula, the reputed child of Godoy, was excluded, as also was the Queen of Etruria.

There were to be seven Secretaries of State, namely, Foreign Affairs, Interior, Colonies, Justice, Finance, War, and Marine, and the ministers were responsible to the Cortes, all the old Spanish Councils being abolished, except a Council of State of forty persons nominated by the Cortes to the sovereign. The judges were to be irremovable, all citizens being equal before the law, and the inviolability of the subject was established. The taxes were to be voted only by the Cortes, by whom also the extent of the army and navy was to be fixed; and, above all, it was decided that for eight years at least no alteration or reform whatever should be introduced into the Constitution itself. It will be seen that this was to create Spain practically a republic with monarchical forms, NB and the provisions gave rise to long and bitter discussion. Intrigues on the part of the nobles and the King's friends were rife, one of the most promising plans being to appoint the Infanta Carlota, Princess of Brazil, Regent of Spain ; and the Liberals, although able to prevent this, were driven to consent to the appointment of a new constitutional regency of five reactionaries, including the Duke of Infantado and Henry O'Donnell, Count of La Bisbal.

On the 19th of March, 1812, the fourth anniversary of the overthrow of Godoy, the new Constitution was solemnly promulgated, with all the pomp and splendour that a besieged city could provide. Theatres, streets, and squares, splendidly illuminated, were alive with people mad with enthusiastic rejoicing. At last Spain had indeed broken with the black past of tyranny, misery, and oppression. Happiness, justice, and prosperity were in future to be the rule of life ; and even the Conservatives who had opposed the enactment were caught up and carried away with the extravagant hopes of a new Spanish heaven and earth to spring from the charter of freedom which the 184 representatives of the people [1] had just sworn to keep inviolate. But over the songs of joy there boomed the French guns in the outskirts of the city, and the camp fires of the invaders vied with the illuminations in the street. The Constitution of Cadiz was to protect Spain from its own sovereigns ;

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[1] The number of members for different parts of Spain was very unequal. Thus Galicia sent twenty-three members, and Cataluña twenty, whilst Madrid was represented by one substitute only, Biscay by one member, and the kingdom of Leon only by six. The kingdom of Navarre, with a population of 271,000, sent one deputy, whilst Valencia, with 1,000,000 people, sent nineteen deputies.

but in the meanwhile 230,000 French soldiers insolently flaunted their Emperor's eagles from the Pyrenees to the narrow straits, and ground to dust beneath their heels the independence of the Spanish fatherland.

V.

"FERNANDO THE DESIRED"—ROYAL REWARD FOR DEVOTION.

THE capture of Badajoz had driven the French western army back to Salamanca, and Wellington, leaving Hill to look after Estremadura, and Ballesteros to harass the flanks of Soult in Andalusia, marched the main body of the English army slowly forward. Napoleon had his hands full, for he was plunged into his disastrous war with Russia, and would fain have been well rid of Spain and Joseph, who, for his part, was utterly tired of his irksome crown. He had more than hinted that he would put up no longer with his humiliating position, especially if the Emperor persisted in his intention of adding the north-east of Spain to his own dominions; and Napoleon, well-nigh at his wits' end, thought of restoring Fernando to his throne again under his protection; authorising Joseph also, as an alternative, to make approaches to the Cortes, with a view to their adopting him as king under the Constitution of Cadiz. When this latter scheme fell through, Joseph tried to assemble a rival Cortes of his own in Madrid. But events moved rapidly. Madrid, cut off now from supplies, except on the north, fell a prey to an appalling visitation of famine, which killed its poorer citizens by the score of thousands, and reduced formerly opulent families to begging in the streets.[1]

Wellington was slowly pushing back Marmont over the Duero into Northern Castile, whilst the Marshals were jealous of each other; and Soult in Andalusia refused to help Joseph or Marmont with men. The latter general had evacuated the town of Salamanca on Wellington's approach, and had been partially beaten in the outskirts (June 28th); and on the 22nd of July the English and Spaniards together gained the great victory of Arapiles (Salamanca), forcing the French to fly with heavy loss and dire confusion northward, followed by the allies, who entered Valladolid in triumph (July 30th), and by bands of guerrilleros, who could now kill the straggling *gabachos* to their heart's content. When it was too late, Joseph, the intruder, left Madrid with 10,000 men to help Marmont, but he had to retreat again to his capital closely followed by the English.

On the night of the 10th of August, 1812, there ran through the famine-stricken city the rumour that the *gabachos* with their squinting drunkard of a king[2] were evacuating the place, and in the morning it was found that they had all, but the sick and one regiment, stolen away in the darkness. In Madrid starvation was forgotten, misery, oppression, and suspicion were thrust into the background, and the city went crazy with joy. The altars blazed with votive candles, the streets resounded with cheers and patriotic harangues. "Viva Wellington y los ingleses!" was the universal cry, and before the sun had risen high through the garlanded capital of the Castiles there marched the liberating army. First came the grim guerrillero, "the Empecinado," and his fierce bands; then the great Wellington himself with his Spanish colleagues, cruel Don Carlos España, and Wellington's favourite friend, Don Miguel de Alava, the only Spanish general upon whom he depended, with the allied army. On the same day Wellington, from his quarters in the royal palace, issued his famous decree, which, said the Madrileños, was more like an ukase of ferocious Murat than the proclamation of a friend. In any case it was to the point, for in a few words it told Madrid that there must be no nonsense: order must be maintained, the armies assisted, and the functionaries continue their offices as usual; and the next day the Constitution of Cadiz was proclaimed with all solemnity.

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[1] This awful visitation lasted from September, 1811, to August, 1812. White bread was sold in the spring of 1812 at 7s. the quartern loaf, the lowest quality costing 4s.

[2] It was believed by all Spaniards that "Joey Bottle," as they called the king, was thus afflicted.

Gradually the people saw that the firm hand was not an unkindly one, although Wellington's dry curtness and haughty splendour were never to their taste. But for a time the English soldiers were feasted and made much of, especially the Highlanders, who for some unaccountable reason were supposed to be *menos hereges*, less heretical, than the rest. The Duke sallied from Madrid on the 1st of September to stand in force on the road to the north, leaving Hill with a small division to hold in check Joseph's army on the south-east. After the first rejoicing was over the Madrileños were inclined to be fractious. They found that the entrance of a liberating army had not produced, as by magic, the abundant supplies they had dreamt of; and that, if the intrusive Government could cruelly persecute patriots, General España, the patriot governor, with exaggerated zeal for the Constitution of which he was subsequently so bitter a foe, could outdo the French in his cruel punishment of opponents. The rough and masterful Englishmen, too, did not get on well with the expansive citizens, and there grew but little cordiality between them. But discontent changed to dismay when on the approach of Joseph's army Hill withdrew the little garrison of English troops left in Madrid, and considered it necessary to blow up the royal porcelain factory of the Retiro, of which Madrid was so proud.

In the meanwhile Soult had retired from before Cadiz, loaded with loot, and, constantly harassed by the Spaniards under Ballesteros, had evacuated all Andalusia, joining Suchet and Joseph on the borders of Valencia, and thence marching with them towards Madrid. Upon this, Wellington, threatened with overwhelming numbers, abandoned the northern road, and fell back towards Portugal, whilst Joseph, brushing aside Hill near Aranjuez, once more entered his capital on the 3rd of November. But only for a few days this time. Starting in the unsuccessful pursuit of Hill, who was on his way to join Wellington in winter quarters, the King once more left the bewildered city in semi-anarchy, with the Empecinado and the guerrilleros killing every stray *gabacho* in the outskirts, and the French in the city still affecting to govern. But they were no longer the ferocious oppressors they had formerly been.

The Madrileños knew, as did the rest of the world, that the Napoleonic legend was waning, and that in Spain, at any rate, the French cause was a losing one. Joseph himself came back to Madrid for the last time on the 3rd of December, 1812. He was all smiles, but no one heeded him much, for the news came before long of the Emperor's terrible plight in Russia, and the Anglo-Spanish armies were standing strong and ready to give the *coup de grâce* to the "intruding" Government. Soult was hurried away with a division to help his master in Germany, and Spain saw him no more; and the other French forces were weakened for similar reasons, whilst Joseph in Madrid grew more and more anxious. At last it became evident that the south of Spain, at least, could not be held, and Joseph, at his brother's orders, packed up his regal belongings for the last time, and not his own alone, but all those of others that he could lay his hands on. Churches and palaces were swept of their precious contents; priceless canvases, jewels, and plate; ancient archives, sacred relics—all was fish that came to the net of the retiring intruders. For this time Joseph did not go alone. All his countrymen and friends, ministers, servants, and sympathisers preferred exile and oblivion to the tender mercies which the loyal Spaniards dealt out to their compatriots who had as much as smiled upon the *gabachos*.

Madrid was finally cleared of them at the end of May, 1813, and long lines of coaches, as far as the eye could reach, stretched over the brown plain, carrying the plunder to France. Much of it never got there, for Wellington had laid his plans well, and the mass of the Anglo-Spanish armies lay across Joseph's way at Vitoria. On the 21st of June the great battle was fought: by sunset the French were a flying mob, and Joseph had only just escaped, leaving much of his costly loot, and even his own carriage and private papers in the hands of the victors. The rest of the glorious campaign can hardly be considered a part of the history of Spain, for with Vitoria Joseph's connection with the realm was ended, and Wellington's victorious march northward across the Bidasoa was only driving home the victory already gained.

Spain was ready now to welcome its beloved Fernando, whom we left in his palace-prison at Valençay in 1808. What had been his attitude during the five years that his devoted countrymen had been struggling and suffering for his sake? Dancing, fencing, and dallying—for Talleyrand could never get them to take any interest in books—Fernando, his brother, and his uncle had passed the time as pleasantly as exiles could. Over and over again attempts had been made by his friends to plan an escape to Spain, but the prince, either from caution or dislike, would never listen and sometimes betrayed them, and had humbled himself to the

FERNANDO VII. DE BORBON, KING OF SPAIN.

dust beneath the hand of his oppressor.[1] He still yearned for a marriage with a Bonaparte; cringed in servile adulation when the King of Rome was born, and basely congratulated the Emperor when he had gained a victory over the Spaniards. Napoleon, as the clouds grew darker around him, thought it might not be a bad thing to restore Fernando and make a tool of him, and in December, 1813, the so-called treaty of Valençay was signed, by which, on certain conditions, Napoleon recognised Fernando as King of Spain. The latter was willing to agree to anything, but not so the Constitutional Regency. One of the clauses of the treaty was that the English should be expelled from Spain, but when it was presented to the new Cortes in Madrid it was rejected, and Fernando remained a prisoner. But not for much longer. Wellington's advance into France was rapid, and by the end of March Fernando was able to leave his place of confinement and return unconditionally to the desolated land that yearned for him.

find that urgent

The Cortes in Cadiz had continued to pass radical measures of reform in all directions. The Inquisition had been abolished, the privileges of the clergy still further reduced, vassalage in all its forms disappeared, and the cultivation of waste lands was encouraged. A host of enactments modelled on French legislation had further extended the bounds of liberty and equality. But as each fresh step in advance was taken the distance between the majority of the Cortes and their opponents had widened. Much of their legislation was sentimental and doctrinaire, and for the most part it found neither sympathy nor comprehension amongst the mass of their countrymen. The arrival, too, of the elected members from the now liberated provinces greatly strengthened the Conservative party, and by the autumn of 1813 it was evident that the memorable Cortes of Cadiz had spent its impetus, and it was dissolved in conflict and disorder: the new Cortes meeting in Madrid early in 1814.

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[1] With relation to his matrimonial suit for a Bonaparte princess, Fernando had the baseness to write to Napoleon from Valençay as follows: "I venture to say that this union and the publicity of my desires, which I will make known to Europe if your Majesty will allow me, may exercise a salutary influence on the destiny of Spain, and deprive a blind and furious people of the pretext for deluging their fatherland in blood in the name of a prince, the heir of their ancient dynasty, *who has been converted by a solemn treaty, by his own choice, and by the most glorious of all adoptions, into a French prince and a son of your imperial Majesty.*"

NB

The composition of the new assembly was distinctly less liberal than that of its predecessor, but the communications between it and Fernando proved promptly to the latter that matters had indeed changed since he left Spain. The Cortes refused to acknowledge any act of his until he was free in Spain; and with the approval of the Council of State agreed that Fernando was not to be allowed to exercise royal power until he had sworn to respect the Constitution of Cadiz. He was to be met as he approached his ancient realm by a deputation of the Cortes, who should explain to him the position of the country and the sufferings and sacrifices it had made for him. He was not to be allowed to bring into Spain with him any armed force or any foreigner. He was to travel by the route prescribed for him, and on his arrival at Madrid he was to be taken straight to the meeting-place of the Cortes, and there subscribe to the oath of the Constitution ; after which the Regents would invest him with such royal authority as was left to him.

All this, of course, was gall and wormwood to Fernando and his friends. His envoy from Valençay, the Duke of San Carlos, had been jeered at in the streets of Madrid for his share in the wretched truckling at Bayonne ; and had returned to his master full of bitterness and fury at the insolent *Jacobins* who dared to dictate terms to their sovereign. But Fernando, whose duplicity had grown with his age, held his peace and kept a smiling face in public. The situation, however, was inflammatory. The Conservatives and friends of the old *régime* had plucked up courage in Madrid to say almost openly what in Cadiz would have cost them their lives. Royalists, as they called themselves, were numerous, and riots in the capital—even in the Cortes itself—showed that the Constitution of Cadiz was not so universally accepted as its enthusiastic early friends had thought.

On the 22nd of March, 1814, Fernando once more stood upon Spanish soil at Figueras in Cataluña, and on the 24th crossed the river Fluvia, Suchet and the French army on the one side and Copons with the Spaniards on the other, whilst a countless multitude of citizens received their sovereign with joy beyond expression. But there was, even thus early, a drop of gall in the cup of pleasure. Fernando had agreed with Suchet that the beleaguered French garrisons in Spanish fortresses should be allowed to withdraw to France without surrender, and had left his brother Carlos as a hostage at Perpignan for the fulfilment of his word. To his surprise Copons, the Spanish general, refused to acknowledge the sovereign's act. It had been done, he said, without the knowledge of the Government or their English allies, and was unconstitutional. This was a foretaste to Fernando of what he had to expect, but he smiled, and still smiled, at the people, who, frantic with delight, threw themselves in his way and wept tears of joy. Through the stark and ruined country he went; the emaciated and famished inhabitants, hardly one of whom but had some dear one killed in the war, filled to overflowing with love and hope of better times under the sway of their new king. They had suffered so much for him; he was young and had suffered too, they said, in his exile: surely he would be good to them, make bread cheap, and heal their bleeding wounds. Through heroic Zaragoza Fernando travelled by Daroca and Segorbe to Valencia, where he arrived on the 16th of April, only a few days before the fallen Emperor accepted his fate and left France for Elba.

All through Fernando's journey the authorities, people, and troops had given him clearly to understand that they were indignant at the action of the Cortes in limiting his inherited royal prerogatives in his enforced exile, and had shown the desire that he should refuse to accept the Constitution; but the cautious Bourbon had continued to smile paternally and say nothing. To meet and welcome him there had gone to Valencia all the friends of reaction. General Elio, commanding the army in the province, pledged his officers to support Fernando in all his prerogatives, and in the speech of welcome delivered to the monarch at the gates of Valencia had told him that the army was against the Cortes.

army?

In Madrid the Cortes itself was profoundly divided. The Liberals had indignantly protested against being addressed in the ancient way as "dear vassals" by Fernando, and had expelled a member who had declared that he looked upon the King as his "sovereign master." Martinez de la Rosa, indeed, had gone so far as to propose the penalty of death for any one who even proposed to alter the Constitution before the prescribed period of eight years had passed. On the other hand, the reactionaries in the Cortes were busy. Money came in plenty—the Liberals said from England, for Sir Henry Wellesley, the ambassador, leaned to the side of Fernando—and a cabal of Conservative members, aided by the monks of Atocha, organised a regular reactionary network throughout the city. To strengthen Fernando's hands this cabal drew up an address to the King signed by sixty-nine members and sent it by one of their number to Valencia. The address itself became famous, because it gave thenceforward to the reactionary party its name of "Persians." It began thus: "Sire, it was the custom of the ancient Persians to allow five days of anarchy on the death of a king, in order that the experience of murder, robbery, and other excesses might render them more faithful to his successor;" and it ended, of course, with a petition that the Constitution of Cadiz might be treated as void.

conflict over constitution

Fortified by these elements of reaction grouped around him, Fernando began to show his teeth. His cousin, Cardinal de Borbon, president of the Regency, sent by the Cortes, welcomed him outside the city in Valencia. Fernando haughtily held out his hand for the Cardinal-Archbishop and Regent to kiss, but the latter affected not to see it, for the Cortes had forbidden Fernando to be treated as king until he had accepted the Constitution. At length, after waiting several moments, Fernando, pale with rage, cried out to his cousin, "Kiss!" and the Cardinal was constrained to obey. On the 4th of May, the day before he left the city, the King signed his famous manifesto to his people, which for the time, however, was kept secret. It had been drawn up by the reactionary ex-Regent Perez Villamil, and whilst expressing detestation for despotism "which cannot be reconciled with enlightenment, or with the civilisation of other European countries," and promising to watch over the welfare of his people, "for kings were never despots in Spain," it repudiated every action of the Cortes and of the Governments which had ruled since Fernando's departure. There was, it is true, much to be said for Fernando's point of view. He himself had never been consulted in the revolutionary changes which had quite altered his position; the Cortes had been elected and constituted in a manner entirely foreign to the old Spanish laws; and it was evident that the people at large did not understand, and in most cases resented, the innovations which appeared to them so suspicious and unjust towards the young sovereign who for the moment inspired them with such fervent love and loyalty.

If Fernando had stopped at refusing to acknowledge the Constitution until some of its more objectionable features were removed, not much could have been said against him.[1] But he went much further, for not only was the Constitution abolished and a sponge passed over the whole of the tremendous events of the previous six years, but the death penalty was decreed against any person who dared *even to speak* in favour of the Constitution of Cadiz.

Preceded by bodies of troops, which might, if necessary, terrorise his capital, Fernando moved onwards. The soldiers and populace had their orders, and the royal progress was a long saturnalia of reaction. Most of the towns on the way had changed the name of their great square from Plaza Mayor to "Plaza de la Constitucion"; and the marble slabs bearing the latter inscription were now torn down and splintered, and the thoughtless mob, little knowing or caring what it all meant, shouted themselves hoarse with cries of "Death to liberty and the Constitution!" and "Long live Fernando!"

The Cortes in Madrid had been growing more uneasy every day, for Fernando had left its letters of welcome unanswered. The people of the city had just been aroused to patriotic fervour by a solemn ceremony on the anniversary of the famous 2nd of May, when the ashes of the victims were brought in state to be buried beneath the splendid monument on the Prado; and there, as everywhere, the bold words of the Constitution were emblazoned: "The power of making laws is centered in the Cortes with the King." Unquestionably Madrid itself, like Cadiz and other large cities, was in the main liberal, and began to distrust the future; but in the fulness of its heart it did its best to prepare a loyal welcome for Fernando the Desired; for, aggressive as were the reactionaries, it could not believe that the King would forget all his heroic people had done for him, and the ferocious decree of Valencia was as yet unknown. The sovereign was to enter his capital on the 13th of May, and days before every balcony blazed with colours, and arches and garlands of flowers bedecked the streets. The Cortes had been in session on the 10th making final arrangements, not without misgivings with regard to the sovereign's attitude; but the members retired as usual to their homes, little expecting any evil to themselves. Fernando had appointed by secret commission Francisco Eguia to be Governor of Castile;* and late at night the latter delivered the blow the King had been treasuring up in all the bitter six years of his exile. With a strong force Eguia went through the silent streets: first to the palace, where the Regents were arrested, and thence to the house of every known friend of the Constitution. Members of Cortes, poets, men-of-letters, journalists, nobles, lawyers, officers, and play-actors, high and low, rich and poor, were swept into close confinement in the

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[1] Godoy says that when old Charles IV. in exile heard of his son's act, he exclaimed against the cruel severity of it. He did not, he said, expect that Fernando would accept everything, but to attempt to ignore all that had taken place in six years, and cruelly persecute many of those who had served his country best, was an act of unparalleled folly and ingratitude.

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jails and barracks; and when Madrid woke in the morning of the 11th, every blank wall was plastered with the terrible decree of Valencia.

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The Madrileños were stunned and shocked at the perfidy of the act, but every man of the least prominence on the constitutional side was in prison, and no concerted protest was possible. A salaried mob, moreover, of the dregs of society threatened and terrorised all decent-looking citizens, and those who wore clothes which the ruffians pleased to consider a mark of liberalism or "Freemasonry." Every sign referring to the Constitution was destroyed, the meeting-place of the Cortes was sacked and gutted, hideous mob violence drove quiet people to the shelter of their homes, and the one cry that resounded through the "town of the 2nd of May" was, "Death to li~~berty, and long live Fer~~nando!"

The King entered Madrid on the 13th of May, riding through a sad and well-nigh silent populace. Signs of official rejoicing met him on all sides. The palaces of the nobles were brave with ancient tapestries and storied hangings, triumphal arches spanned the streets, the churches and monasteries brought out all their splendour to honour the man who by a stroke of the pen could undo the acts of six memorable years. Public officers and would-be courtiers, nobles, lackeys, and the brutal, corrupted mob cheered the sovereign; but self-respecting Spaniards who had seen the sacrifices and sufferings of the city, and who recollected the hundreds of brave hearts that the tyrant had consigned to dungeons, to celebrate his return, looked with growing distrust on the sinister face of Fernando the Desired.

first elements of distrust on pt of people

The country at large was a prey to a reactionary fever of the worst kind; Fernando thenceforward was influenced alone by the base *camarilla* which had led him from humiliation to humiliation before the triumphal car of Napoleon. He had abandoned the country to itself, and had not raised a finger in those terrible six years of its death struggle with the foreign invader. His had been the name upon the lips of thousands who had gone to their death cheerfully that he might reign in the land of his fathers. The country in a frenzy of loyalty brought him back to the throne for which he had done nothing; and the returns he gave were chains, exile, and death to those who had fought hardest, and struggled most, to shake off the yoke of the foreigner. It may be granted that he had a grievance against the Constitution, in so far as it attacked his own prerogative; but to have forgotten all that had passed, and to decree that everything should return to the absolutism of 1807 was a political crime of the blackest dye. In extent of time it was only six and a half years since the rising of Aranjuez had overturned Godoy; but Spain had passed through centuries of change since then in all but years, and for Fernando to have ignored this proved him unfit and unworthy for his great mission.

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people were rejecting the freedom they had wanted so long without awareness of what they were doing

But this was not the only way in which he proved his unworthiness. His ministers, led by the Duke of San Carlos, were naturally reactionaries of the most extreme type, but even they soon found that they were mere ciphers by the side of the King's private *camarilla*. Spanish kings had been ruled by favourites before; but Lerma and Olivares, even

Valenzuela and Godoy, were men of education and breeding, whilst the secret advisers of Fernando were, many of them, coarse, ignorant buffoons. Meeting at night with noisy mirth they settled over the heads of the ministers questions of national policy, and even made and unmade ministers in mere caprice.[1] One of Fernando's Conservative ministers at this time gives the following account of the proceedings of the *camarilla*: "They make him (*i.e.*, Fernando) distrust his ministers and disregard the tribunals and every person of standing who should have advised him He gives audience daily, and any one who likes speaks to him without any ceremony. This is in public, but the worst happens in secret at night. He allows access and listens to persons of the worst possible character, who blacken unmercifully those who have served him best. By giving credit to such people, and without further advice, he signs and issues decrees, not only without the knowledge of his ministers, but against their opinions.[2] Ministers have been appointed thus who have only remained three weeks, and some of them only forty-eight hours. And what ministers!"

The political results of such a Court as this were

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[1] Ministers were appointed or dismissed arbitrarily by Fernando for the most puerile reasons, and were sent into prison or exile at the idle fancy of the King. The members of the *camarilla* were treated in the same way, being one day in high favour and the next in jail. There were over thirty ministers in the six years from 1814 to 1820, an average of two months' duration for each.

[2] The most prominent member of the *camarilla* was a low buffoon called "*Chamorro*," who had been a water-carrier, another, Ugarte, was a second-hand broker; Tattischeff, the Russian Minister, was also a member.

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naturally lamentable. The rest of the European Governments looked on in disgust. Louis XVIII. refused the co-operation of Spain when Napoleon escaped from Elba, and Europe declined to respect her interests at the Conference of Vienna. The Spanish clergy were re-instated in their full privileges, the ecclesiastical property was all restored, even that which had been sold, the monasteries were rehabilitated, the Jesuits brought back in triumph, the Inquisition entered once more into its baleful powers, and an active campaign was carried on against the press; the censorship in its worst form being revived and nearly all books and papers of a modern or progressive character proscribed. The old Councils and cumbrous administrative machinery were re-constituted, the ancient taxes again decreed, the Cortes' income tax abolished; and strenuous efforts made to blot out every memory of the previous six years. The financial position, as has been stated in a previous page, was lamentable, as a consequence of the war, but now, with greedy bloodsuckers around the King, it fell into utter disorder. Troops were unpaid and unfed, the public service neglected, and corruption reigned supreme on all sides, whilst the customs duties were heavily increased,[1] forced

Reaction

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[1] The servile crew that surrounded the King specially handicapped English trade and interests, notwithstanding the ostentatious support given to reaction by Sir Henry Wellesley and his government. For instance, the Spanish import duty on English common baize had been in 1796 three dollars per piece, in 1805 six dollars, and in 1806 it had increased to sixteen dollars per piece under the French influence then paramount. In 1808 it was reduced to its original figure, but no sooner had Fernando returned than it was again raised

loans extorted and industry strangled by fresh impositions. In the meanwhile the reign of terror continued. All that was enlightened and advanced in Spain was placed under a ban. Deportation, exile, prison, death were the penalties meted out to every man who was known to have uttered liberal sentiments; espionage of the most odious character rendered all men distrustful. To crown the iniquity, after such citizens had been dealt with, Fernando, who had boasted that he was a *French* prince, and had congratulated Joseph on ascending the Spanish throne, now persecuted without mercy all those Spaniards who had sided with the intrusive king.

Conflict in full swing turns to war

Such measures as these could not fail to provoke revolt, and in September the famous guerrilla chief, *Espoz y Mina, endeavoured to arouse a counter-revolution in favour of the Constitution at Pamplona, but the affair was discovered, and Mina fled to France. A similar fate befell another attempt by General Porlier at Coruña. He had been condemned to four years' imprisonment for his liberal opinions, but managed to arouse and carry with him the garrison with the cry "Fernando and Constitution!" but he was overpowered and subsequently suffered the death penalty with unnecessary refinements of cruelty. In 1816 another attempt, directed against Fernando himself, was planned, but discovered, and henceforward the persecution of Liberals went on with

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to sixteen dollars. All English manufactures were burdened in a similar way; and of all foreigners Englishmen were the worst treated under Fernando.

redoubled vigour. A much more serious plot was that of General Lacy in Cataluña in 1817. He was one of the most popular heroes of the war, and when his *pronunciamiento* in favour of the Constitution failed, he scorned to fly to France like his companions, knowing that the Government dared not kill him amongst his own Catalans. He was right; for months Fernando kept him under sentence, and at last he was smuggled on board of a ship and sent to Majorca, there to be done to death secretly in the darkness of the night. The next year Valencia was the scene of a similar attempt, but here the tyrant *Elio ruled with a firm hand. He surprised a meeting of the constitutional conspirators, and those who were not cut down on the spot were summarily hanged in his presence, whilst 119 persons, suspected only of sympathy, were handed over to the Inquisition for trial.

secret meetings of Constitutional supporters

It has already been recounted how, almost without an effort, Buenos Ayres, New Granada, and Venezuela had shaken off the yoke of Spain; Chile had now been lost, and the remaining provinces had loosened the ties that bound them. The proceedings of Fernando's reactionary government were unlikely to increase the wavering allegiance of the colonists, and the revenue accruing to Spain from them became less and less. Fernando's treasury was well-nigh empty[1];

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[1] The Budget of 1817 presented by Martin de Garay, the Finance Minister, showed that the *annual* deficit reached the enormous sum of £4,650,000, without counting the interest on the debt, which reached nearly a million more. It was seen that the ancient system of taxation would not do, and a partial return to the Cortes system of a direct tax was adopted. The only indirect taxes retained were the customs dues

Spanish credit, which, notwithstanding the war had been fairly good under the Cadiz government, had fallen to its lowest ebb; the restitution of the ecclesiastical and Inquisition property had beggared the public service, and the greedy gang that surrounded the King were keen for loot. It occurred to them that the only chance of getting it was to fasten once more upon South America the fetters which she had almost shaken off. Immediately after Fernando's return General Morillo, with 14,000 men, had been sent to Venezuela, where at first he met with some success. But Bolivar was sweeping all before him; the United States had taken Florida, and the Spaniards were almost everywhere losing ground.

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make the
S. American
colonies
dependent
of Spain

It was now proposed to send a larger force which might conquer the revolted colonies, but the difficulty was that Spain had no ships in which to send it. English shipowners turned a deaf ear, for the public sympathy in England was all in favour of the South Americans; but the Russian minister in Spain, Tattischeff, a member of Fernando's *camarilla*, sold to the King, at an exorbitant price, a number of old, unseaworthy, Russian vessels, in which it was hoped the army might sail. It was necessary for this purpose that a large concentration of troops

and the salt, tobacco, and stamp monopolies; the rest of the revenue being raised by an income tax, a fresh imposition on the clergy, and on entailed lands and inheritances. The bonds of the floating debt without interest were to be legal tender for a third of their face value, and a small proportion of them was to be added by lot to the 4 per cent. Consols every year. This well-meant and radical Budget was rendered almost inoperative by the opposition of the provinces and the corruption of the administration.

should be effected in Cadiz, and Henry O'Donnell, Count of La Bisbal, Captain-General of Andalusia, was appointed to the supreme command, with General Sarsfield as his lieutenant. O'Donnell was a man of great military talent, but had changed sides so frequently, and so vehemently, that he was looked upon generally with distrust. From a violent friend of the Constitution, he had become equally zealous for reaction, though he afterwards explained that this was for the purpose of diverting suspicion from him. The fate of Lacy, of Porlier, and of Mina, the persecutions of Liberals, and the corruption and ingratitude of Fernando's government, had caused deep disgust in the minds of many distinguished officers, and, as we have seen, Spain generally, and particularly Cadiz, the birthplace of the Cortes, was ripe for revolt.

O'Donnell announced to his intimates his intention to declare for the Constitution, and to assume a military dictatorship until a Cortes could meet. There was some distrust of him, but he seemed in earnest, and the 8th of July, 1819, was fixed for the pronouncement. O'Donnell mustered his men, and at the moment when he was expected to cry, "Viva la Constitucion!" to the dismay of all Sarsfield galloped a squadron of cavalry along the line of infantry, shouting "Viva el Rey!" and, before they well understood what was passing, all the officers in the plot were surrounded, disarmed, and arrested by order of O'Donnell. The blow was a heavy one to the Liberals, but the friends of Fernando were also disturbed by it. They were uncertain how far they could trust O'Donnell, and he was removed

Betrayed
By
O'Donnell

from his command, although rewarded for his treachery.

But the spirit of revolt, far from being crushed by this check, grew more formidable every day, as the evil results of Fernando's obscurantist folly became more evident. The literary men who had fled abroad, or who had been exiled, flooded Europe with denunciations of the King and his *camarilla.* English newspapers were indignant at Fernando's ingratitude to their country, and even in Spain itself enlightened publicists secretly spread broadcast writings against the Government which had brought back the Inquisition and the friars. In vain the *camarilla* persecuted with atrocious severity those guilty of so doing, in vain a punishment of ten years in a dungeon was prescribed to those who were found in possession of an English Liberal newspaper; as if by magic the obnoxious prints found their way everywhere, and civilians and soldiers alike read them with avidity and approval.

Yellow fever was raging in Cadiz, and as the troops were sulky at being sent abroad to fight men of Spanish blood, it had been considered wise to encamp them away from the city where Liberal feeling was known to predominate. The camps were to be broken up in the first week of January, 1820, and the men marched to separate quarters ready for embarkation. This was the opportunity to seize, or all hope would be lost. Most of the Liberal officers of rank were in the dungeons, owing to O'Donnell's falseness, but a leader eagerly sprang to the front to fill the vacant place. This was the famous Rafael del

GENERAL RAFAEL DEL RIEGO.

Liberal

Riego, an Asturian, a young man who had fought gallantly as captain against the French, and had been a prisoner of war in France for several years. He was now Major-Commandant of a battalion of Asturians, quartered in the village of Cabezas de San Juan. On the 1st of January, 1820, he drew up his men on parade and in a fervid speech proclaimed the Constitution. He was cheered to the echo, and marching to the headquarters surprised and captured the Commander-in-chief (Calderon) and all his staff: joined by other battalions, he moved on to Cadiz, aided now by a superior officer, General Quiroga, who had escaped from prison, and Riego was also assured of the co-operation of the troops in the city. The military governor, however, was on the alert, and sternly suppressed all disorder inside, so that much valuable time was lost to the mutineers. With eight battalions, the leaders of the revolt were for the present safe from attack, but if Cadiz withstood them they were lost.

On the 12th of January they took possession of the arsenal, but at the end of the month they were still outside the city, and matters grew critical. It was then decided that Quiroga and part of the force should hold Port St. Mary, whilst Riego went with his column to arouse the rest of Andalusia. In this he was not successful, and when he tried to get back to his base he found his way intercepted. He succeeded, however, on entering Malaga; but there he found few friends, and Joseph O'Donnell, the Commander of the garrison, was soon able to eject him. With his little body of men reduced now from

defeat of Riego

1,500 to 300 by desertions, he entered Cordoba, and from thence fled to Estremadura, with only 45 soldiers left to him, and these in despair dispersed and went into hiding in the mountains, whilst Quiroga remained isolated at Port St. Mary.

The cause thus seemed utterly lost, notwithstanding the cowed and silent sympathy of the people through whom Riego passed; but suddenly, as if by common accord, the whole country blazed out simultaneously at the news of Riego's bold pronouncement. Coruña and Asturias were first to respond, then Zaragoza, Valencia, and Navarre, where the brave Mina again unsheathed his sword. Almost everywhere the authorities were forced by the citizens to proclaim the Constitution, and Spain from end to end burst into rejoicing. The King and his *camarilla* were in dismay, as day by day the news reached them of the extent of the movement. Madrid was in ebullition, anonymous broadsheets passed from hand to hand, and the host of secret clubs and societies which kept alive the Liberal creed were so many active centres of propaganda. When the Government at length understood that the movement had really become too strong for them to resist, they thought to appease it by small concessions; and the 4th of March the *Gazette* contained a pompous decree of Fernando, couched in the old haughty language of condescending and spontaneous concession, ordering a "new organisation of the Council of State, which should, in conference with the highest tribunals, discuss what they thought best for the good government of the realm."

But it was too late for such palliatives now, for Generals were declaring for the popular cause on all sides, and even fickle Henry O'Donnell had joined the stronger party, with the troops sent to suppress it. Fernando then tardily (March 6th) remembered his promise when he entered Spain, to convoke a meeting of the Cortes of Castile, but this suggestion proved worse than useless, for it only reminded the people of his broken pledge. In despair he sent for General Ballesteros, one of the foremost heroes of the war, to ask his opinion. "There is but one way out of the difficulty," replied the General boldly; "your Majesty must accept the Constitution of 1812." When it was clear that this was the only alternative, Fernando in a panic gave way, and the *Gazette* of the 7th of March contained the following words, signed by the King: "As it is the general wish of the people, I have decided to take the oath to the Constitution of 1812."

The news spread like wildfire through the city, and once more Madrid went crazy with joy. Nearly all the professional and middle classes, and especially young people, were in favour of the step, and an eye-witness describes these people, the most cultured and respectable of the citizens, flocking into the streets at the great news, embracing each other out of mere delight. No cries for vengeance were uttered against those who for the last six years had so cruelly persecuted the most enlightened men in Spain; the one predominant feeling was of immense relief at a great danger passed, and of assured hope for the future. The lower classes, who on Fernando's return shouted, "Hurrah for chains, death to liberty!" now stood aloof; but the respectable citizens by the thousand flocked with one impulse to the square before the palace to acclaim the constitutional King, and afterwards to the Town Hall, where, amidst an indescribable scene of enthusiasm, a new popular Town Council was elected by acclamation to replace the old nominated Council which had been appointed on the King's return. Other crowds invaded the houses of the Inquisition, but there was no serious disorder—only joy and congratulation.

Throughout Spain once again the names of the great squares were changed to "Plaza de la Constitucion" with solemnity and rejoicing: many Liberals were released, or returned from exile, a new provisional advisory board was formed, pending the meeting of Cortes, with the ex-Regent, Cardinal de Borbon, at its head, and on the 9th of March Fernando took the oath to respect the Constitution, which made him a cipher.[1] During the ceremony a vast multitude filled the square before the palace, determined that no discord should mar their joy at the tardy repentance of the King. Once a man, holding aloft an infant, cried: "Citizens! this is the child of General Lacy, the victim of despotism!" but though the child was fondled and tenderly treated, the man was hushed; and when Fernando appeared on the balcony with his pretty, fair, frail little German wife by his side,[1] a great shout of welcome went up which might have moved a heart less cold than his. Smiling, he raised his hand, and the multitude was silent. "You are satisfied now," he said; "I have just sworn to respect the Constitution, and I will keep my word." Cries were raised that all political prisoners should be pardoned, that the Inquisition should be abolished, and so on. "Well! well!" cried Fernando, "all that shall be done soon; now go home quietly."

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[1] This advisory Junta which ruled from March till July began well, but was soon dragged at the tail of the orators and the clubs. The administration, national and municipal, prescribed by the Constitution, was restored, and the political prisoners were released; but soon the spoils of office were showered on to those who had sympathised with the revolt. Grants of land were given to all the soldiers who had joined the mutiny; titles, honours, promotion, and grants were given to the officers. Every citizen separately was forced to swear to the Constitution, and any who hesitated were banished and proscribed; the "Persians" were all imprisoned, but were afterwards released by the Cortes, and offices in the royal household were bestowed with great want of tact upon the most conspicuous progressists.

Thus, for a time, reaction was conquered in Spain, and if the King had been loyal, and the reformers more prudent and less eloquent, all might have been well. But, great as was the enthusiasm, it is idle to deny that the Constitution of Cadiz was not of itself universally popular with the mass of the Spanish people. It was avowedly founded on French ideas and models, and, as such, foreign in its spirit; it was, moreover, flaws in constitution

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[1] Fernando had married soon after his return Princess Isabel de Braganza, Don Carlos, his brother, marrying at the same time her sister Maria Francisca. The young Queen was extremely popular, and initiated many architectural and artistic embellishments in the capital, especially the magnificent public picture gallery, the Museo del Prado. One girl infant of the royal couple died a few months old, and in giving birth to a second on the 26th of December, 1818, the Queen died, as did also the child. In the following year Fernando married as his third wife Amelia of Saxony, who also died young and childless.

in many things, decidedly in advance of its time and even of ours as a monarchial constitution ; and most of the men who had been its originators, and were now its representative supporters, were simply honest and exalted theorists, impatient with the slowness of their countrymen, and determined to raise them to their standard of perfection, whether they were willing or not. But though the Constitution in its details, so far as they were understood, was distrusted by many, the blind reversion of Fernando to the ancient despotism—absurd now after the trials the country had gone through—was more unpopular still. The enthusiasm of the middle classes in 1820 was not so much in favour of the provisions of the Constitution as a protest against the policy of obscurantism, and a hope that the meeting of a moderate elective Cortes might remedy some of the impractical extravagance of the patriots of Cadiz, and at the same time modify the absolutism of the King.

* N.B

The first effect of the change of policy was the breaking out all over Spain of a perfect deluge of oratory. Never before had so much public speaking been dreamt of in the Peninsula, and Madrid at least, having once loosened its tongue, has never for any great length of time succeeded in stopping it from that time to this. At every street corner orators had groups of listeners ; societies, hitherto secret, now held talk-meetings all day, and mostly all night. The most influential of these were one called "The Patriotic Society of the Friends of Liberty," which met at a café in the Puerta del Sol, under the presidency of an eloquent Mexican named

Gorostiza ; and another called the “Friends of Order,” meeting at the Fontana de Oro, where Alcalá Galiano was the principal speaker : but nearly every café in Madrid had its own circle of public orators, and between the stirring strains of the Hymn of Riego,[1] which had caught the public ear, and has never since lost it, and the eternal flow of patriotic eloquence, the guardians of public order, Liberals though they were, soon began to look upon the effervescence as dangerous, whilst the mob orators affected to regard even the Constitutionists in office as reactionaries.

In the meantime a new government of Liberals was formed with the two Argüelles as principal members, a national militia was organised, and a new Cortes elected by the indirect method prescribed by the Constitution. From the time that Fernando accepted the inevitable (March 7th) to the assembly of the new Cortes (July 9th), all went smoothly and discord was hushed. The excitement and patriotic enthusiasm had spread now to all classes, and the nobles and working people seemed as desirous of making the best of the union of monarchy and the Constitution as the middle classes always had been. The exaltation reached its culminating point on the 9th of July, when Fernando swore before the Cortes to respect the Constitution.

The meeting was held in the hall of the ex-convent of Doña Maria de Aragon—now the Senate—and under a cloudless sky, and through a dense mass of cheering humanity, with church bells ringing and salvoes of artillery echoing the universal joy, Fernando with his family made his way to the popular Cortes for the first time. Over the façade of the building was graven in deep gilt letters the words from the Constitution: “*The power of enacting* * *laws is vested in the Cortes with the King;*” and as he stood before his throne, smiling and bowing, dressed in a blue coat covered with gold embroidery, crimson velvet breeches and waistcoat, and his breast blazing with diamonds, over his head in great letters, that all might see, an inscription ran: “*The nation is* x *essentially sovereign: consequently it possesses the exclusive right of making fundamental laws.*” Fernando was conciliatory and friendly, in appearance, with his Liberal ministers. He read his speech, drawn up by Agustin Argüelles, with many smiles and much gracious gesture, and this time he went through his rejoicing capital by the prescribed route which he had refused to follow on his entry in 1814. The Liberals had won all along the line, and the only thing that was wanted now was for the country and the people of all classes to act honestly, set soberly to work, abandon heroics, and allow the elected rulers to govern in peace. But this was just what they would not do.

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[1] This famous hymn—the Spanish Marseillaise—was composed by a colonel of Walloon Guards, named Reart, who was a fellow-prisoner of Riego in France. It was sung by Riego’s battalion when they revolted, and Riego himself sang it in the theatre on the day he arrived in triumph at Madrid.

Curiously enough the first open demonstration of discord was provoked by Riego, the leader of the * NB successful revolt. One prominent Liberal officer after another had come from the Isle of Leon to Madrid—they were all generals now—and had been received with wreaths of laurel, public banquets, and floods of patriotic verse; but the ambitious major who had first started the revolt preferred to remain as general in command of the large body of troops which had now declared for the Constitution in Andalusia. This arose from no modesty or dislike of publicity on the part of Riego, for he was really a vain, shallow man with no tact or practical wisdom; but from a desire to hold the armed force, and so to control the new Government. The Liberal ministers endeavoured to dissolve his force, which was costly and useless; but Riego was too strong for them. Then they tried to coax him to Madrid, but for a time without success. At length he suddenly appeared *incognito* in the capital (August 31st), and in an interview gave the Government clearly to understand that they owed their position to him, and must follow his orders.

His presence in the capital was soon divulged, and the excited orators at the clubs insisted upon his going outside Madrid for the purpose of making a formal triumphal re-entry in state. Banquets, speeches without end, and, finally, a great gala representation in the Teatro del Principe, hailed the hero of Cabezas de San Juan. Riego, a man of small ability, quite lost his head, and went from one extravagance to another. He and his *aides-de-camp* publicly sang the Hymn of Riego in the theatre and introduced the insulting revolutionary song *Trágala* ("Swallow it"—meaning the Constitution) which they had brought from the gutters of Cadiz, and which vied with the *Ça ira* of the French Revolution.

The society of the Fontana ~~de Oro,~~ and the rest of them, had worked up public opinion to a state of excitement which threatened all government, and when the Liberal ministers gave positive orders for Riego's troops in the Isle of Leon to be disbanded and for the firebrand himself to proceed to Asturias, the people in the streets broke all bounds. In vain Alcalá Galiano, himself a subordinate member of the Government, endeavoured to restrain the excesses which his own fiery eloquence had largely provoked; the mob were no longer content to criticise, but raised subversive cries, ranging from "Death to the King!" and "Long live the Republic!" to "Hurrah for Emperor Riego!" This was on the 6th of September, and on the morning of the 7th astounded Madrid awoke to find the Puerta del Sol occupied by artillery with loaded pieces and lighted matches, and the National Militia under arms. Riego and his staff were hurried off to their respective places of exile, passing through a country stirred by violent emotions; the "Friends of Order" in the Fontana de Oro and many similar societies were suppressed; and a deep breach was opened in the ranks of the Liberal party, the old Constitutionists of 1812 standing for the existing *régime* and the letter of the Code, whilst the younger reformers of 1820 represented vague and undefined aspirations, and attracted to themselves all the elements of discontent and disorder.

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The Cortes itself was in every respect an excellent one, consisting of the best and most eminent men of all the educated classes. Although gifts of eloquence were conspicuous in its members—especially in

Martinez de la Rosa, the Count de Toreno, and Agustin Argüelles—who being a minister, had the right to sit in the chamber, although not a deputy—the frothy academic discussions that had been the bane of the Cortes of Cadiz were avoided, and practical legislation of a conciliatory character was the main task of the Cortes of 1820. Their acts were, of course, condemned by the extremists of both parties. The abolition of the religious orders, the limitation on the formation of new land entails, and the amnesty to those who followed King Joseph, were resented by the C~~onserva~~tives; whilst the immunity granted to those officers who had—like General Freire in Cadiz—resisted by force the Liberal rising, the registration, and in many cases the suppression of the patriotic societies, and the limitation of the scandalous license of the press,[1] brought down upon them the thundered denunciations of the *exaltados* of reform. The Cortes, like the Government, were bent upon reconciling, if possible, constitutional liberty with monarchy, but their own inexperience of constitutional methods of administration, and, above all the unpreparedness of the country for really Liberal institutions, made their task an impossible one from the first.

In such circumstances, it was natural that the hopes of the King and his friends should rise. He had for a time withstood the demand of his ministers for the abolition of the monasteries, and at length had to give way, with a bad grace; but in December he was determined to test how far he might safely go in defying the party in power. During his visit to the Escorial he appointed, without consulting the Government, a strongly reactionary general, Carvajal, Governor of Castile. The holder of the office, General Vigodet, and the ministers indignantly refused to recognise this unconstitutional action and censured the King: but the populace went much further. Fernando's popularity had already nearly evaporated, but this attempt at despotism gave it its death-blow. Violent insults and the grossest threats were shouted at the King wherever he appeared in public, and in fear for his crown, if not for his life, he hastened to revoke his nomination. But he nursed his wrath to keep it warm, and thenceforward ceaselessly plotted with his friends, the "Serviles" and "Persians," to overturn the constitutional *régime*.

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[1] The flood of newspapers were all Liberal, but the grades so various that their violence and rancour passed all bounds of decency. The most respectable and moderate were the *Universal*, the *Imparcial*—which still exists—and the *Censor*; the extreme party being represented in Madrid by at least fifteen papers from the comparatively decent *Aurora* to the shameful *Zurriago*.

The country continued in a state of febrile excitement: armed bands perambulated the provinces under various pretexts, led by old guerrilleros, such as the Curate Merino; and, it was suspected, subsidised by the Court; everywhere newspapers and orators still added to the din and the bitterness, and the most extravagant rumours of foreign intervention, and the like, kept the agitation alive. The extreme Liberals alternately laughed and railed at the moderate constitutional ministers: odes, patriotic dramatic representations, and inflated manifestoes of the press had succeeded in persuading the *exaltados* that Spain was

extreme
liberals

destined to teach a slow old world what liberty meant;[1] and fatuous vanity, based on ignorance, made them regard the nations which did not, like Naples, Piedmont, and Portugal, at once adopt the divine Constitution of 1812, as being hopelessly benighted.

Such a state of public feeling could not fail to produce before long acts of physical violence. The King never appeared in the streets without being greeted by a threatening mob with the vilest insults. On the 4th of February, 1821, the crowd outside the palace was so threatening that the bodyguard retorted—a conflict ensued, in which the guard was overpowered and besieged in their barracks. This led to the dissolution of the ancient corps by the Government, and further discontent on the part of Fernando. On the opening of the new session of Cortes, on the 1st of March, 1821, he felt strong enough to strike his first blow. No longer genial and smiling, but with a lowering brow, the King read his speech from the throne, as it had been drawn up by Agustin Argüelles, the principal minister, whom Fernando specially hated. When he came to the end of the written message, he raised his hand, and proceeded to make a small speech on his own account, complaining bitterly of the insults to which he was subjected by the populace : "Insults and affronts," he added, "which would not be offered to me if the executive power possessed the authority and energy which the Constitution prescribes, and the Cortes expects." With these words he descended from the daïs, and left the chamber ; and in the face of this marked personal attack the ministry could only follow him as speedily as possible to the neighbouring palace and tender their resignation. Quick as they were, however, they found that Fernando had been before them, for on their arrival at the palace they found that their dismissal had already been signed by the monarch.[1] This was a departure from the spirit, if not in the letter, of the Constitution and dismay reigned amongst the reformers. But it was not Fernando's policy to drive his triumph too far at once, and he affected to ignore his right to choose his own ministers—by asking the Cortes to recommend a cabinet to him ; an office which they wisely declined ; upon which he appointed a moderate Liberal Government, the principal members of which were Eusebio Bardaxi and Ramon Feliu.

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[1] As an instance of the exaggerated importance given to the Constitution of Cadiz even by impartial English observers at the time, the following lines from Quin's "Visit to Spain" may be quoted. The writer in April, 1823, found the unseaworthy frigates sold by Russia to Spain being broken up, and ascribes the mutiny of the troops under Riego and the proclamation of the Constitution to their reluctance to trust themselves on such vessels: he then goes on to say: "Will the historian of 1900 have to relate that with the progress of light the free spirit of the Spanish Constitution has overthrown the rule even of the Russian autocracy, and has substituted for it a representative system? In the details of that event, can the transaction of the three frigates be forgotten?" In the course of this book, unhappily, "the historian of 1900" has a very different story to tell.

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[1] Fernando's extraordinary action, in thus attacking his ministers publicly and then dismissing them, gave rise at the time to much wondering speculation. It is now established beyond doubt that he had two reasons for acting as he did : first, to pose before the Holy Alliance as a king held in duress by his Liberal subjects ; and secondly, his knowledge that his ministers had discovered that he was fomenting and paying for the reactionary risings that were taking place in different parts of the country.

The mob, the press, and the orators were more abusive than ever at the King's unconstitutional action and at the appointment of ministers who were known to be the most conservative of Constitutionists. There was a wretched crazy priest named Vinuesa in prison, in course of trial for a ridiculous, mad, reactionary plot, at which, in normal times, men would only have laughed. Now the mob determined to have the lunatic's life. Overpowering the prison guards, the excited people invaded the prison and smashed the poor wretch's head with a pavior's hammer. Neither the Government nor the military authorities had attempted to prevent the outrage, which they must have foreseen, and a sudden reaction in the feeling of the orderly and responsible members of society took place. If this, they said, was to be the result of the Constitution and of liberty, if disorder, anarchy, and chronic disturbance, unchecked by authority, was to be the price paid for Liberal ministers, then the old policy of absolutism was preferable. Riego, too, who was now Governor of Aragon, was encouraging, rather than checking, disturbance there, and the populace of Madrid, mad with excitement, invaded the galleries of the Cortes and stopped the proceedings with their subversive cries and insults, going to the length of threatening the lives of those whom they called false Liberals: the most distinguished and wisest members of the Progressive party such as Martinez de la Rosa, Count de Toreno, and others.

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It became abundantly evident that, unless the constitutional party was to fall under the attacks of its own violent following, it must adopt some of the methods of absolutism to suppress disorder; and this fact alone will show that Spain, as a nation, was unfit and unready for the full emancipation which the Constitution gave it. Facing the necessity, the Government appointed two energetic, determined men as military and civil Governor respectively of Madrid—General Pablo Morillo and an ex-guerrillero, San Martin. Then Riego was dismissed from his post of Governor of Aragon, and the populace, emboldened by their long immunity, determined to demand the restitution of their idol. They were warned that disorder would no longer be allowed, but the orators and revolutionary prints derided the warning. A procession was formed, with a portrait of Riego at the head, to march to the palace; but San Martin promptly scattered the heated patriots with a bayonet charge, and disorder in Madrid for a time was checked. More trouble was experienced in the provinces. Fights over Riego's portraits took place everywhere. Seville for the last two months of the year, 1821, was in open rebellion, and the position of the whole country early in 1822 was truly lamentable. The friends of progress had lost heart, the Government and the Cortes were profoundly discredited, the finances were in complete disorder, and anarchy reigned unchecked throughout the country. The army had dwindled almost to nothing, and the navy had practically disappeared, even the ships bought from the Russian Government having been condemned as worthless. To add to the confusion, yellow fever raged through the whole of the south-east of Spain, and a French army of observation, called a Sanitary Cordon, was placed on the Pyrenean frontier, to the undisguised dread of the Spanish reformers, for the proceedings of successive governments in Spain had aroused the deepest distrust in all Catholic continental nations, which had reason to dread the advance of constitutional government.

One of the most unwise clauses of the Constitution of Cadiz was that which prevented the election of deputies to two consecutive Cortes. The Chamber elected in February, 1822, was thus deprived of all the moderate and distinguished members who had made the Cortes of 1820 respectable, their places being filled for the most part by men of greatly inferior gifts and less enlightened views, nominated by the clubs; the majority of them being extremists on one side or the other; the men of 1812—the *doceañistas* as they were called—having almost entirely disappeared. One advantage of the ineligibility of members for re-election was that the King could choose his ministers from those who had distinguished themselves in the last Cortes, and Fernando again selected a ministry composed of men of moderate constitutional views headed by Martinez de la Rosa, who, under the name of "Rosita la pastelera," was a special victim of the attacks of the club orators and the gutter press, but of whom, curiously enough, Fernando was personally very fond. The Cortes received the nomination of Martinez de la Rosa with a storm of disapprobation. The flighty Riego was elected President of the Chamber, and from the first moment it was seen that the struggle between the *exaltados* and the moderate Liberal ministry threatened the basis of parliamentary institutions in Spain. Riego himself was a mere figurehead, without knowledge, wisdom, or eloquence, but the masses had elevated him to a pedestal and his name was a power.

Antonio Alcalá Galiano, the famous orator of the Café Fontana de Oro, who led the exalted Radicals, was a man with real ability who swayed the majority of the Cortes at his will. Canga Argüelles, the great economist, in vain endeavoured to direct the attention of the Chamber to the vital questions of the financial condition of the country, and the extraordinary situation of the Colonies, but without avail: personal questions and heated harangues, rancorous opposition of the ministry, and more or less veiled attacks upon the King completely occupied the time of the Cortes, to the exclusion of all serious business. Attempts had been made by the Government to suppress the popular riots, which were taking place all over the country around Riego's portraits, and for this they were called to account by the Cortes. Supporters of the ministry in the Cortes were prohibited by vote from even visiting a Government office on any pretext whatever, and other absurd regulations of a similar description were made in plenty, with the avowed intention of affronting the ministers; whilst the highroads of Spain from north to south were infested with bands of brigands, and poverty and misery dominated the land. Most of these bands of brigands, such as those of the

"*Trappist*," Mosen Anton and Bessières in Cataluña, of the Curate Gorostidi, Juanito and the Pastor, in Navarre, and others, openly fought on the side of the "altar and throne," or in other words absolutism, although they robbed impartially; but it was no secret that money and arms to support them came in abundance from France, and that Fernando himself secretly encouraged them.

To add to the confusion the armed force at the disposal of the Government was as profoundly divided as the country itself. In some places the people and militia were for the "absolute King" whilst the army was for the Constitution; in others the regular force shouted "Viva el Rey!" whilst the militia cheered for the Constitution; and, as may be supposed, armed encounters between them were frequent. It was evident that a storm was brewing, for the ministers endeavoured to satisfy the exalted Radicals in Parliament whilst conciliating the moderates, and were violently denounced by all parties. The *exaltados* in the Cortes passed a vote of censure on the Government, and petitioned the King to adopt strong measures to suppress disorder, which in this case meant disorder aroused by absolutists; but their address to the monarch went beyond this, and exhorted him to warn foreign Powers to abstain from interfering in the domestic affairs of Spain and to deal sternly with those Spaniards who were intriguing against the sovereignty of the people.[1]

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[1] It was believed—probably correctly—by the extreme Liberals that Martinez de la Rosa, the Prime Minister, had given some sort of pledge to Russia and France to obtain a modification of the more extreme

The Cortes knew, as did all the world, by this time, that Fernando's palace at Aranjuez was the focus of a vast conspiracy against the Constitution, and that the King was in correspondence with Louis XVIII. with the object of obtaining French support to re-establish absolutism. Much as Fernando was blamed for this at the time—particularly in England—it was not an unnatural course for him to take. The Liberal party, as we have seen, was hopelessly divided, and could not govern except on absolutist lines; the Constitution of Cadiz had broken down, from inevitable causes which has already been pointed out, and the country was a prey to complete anarchy. The friends of despotism thought they could do better and endeavoured to get a chance of doing it.

Cries of "Viva el Rey!" were on the 30th of May 1822, raised simultaneously in various parts of the country, in Valencia especially, resulting in an armed encounter; and shortly afterwards "the *Trappist*" and his band captured and occupied the Prince-bishopric of Urgel, where they set up a sort of Regency in the name of Fernando, whom they affected to believe was a prisoner in the hands of the

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clauses of the Constitution, particularly clause 3 which asserted the absolute sovereignty of the people. This was the principal reason for Liberal distrust of the ministry (who were drawn from the ranks of the aristocracy and were jeered at under the name of *anilleros*, "ring-wearers") and was at the bottom of the subsequent disturbances. The distrust of Martinez de la Rosa's ministry, and even of that of his extremely Radical successor, San Miguel, led to the formation of a great organisation throughout Spain called the *Comuneros*, or "Sons of Padilla," whose members were pledged to defend the third clause of the Constitution with their lives.

Liberals. But still the Government did nothing, or next to nothing, and the Sessions of the Cortes were closed on the 30th of June in the presence of the King, amidst general alarm of violent change. There was no cheering for Fernando now, either in the Cortes or the streets of Madrid, but as he entered his palace rival cries of "Viva el Rey absoluto!" and "Viva Riego!" led to an armed struggle between troops, militia, and mob, in which many persons were injured.

The cry in favour of absolutism had been raised by the King's guard, and after the disturbance had been quelled one of their officers, a strong Constitutionist, named Landáburu, upbraided his men for their treason, and threatened to chastise them. He was at once struck down and murdered by the soldiers, and the news ran like wildfire through the city. The *exaltados* from the clubs, the excited lower classes, and the National Militia, crowded to the palace, and surrounded the revolted royal guard. Thus they remained all night, whilst the King was consulting the Council of State as to whether he might consider his promise to respect the Constitution binding. They told him that the nation had broken no portion of the compact, nor could he do so. In the meanwhile the Government still remained quiescent, and the militia all the next day stood to their arms surrounding the royal guard in the courtyard of the palace. On the second night (July 1st) the King sent away four out of the six battalions of guards in the capital to the royal suburban seat of the Pardo. The militia and the populace, in deep distrust of the King, suspected some trap and occupied the Plaza Mayor, the Puerta del Sol, and other strategic points of the city. For the next five days affairs thus remained with the city under arms; all attempts to persuade the militia to retire to their barracks being unsuccessful. Civilians and soldiers joined their ranks by the hundred, and amongst the Liberal majority and the municipality of the city the known falseness of the King and the inertia of Martinez de la Rosa and the ministry, established the firm conviction that an attempt was to be made to overturn the Constitution.

The ministers, utterly cowed, could only beg the King to accept their resignation, which he refused, promising, however, that the guards should submit and be sent to their barracks. But the guards, who doubtless had their orders, refused to move, except as they pleased; and hearing that Government troops were concentrating on Madrid, the four rebel battalions of guards quietly left the Pardo on the night of the 6th of July and fell upon the Liberals in Madrid unaware. There were skirmishes between the guards and the militia in various parts of the city, but a regular pitched battle was fought in the Plaza Mayor on the 7th of July. The guards, and especially an officer named Fernandez de Cordoba, fought desperately; but the militia was commanded by such generals as Alava and Ballesteros, and the rebel battalions were forced to retreat to the Puerta del Sol to join a body of their friends there. Thence they were chased to the palace, where the fight continued; but this was too near to please Fernando, who was no hero, and he sent down word by a lackey that the firing must cease. General Ballesteros, the constitutional leader, to whom the message was given, replied, "Tell the King to order the rebels who surround him to lay down their arms, or the bayonets of the freemen will pursue them even into the royal chamber." The guards then entered into parley to lay down their arms and retire, but whilst the preliminaries were being settled, the mutineers suddenly fired a volley, and fled down the steep slope to the Manzanares, crying "Viva el Rey!" They were followed by the militia and Government cavalry pell-mell down the declivity, and most of them were slaughtered as they ran. The King was terrified to find that the palace was left to the mercy of the crowd, with neither guards nor Government troops to protect it; but he had nothing to fear, for on this occasion the victors made no bad use of their victory so far as the monarch was concerned.[1]

The ministers insisted on retiring, against all the persuasions of the King and the Council of State, and Fernando, beset on all sides by extremists, was forced to bend his head to the men he hated, and whom he intended at the first opportunity to send to exile or death. Riego was flattered and caressed at the palace, and, as usual, acted like a simpleton,[2] and in August Fernando appointed a Radical ministry led by Colonel Evaristo de San Miguel, one of the most prominent officers who had revolted with Riego and opposed the royal guard on the memorable 7th of July. The new ministers were mostly young and all obscure, inexperienced men, idols of the oratorical clubs and the masonic lodges, which had now become parts of a regular political organisation. The ministers soon found, however, that if they were to govern at all, it must be on somewhat different lines from those they had advocated in the irresponsibility of their clubs; and the "*Comuneros*" at once branded even them as reactionaries, with apparently no reason whatever except that the "masonic" party and not the "*Comuneros*" were enjoying the sweets of office and patronage. There was no slackness in the removal from the surroundings of the King of every officer even suspected of anti-constitutional leanings, and Fernando, to all appearance, abandoned those who fought for his cause without an effort to save them.

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[1] It is related that Fernando watched the flight and slaughter of his guards from a window and exclaimed: "Serve the fools right. At all events I am inviolable."

[2] Riego went from the palace to the Plaza Mayor, where he made one of his simple, incoherent speeches to the mob, saying that the King did not like to hear the *Trágala* sung. Riego therefore begged his hearers to desist from singing it and also to cease the cry of "Viva Riego!" Needless to say that "Viva Riego!" became more general than ever.

Persecution followed unmercifully those who had helped the guards or opposed the Constitution, and the mob in many of the great cities wreaked a bloody vengeance unchecked upon those who had conspicuously served the fallen *régime.* The ferocious Elio, who had been confined in a dungeon at Valencia since the rising of Riego, was now tried by a council of war of militia officers and condemned to death by the garotte, a sentence which he suffered with heroic fortitude on the 4th of September, 1822.

As his friends and partisans went to banishment, to dungeons, or to death, Fernando raised no protest but smiled and joked sardonically with his Radical ministers, as he had done with their various predecessors, biding his time until he could be revenged with safety to himself. Through Cataluña, Aragon, Navarre, and Biscay, and partially in the centre and east of Spain, civil war was raging. Everywhere bands of armed men calling themselves "soldiers of the faith" resisted the Government troops and militia. The King, they said, was a prisoner in the hands of the "freemasons," and they would acknowledge no Government but the Regency that reigned in his name in the remote mountain stronghold of the Seo de Urgel. As if to give colour to their assertion, Fernando in the autumn signified his intention of going to the palace of Aranjuez; but the Government forbade him, and thenceforward he gave himself the airs of a captive.

To face the formidable revolt, which they knew was in active negotiation with France for armed support to release Fernando, the Government decreed that every male citizen of 18 years and upwards should join the national militia and fight for the Constitution, and the forces on both sides were now marshalled. A manifesto of the absolutist Regency of Urgel—the Marquis of Mataflorida, the Archbishop of Tarragona, and Baron Eroles—dated 15th of August, 1822, denounced the Constitution of Cadiz, the Cortes, and all its works, and called upon Spaniards to liberate their captive King. In Cataluña, Navarre, and the north generally, the effect was electrical. Fired with religious zeal, men, women, and children flew to arms; but almost everywhere the bands were beaten by the Government troops, and hundreds of fugitives of the faith flocked over the frontier into France, there to await the prayed-for entrance of the great French army of deliverance which was standing waiting for the word to advance. The most horrible excesses of cruelty were practised on both sides, even by civilians of the rival parties in the towns; General Mina himself, in his Memoirs deploring, though the old guerrillero was not squeamish, the scandalous abuses of the constitutional troops which he commanded in Cataluña.

The condition of affairs in Madrid in the meanwhile was more disturbed than ever. All the oratorical clubs had been reopened on the motion of Alcalá Galiano, and the lead in influence and wordiness was now taken by a society meeting in the refectory of the disestablished monastery of St. Thomas. This society had assumed the name of the constitutional officer of the Guards who had been murdered by his men on the 30th June, Landáburu, and it represented all that was most extreme on the constitutional side. This and similar clubs, together with the disgraceful excesses of the gutter press, kept the city in a continual state of turmoil and alarm. The French were coming; the King had escaped; San Martin, the Governor of Madrid in the last Government, had been released from prison; these and many other such rumours sent Madrid into whirlwinds of excitement night and day. The Government endeavoured to calm matters by calling an extraordinary session of the Cortes, much against Fernando's will, and compelled the King to sign a constitutional counter-manifesto in answer to the proclamation of the Regency of Urgel, but with very little effect.

There was no doubt now about Fernando being practically a prisoner of his own Government, and his condemnation of the "*facciosos*" deceived no one, and least of all the representatives of foreign governments, who looked with alarm and indignation at the anarchy which prevailed. Mina in Cataluña, and Espinosa and Torrijos in Navarre, were, however, rapidly mastering the reactionaries,[1] and in November the Urgel Regency fled to French territory. The Holy Alliance now saw that they must act in earnest if they were to destroy constitutional monarchy in Spain. France had an army of 100,000 men waiting on the frontier, and the Congress of Verona considered a representation from the Regency of Urgel, with the result that France received a subsidy and a mandate from Austria, Prussia, and Russia to put an end to the constitutional *régime* in Spain. Great Britain refused to join, and at the request of San Miguel offered her mediation. Notwithstanding the personal efforts of Wellington, however, the mediation was refused by France, and the haughty notes of the Powers, dictating a change in the internal government of a friendly country, were presented early in January, 1823. The Cortes and the Constitutionists were furious with indignation and rage.[1] Orators and the press grew more vehement than ever, the foreign ambassadors, except Sir William A'Court and those of the smaller Powers, received their passports, and overburdened Spain was once more face to face with a foreign invasion.

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[1] As an instance of the bitter feeling on both sides the following case may be cited. Mina took possession of the town of Castelfollit, whereupon the whole population followed the retreating reactionaries. Mina then ordered every wall and building to be levelled to the ground, leaving only one column standing, upon which he had inscribed: "Here stood Castelfollit. Other towns take warning. Give no shelter to the enemies of the fatherland."

To avoid such a calamity fresh attempts were made by England to persuade the Spaniards to modify their Constitution, at least to the extent of establishing a second chamber, and San Miguel at one time seemed to favour such an idea; but the Government were at the mercy of the excited extremists, inflated with the bombastic eloquence of the eternal orators, and it was soon understood that any surrender in the face of foreign threats was impossible. To make matters worse, in the midst of the turmoil, at the end of January, news came that the factious band of Bessières was near at hand, threatening the capital itself, having beaten a Government force under O'Daly at Brihuega, but shortly afterwards they were forced to retreat by Henry O'Donnell, Count of La Bisbal. Though thus in hourly danger of foreign attack, or the domination of the absolutist party, nothing would convince the Constitutionists that they had anything serious to fear. They had no army to speak of, except the militia *levée en masse*, the King was known to be against them and held in duress, a great army of

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[1] An interesting report of this sitting of the Cortes, and of the details of the negotiations at the period with England, will be found in Michael Quin's "Visit to Spain."

Frenchmen were ready to march upon the capital, but it was still considered sacrilege and treason even to suggest that the slightest modification could be made in the sacred fetish of the Constitution of 1812. Oratory and the press, like an undammed flood, swept away reason and good sense, and it was soon clear to Canning and the English Government that the infatuated people must be left to suffer the consequences of their own unreasonableness.

On the 28th of January, Louis XVIII. opened the French Chambers with a speech announcing that 100,000 French troops would at once enter Spain under the Duke of Angoulême, for the purpose of enabling Fernando VII. to give freely to his country the institutions he thought best, and to end the constitutional system. The speech stirred Spain to the heart. It was thought to forebode an attempt to obtain possession of Fernando and to carry him to France, and the shameful days of Bayonne and of Valençay were too recent to have been forgotten by Spaniards. On the 14th of February, 1823,[1] San Miguel came to the King late at night and asked permission to submit the speech of Louis XVIII. to the Cortes, which, the next day, authorised the Government to make preparations to resist the threatened invasion, and to remove the seat of government to a safer place than Madrid. When, however, the ministry proposed the latter step to the King he began by temporising, but, becoming bolder in a day or two, flatly refused to budge. When on the 18th he gave the ministers a positive refusal, the King relates that all the ministers marched out of the room whistling and singing the "Hymn of Riego." The next day the Cortes rose, but the King refused to be present, or to discuss the question of his removal, and on leaving the Chamber the ministers were astounded to learn that the King had dismissed them.

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[1] For the particulars of the events of the next six months I am largely indebted to the King's own carefully kept diary, recently printed by my friend the Count de Casa Valencia, the nephew of Alcalá Galiano.

This was too much for Madrid to stand quietly, and soon the palace was besieged by noisy crowds demanding the retention of San Miguel. Climbing balconies, peering into windows, they shouted insults and threats to Fernando and his family, demanding the appointment of a Regency and the immediate withdrawal of the decree of dismissal of the ministry, and terrified the King out of his wits. As usual, he tried to calm the mob by vague promises about consulting the Council of State, but it would not do. He had at last to get out of bed and promise all the crowd demanded. "For," says he, "I had no force that would obey me," and by two o'clock in the morning the rioters had gradually dispersed. But still Fernando was deaf to all persuasions about his leaving Madrid, and at length the ministers, tired of his obstinacy, insisted themselves upon retiring (February 25th).

This was the chance for the most extreme group, the "*Comuneros*," and by arousing the King's fear of a popular insurrection in the city, they obtained a majority of the posts in the new ministry; the first minister, however, Flores Estrada, having from his long exile in England learnt some political wisdom, and his age and former great wealth giving him a due sense of responsibility. The only other member of the ministry of any standing was General Torrijos, Minister of War, an ardent young reformer, of whom we shall have to speak later.

Fernando had changed his ministers in the hope of avoiding the voyage to Seville; but he had reckoned without the Cortes, which met in extraordinary session on the 1st of March. Fernando was, or pretended to be, disabled by gout; and, in his own words: "My speech was read, in which San Miguel made me say that I would undertake the journey when I considered it to be opportune." The Cortes knew full well that if it were left to the King's discretion the voyage would never take place, and insisted upon his making up his mind within twenty-four hours. Much heated and insulting oratory was wasted over the denunciation of the King; but Fernando exhausted every shift and subterfuge to avoid the abandonment of Madrid on the approach of the French army that was to deliver him. Eight Court medicos certified that he was unfit to travel, but a Committee of the Cortes heckled the doctors, and ended by saying that they disbelieved both them and their patient. Then Fernando said he had no money, to which the Cortes replied that no more had they, but they would collect enough for the voyage in any case. And so, with one excuse after another, nearly three weeks dragged on, until the Cortes lost patience and threatened to appoint a Regency, for which the people were already clamouring, whereupon Fernando was forced to yield. He and his family left his capital for Seville on the 20th of

March, followed by the Government and the Cortes, whilst the French army crossed the frontier on the 7th of April.

Angoulême met with no such resistance in Spain as that which had been offered to Napoleon fifteen years before. Mina, aided by San Miguel—a better soldier than he had proved a minister—did his best with his poor fighting material, but the divisions of Ballesteros and La Bisbal[1] hardly made a stand. For it was no longer the whole of Spain fighting against the foreigner, as it had been in 1808, but one half of the country in conflict with the other half. The National Militia, mostly young, ardent, and inexperienced men, were not the army of a nation, but of a political party which was hated by the King, the aristocracy, the Church, and the dregs. In some towns they were welcomed, and in others resisted, so that the struggle, such as it was, never assumed a national aspect. The extreme circumspection of the Duke of Angoulême aided this. His manifesto to the Spaniards assured them that he was no enemy but a helper; that the Spanish flag alone shall wave over the land, that Spanish laws alone rule, and Spanish citizens alone administer in the name of the rightful Spanish sovereign. The peaceful entry of Angoulême in Madrid was preceded by a skirmish provoked by the absolutist chief, Bessières, who, ignoring the arrangement made by the constitutional general, Zayas, with the French, rode with his troop, reinforced by many of the vicious classes of the capital, to the centre of the Calle de Alcalá, and raised a cry of "Down with the Constitution! Long live the absolute King!" But he and his band were put to flight, and on the 23rd of May the French army marched into Madrid by one gate, whilst the troops of the Constitution marched out of the other.

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[1] The shifty O'Donnell planned a wholesale desertion of his army to the French, which being discovered, he fled. His force, however, broke up, a part joining the French and the rest uniting with the constitutionalist force. O'Donnell himself was impeached by the expiring Cortes at Cadiz, but he was out of their reach, and their decisions at the time had no effect upon any one.

Whatever may have been the hopes originally held by the Madrileños as to the Constitution of Cadiz, there was no doubt now of the opinion of the great majority of the citizens who were left behind after the exodus of the Liberal Government with its officials and troops. The ashes of Daoiz and Velarde, the heroes of the 2nd of May, had been carried away by the Liberal Government to save them from profanation, and it would seem as if, at the same time, the very memory of the glorious day had faded from the minds of the fickle townsfolk. For now a French army was received with fervent blessings and rejoicing. A few days afterwards, at the instance of Angoulême, a Regency was nominated by the Council of State and the Council of the Indies to rule Spain in the name of Fernando until he should obtain his liberty. The Regency consisted of the Dukes of Infantado and Montemar, the Bishop of Osma and Gonzales Calderon, all strong royalists, as was their secretary, Francisco Tadeo Calomarde, of whom much more will be heard later. The ministers appointed by the new Regents were reactionaries of the most exaggerated type, men of no ability or note, chosen mainly for their strong royalist opinions. The fury of reaction began at once. Decrees rained from the Regents abolishing everything that the Liberals had enacted. Persecution, bitter and severe, pursued all the Constitutionists left in Madrid ; a force of royalist volunteers was formed to counterbalance the National Militia, and to all suggestions of moderate men that some measure of toleration, or at least of patience, should be shown, Angoulême gave no reply but vague banalities.

In the meanwhile, Fernando had arrived at Seville, having changed his ministry again to another group belonging to the masonic party, with Pando at its head. But ministers now were useless and of no importance.[1] The French army was rapidly approaching Seville, the Constitutionists had no army, no money, and no organisation. The King was sardonically jocose as the good news daily reached him, and the hearts of the Liberals grew more and more despairing. The last and only step to be taken was obviously to move on to insular Cadiz ; but when the Cortes conveyed this determination to Fernando he flatly declined to go any further. Once more the same scenes were enacted as those which preceded his departure from Madrid, whilst the Cortes continued to discuss interminably and pass important laws, which under the circumstances were absurd, for no one now paid any attention to the acts or decrees of a Liberal Government which was unable to suppress anarchy and murder even in Seville itself, or to maintain any appearance of unity in its own ranks.

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[1] The Minister of War, General Sanchez Salvador, committed suicide the day after the arrival in Cadiz.

Amidst confusion indescribable, the Cortes sat in Seville on the 10th of June; when Alcalá Galiano conveyed to them the news that the King positively refused to leave the city, and it was decided that a committee of members should at once present an ultimatum to the King. Either he must leave next day at midday voluntarily, or he would be considered as not responsible for his actions, and taken by force. Fernando had used every argument and persuasion in his power. If they wanted to kill him, he said, let them do it at once. He promised the ministers and other Liberals his mercy and goodwill if they were obliged to surrender to the French, in which case it would be as easy to surrender in Seville as in Cadiz. But they would not trust him; and when he finally told the deputation of the Cortes that he refused to leave Seville except by force (June 11th) no time was lost in appointing a Regency consisting of Cayetano Valdés, Gabriel Ciscar, and Gaspar Vigodet.

This was an act of desperation of which Fernando promptly took one advantage. Sending for all the representatives of foreign Powers in Seville, he protested to them against the illegal act of his Cortes. Already the cause was lost, and some of the most active of the Constitutionists endeavoured to find salvation. Vigodet, one of the Regents, consulted the King before he accepted the post as to whether it would be considered to be a crime if he did so. Fernando replied that he would rather be in the hands of friends, such as Vigodet, than in those of enemies, and told him to accept.[1] Ciscar, too, another Regent, came weeping to the King the day after his appointment, deploring that he must ask him to go to Cadiz, and the Generals Santa Cruz and Copons told the King they would not move unless he ordered them to go, which he did. On the 12th of June the royal family left anarchical Seville amidst the curses, threats, and insults of the mob and militiamen ; and on Sunday, the 15th, the King and his suite reached San Fernando, on the isle of Leon. Here the King dined ; and, as he rose from the table, Valdés, the first Regent, came to him and in tones of profound respect said : " Sire, the Regency has now ceased to exist." With a sinister laugh Fernando replied : " Oh ! very well ! You mean to say that my ineptitude and lunacy have ceased. I am glad of it."

Fernando has set down in his diary, in bitterness of heart, the shame and sufferings he endured in the four days' journey from Seville to Cadiz. Through scorching heat, over bad and dusty roads, unable either to eat or sleep from fear and excitement, surrounded by civilian soldiers, who treated him like a prisoner, insulted and contemned by all, he was still full of promises of future kindness to those around him ; but it is not strange that he thus treasured up all the slights put upon him, and in due time paid them back with interest.

Not many days afterwards Cadiz was beleaguered by Frenchmen by land and sea, and once more French cannon thundered on to the island city, whilst the

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[1] Fernando, nevertheless, condemned him to be hanged like the other Liberals in due time.

Spanish King, on a look-out tower, displayed rockets and roman candles, which every one knew were signals to the besiegers. But though every one knew, no one protested. Apathy and despair were supreme, and each man's thought was now for his own safety: the militia were useless against a great army, and all Spain outside of Cadiz was cheering for the absolute King. Ineffectual attempts at sorties were made, in which many poor young militiamen gallantly threw away their lives for a lost cause, but all around Cadiz Bay, from Rota to Carracas, French cannon thundered salutes to a French fleet in the offing; the Trocadero was in the hands of the invader (August 31st), the King was in constant communication with his dear cousin Angoulême; and it was obvious to all that the captive Fernando held the winning hand, unless, indeed, his life fell a sacrifice to those whom he sneered at (in secret) as the "so-called Government" and "the revolutionary rabble."

Desperate attempts were made once more by the Government to obtain the mediation of Great Britain; but Angoulême and the French Government would not hear of it. Fernando, in the meanwhile, ostentatiously refused to accept any responsibility, or to read any communication, except those which passed through the hands of his distressed and despairing ministers, although it was known that he had private means of corresponding with the invaders. Only twice during his three months' stay in Cadiz did Fernando show himself in public in the streets, surrounded on each occasion by men of the Madrid militia, as if to emphasise his captivity

One by one the forts defending Cadiz fell, and on the 21st of September Santi Petri, the last of the defences, surrendered to the invader. On the 23rd, at daybreak, the French fleet approached and poured a deadly bombardment at short range on to the city, and for the first time the light-hearted Gaditanos realised that the affair was of importance to every citizen who had a home which a projectile might bring clattering down upon his head. The militiamen on the walls made as good a fight as could have been expected, and Fernando was an interested spectator of the scene from his observatory on the top of the Custom House, certain that his French friends would not send a bomb in his direction. But it was seen that no real resistance could be offered, and by midday the firing ceased. Angoulême would have nothing to say to the Government, but treated direct with the King, and at length, after desperate struggles to make conditions, the Cortes and the Government were forced to concede to the sovereign full liberty of action.

It was indeed time, for the troops inside Cadiz and on the island were already crying "Viva el Rey absoluto!" and were more inclined to join the French than resist them, whilst the Government and the Cortes were respectively endeavouring to throw the responsibility of events upon each other. Fernando had played his cards with profound cunning. He knew that his life might be sacrificed at any moment, until the impotence of the Liberal rulers had come home to them all, and he had maintained an impenetrable reserve with the ministers who held him in duress. Over and over again Yandola and Luyando, two of the ministers, endeavoured to extract binding pledges from him, but whilst promising vaguely, enough to ensure hope to the Liberals, and consequently safety to himself, he had artfully avoided giving a definite pledge. On the 16th of September Luyando asked him point blank three questions—Would he grant a general act of oblivion for the past? to which Fernando replied that he was much surprised that any one should doubt his generosity. Would he grant a representative Government to Spain? asked Luyando; but upon this point the King would give no definite answer. He must, he said, first be put at liberty in Madrid before he answered that. And to the third question as to whether he would trust himself in the hands of the French, he said that that his ministers must decide. Luyando declaimed a good deal about the sinister objects of the Holy Alliance and the prophecies of Daniel; but Fernando was more than a match for him, and he could extract no more from the King than this.

When surrender was inevitable, on the 25th of September another attempt to exact conditions was made by the ministers. This time the King went further with regard to the first point, and positively promised an act of oblivion. But to the prayer that he would gratify the nation by promising a representative government, he replied: "Perhaps you think that Cadiz is the whole nation." Here he stood firm; and finally the Liberals had to content themselves with the concession of the King's liberty of action on his pledge only of oblivion for the past. But when all was ready (September 29th) for Fernando to embark to join Angoulême on the other side of the Bay at Port St. Mary, the Government decided to send General Alava to settle terms with the French prince before they let the King go, for they had no guarantee but his bare word. Deeply disappointed, Fernando writes in his diary: "Now that Angoulême is waiting dinner for me, and I had written to him that I was free, I see clearly that I am as far as ever from breaking my chains. Thus God ordains that our patience should be tried!" But Angoulême would have nothing to say to any one but the King; and on the last day of September the ministers brought to Fernando their own dismissals, and they and the permanent Commission of Cortes kissed the smiling monarch's hand and bade him farewell.

With all ceremony and splendour, but in gloomy silence, the King stepped into his launch at Cadiz, on the 1st of October, and an hour afterwards he threw himself into the arms of Angoulême at Port St. Mary's, a free man. The following words in his diary record his own feelings at his deliverance: "*Wednesday*, *October* 1.—A happy day for me, for my family, and the whole nation, for from this moment we have recovered our ardently desired liberty, after three years six months and twenty days of the most ignominious slavery, in which I have been held by a handful of conspirators for their own ends, and of obscure ambitious soldiers, unable even to write their own names, who posed as regenerators of Spain, which they subjected to laws most calculated to secure their sinister objects, and make their fortunes, whilst they destroyed the nation. Let us, then, give infinite thanks to the Almighty for the great mercy He has shown to us, and let us never doubt His incomprehensible power, and His watchfulness over Spain."

Fernando's last act before embarking had been to sign a manifesto drawn up by the ministers, promising the act of oblivion and pardon, "complete and absolute without any exception whatever," and the confirmation of all offices, ranks, and concessions, granted by the constitutional Government. It was asserted, indeed, that he spontaneously strengthened the promise by the addition of some words in his own hand; but within three hours of his landing at Port St. Mary he issued his iniquitous decree which was to avenge the humiliations to which he had been subjected for over three years. "The most criminal treason, the most shameful cowardice, the most horrible disaster to my royal person, and the most irrestrainable violence, have been employed to change the paternal Government of my realms to a democracy, which has proved the origin of endless misfortunes." In this strain the decree goes on to denounce the Constitution and all its effects; and ends by nullifying, utterly, every act of government done since March 7, 1820, and approving the actions of Angoulême's Regency.

Thus Fernando broke all his promises. Scores of times since he had taken the oath in 1820 he had, with apparent sincerity, professed the most extravagant attachment to, and belief in, the constitutional Government; only the day before he had solemnly promised oblivion and forgiveness for the past. The Liberals saw that this new decree meant exile, the dungeon, or the gallows for them, and so it proved.[1] From that moment to the death of Fernando there was hardly a truce to the reactionary excesses of a besotted despotism, for the King's vengeance knew no satiety.

Fernando VII. arrived in Madrid on the 13th of November, and no words could describe better than his own the change that had taken place. "We came back," he writes, "by the same road as that by which we went, but oh! how different is the aspect of a nation when it is moved by the real sentiment of its heart. It is impossible to describe the excess of joy, the delirium of the people, at seeing us free from our slavery. This, indeed, is the true people, and not those wretches whom the revolutionaries paid to serve as an excuse or a support, as best suited their ends." "From all quarters came the multitudes," continues the King, "some of the people from fifty leagues off, to cheer us, triumphal cars, flowers and crowns, flags and joy bells, greeted us everywhere."

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[1] Louis XVIII. and Chateaubriand expostulated and protested in vain against the iniquitous persecution of the Liberals, which they attributed to the priest Saez, who was Fernando's new Minister of State. Six hundred persons were proscribed in Madrid alone; and even before Fernando's release, in the eighteen days from August 24th to September 12th the Regency appointed by Angoulême hanged 118 prominent Liberals and imprisoned many hundreds. The persecutions slackened somewhat, however, when Saez's ministry was replaced by the Marquis of Casa Irujo and more moderate colleagues.

In a superb triumphal car drawn by relays of eager citizens and royalist volunteers, Fernando passed from the monastery of the Atocha to the palace of his forefathers in a tornado of enthusiasm, greeted by the odes of scores of poets and the pæans of innumerable musicians. What mattered it that the servile crowd who abased themselves before the lying despot, had only a year or two ago gone into convulsions of adulation over poor Riego? The same brutal mob had purged their offence a week before the King's entry by mocking and loading with contumely their former hero, whilst he was being dragged in a basket at an ass's tail to be hanged and quartered as a felon in the Plaza de la Cebada. Thus fell the Constitution of Cadiz, and once more was the axiom proved true that a people always in the end obtains the government it deserves. The well-meaning theorists who attempted to raise their country from the dark superstition and grovelling subjection of centuries at one bound to the full light of freedom, paid in many cases with their fortunes, liberties, and lives for their political enthusiasm, and the nation at large was plunged once more into an obsolete system of government which cramped its development and blighted its progress. The violent and imprudent advance of 1812 was followed naturally by equally violent reaction; in its turn to be succeeded by the rough rebound and the alternate oscillations which have since consummated the ruin of a country possessing all the elements of happiness and prosperity. As for Fernando, he had learnt nothing from his suffering and experience. His fathers had been absolute, and he would be absolute too. So all the old abuses were re-enacted ; the friars, the tithes, and the entails came back, the Spaniards became "dear vassals" again and gloried in the name, and every market-place in the land changed its name once more from Plaza de la Constitucion to Plaza Mayor, whilst such "Spanish patriots" as had escaped the gallows sought freedom, refuge, and safety in England and America.

VI.

DESPOTISM—ENLIGHTENED AND OTHERWISE.

THE entire revolution of the financial system of Spain three times within ten years had completely demoralised both the taxpayer and the treasury, and matters in this respect had gone from bad to worse with each succeeding change. The confiscation and restoration of the conventual and Inquisition property and other national assets, had taken place so often that, when the reformers endeavoured to sell it, as decreed, to cancel gradually the non-interest bearing floating debt, and to meet the service of the old consolidated debt upon which interest was payable, very few purchasers could be found. The anarchy which reigned over Spain made it almost impossible to collect the ordinary revenue, and the optimistic estimates presented by the successive finance ministers were in every case ludicrously wide of the mark. It always has been, and still remains, a characteristic of Spanish finance to assume that budget deficits can be met by reducing expenditure to a point which has never been possible in any previous year, and in this fool's paradise Fernando's ministers had still dwelt. It was found in the estimates for 1822–23 that the annual deficit on general revenue reached £2,700,000. Sweeping reductions had already been made by the Cortes in the expenditure, but yet it was assumed that this vast deficit could be met by further economies. So far from this being the case, the expenditure of the year was larger than ever, whilst the revenue fell immensely short of the estimate, as practically no taxes were received from Cataluña and Navarre. It may be interesting to set forth at length the details of revenue for 1822–23, to show the sources of taxation upon which the Constitutionists depended:

Land Tax	150	million reals	
Tax on Clergy	20	,,	
Arrears of Tithes	10	,,	
House Tax	10	,,	
Trade Licenses	12	,,	
Excise	100	,,	
Tobacco, Salt, and Stamp Monopolies	122	,,	
Customs	60	,,	
Registration Dues	30	,,	
Church Bulls	12	,,	
Lotteries	10	,,	
Post Office	10	,,	
First-fruits of Public Offices	4	,,	
	550	,,	= £5,700,000
To which must be added cost of collection			1,200,000
Making a total estimated sum to be collected			£6,900,000

The estimated expenditure for the year amounted to £8,400,000, leaving a deficit for the year of £2,700,000. There was also an outstanding deficit of £2,000,000 for the previous year; and instead of the above estimate of revenue for 1823 being fulfilled, the actual amount received in the year was £1,700,000 less, the accumulated deficits at the end of the year thus reaching £6,400,000, in addition to the increased expenditure of the year, and the vicious system of fresh borrowing to cover current expenditure was again resorted to.

Nor had the three successive periods of war, reaction, and anarchy since 1808 been less disastrous to the country in its social, æsthetic, and industrial aspects. Joseph Bonaparte had made some attempt at improving and cleansing the streets of his capital, but at the time of his last exodus little had been done but to clear spaces by demolition. During the period of reaction, on the return of Fernando until 1820, utter paralysis prevailed. The friars had come back, and the towns were still encumbered by the gloomy religious edifices, of which there were sixty in Madrid alone; and large numbers of the houses remained in the possession of ecclesiastical foundations, or were tied up in perpetual entail, so that the ordinary domestic buildings were usually mean and dilapidated. Life was almost as slow in this early nineteenth century as it had been in the sixteenth; few people travelled, or even stirred from the populous centres of the towns unless they were compelled; the roads were notoriously unsafe after dark, and most of the intellectual and literary societies which had arisen under Charles III., and even under Godoy, were frowned at askance after the restoration of Fernando. For a short time during the life of Fernando's second wife, Isabel of Braganza, some small artistic and architectural movement was perceptible through her influence, but it hardly outlived her, except the establishment of the National Picture Gallery.

Indeed, with literature almost dead, journalism confined in the capital to two official papers, with a rigid censorship of the printing press in all forms, and most men of learning and enlightenment in prison or banishment, it may be said that this period from 1814 to 1820 presents the most hopeless blank in the history of Spanish progress. One art, and one only, in this period gave signs of vitality. In times of the greatest despotism, under the Austrian kings, when the exercise of the intellect was most severely handicapped, the stage had been almost the only form in which Spanish genius had found full scope. This was again the case in the period of reaction now under review. It is true that no great dramatist arose to give new masterpieces, although Moratin still lived and wrote; but one of the most consummate actors that ever lived, the pupil of Talma, but better than his master, Isidro Maiquez, did for the Spanish stage at this period what Garrick had done for England. Old false traditions were banished, and gave way to naturalness, reason, and good taste; scenery, dresses, and stagecraft were reformed, and texts were purified. Constantly watched by a jealous government, and not infrequently proscribed and banished, as Maiquez was, with an absurd censorship prohibiting some of the finest dramatic works of Spanish masters, the grand actor nevertheless introduced to his entranced public the classical tragedies of Shakspeare, Racine, and Alfieri, as well as such native plays of high merit as were not forbidden. Tragedy and comedy were equally attractive in his hands, and never before or since has the Spanish stage possessed such an ornament. The foolish government of Fernando limited his repertoire, persecuted him for his popularity, and at last worried him into his grave (1818), but he it was who gave to this black period of the reaction the only bright spot it possesses.

Commerce and industry, saddled anew with crushing burdens on the return of Fernando, were unable to re-establish themselves after the great war, whilst the revolt of the American Colonies completed the ruin by depriving the languishing manufacturers of the only protected market they possessed. Looked at from any point of view, therefore, the position of the nation was gloomy in the extreme, and the hopes of an enormous rebound in material prosperity after the great national struggle against the invader, and under a more enlightened system of government, were utterly dashed by the stolid obstinacy of Fernando in ignoring everything that had happened in Spain from 1808 to 1814.

The constitutional period from 1820 to 1823, unfortunately, spent most of its energy and impetus in oratory and polemics, but still some attempt was made in these four years to improve the condition of the country. Under Government subsidies regular diligences were re-established on the principal highroads, the shifting of the greater burden of taxation on to the Church and the landed classes, to the relief of trade, once more encouraged the foundation of a few new manufactories; a Board of Public Instruction was established, with the enlightened writer Quintana as its president, to reform the system of teaching in the public schools: the National Academy, in imitation of the French Institute, was founded, and scientific and literary institutions again raised their heads under the encouragement of the constitutional Government. The theatre, too, freed from the blighting censorship which had killed Maiquez, again presented the masterpieces of Spanish dramatic art, whilst Martinez de la Rosa, Angel Saavedra (Duke of Rivas), Quintana, and Solis, freed from their dungeons or their exile, added to the Spanish stage—in the intervals of their less productive political activity—dramatic works worthy of their great predecessors. But this was all, for during the constitutional period, as has already been related, public excitement, sporadic anarchy, and political eloquence had left but little leisure or energy for other interests; nor had the instability of institutions encouraged to any great extent the promotion of schemes for the material improvement of the country. The reign of Fernando, from his accession in 1808 to the final fall of the Constitution in 1823, may indeed be summed up in three periods thus: From 1808 to the King's return in 1814, six and a half years of exalted ideals and patriotic struggle; from 1815 to 1820, six years of despairing apathy; and from 1821 to 1823, three years of feverish but fruitless effort.

N B

The results of Fernando's government had been no less disastrous in America than in the mother country.

The Spanish Colonies, from the first day of their settlement, had been treated solely as possessions for the production of revenue which might be squandered by courtiers and politicians in Spain. The interests of the Colonists and of the countries themselves had been treated with absolute disregard, except for a short experimental period in the reign of Charles III., and again when representation in the national Cortes was granted by the Government of Cadiz in 1812. The long Peninsular war, however, and the state of anarchy which accompanied it, gave to the native-born Spanish creoles an opportunity for shaking off a connection from which they gained nothing and sacrificed much. On the return of Fernando in 1814 several of the American Colonies, especially Venezuela, Buenos Ayres, Chile, and New Granada were independent in all but name, and soon became so even in this respect, and throughout the rest of the continent the Spanish Viceroys were only able with the greatest difficulty to exact a local and limited obedience.

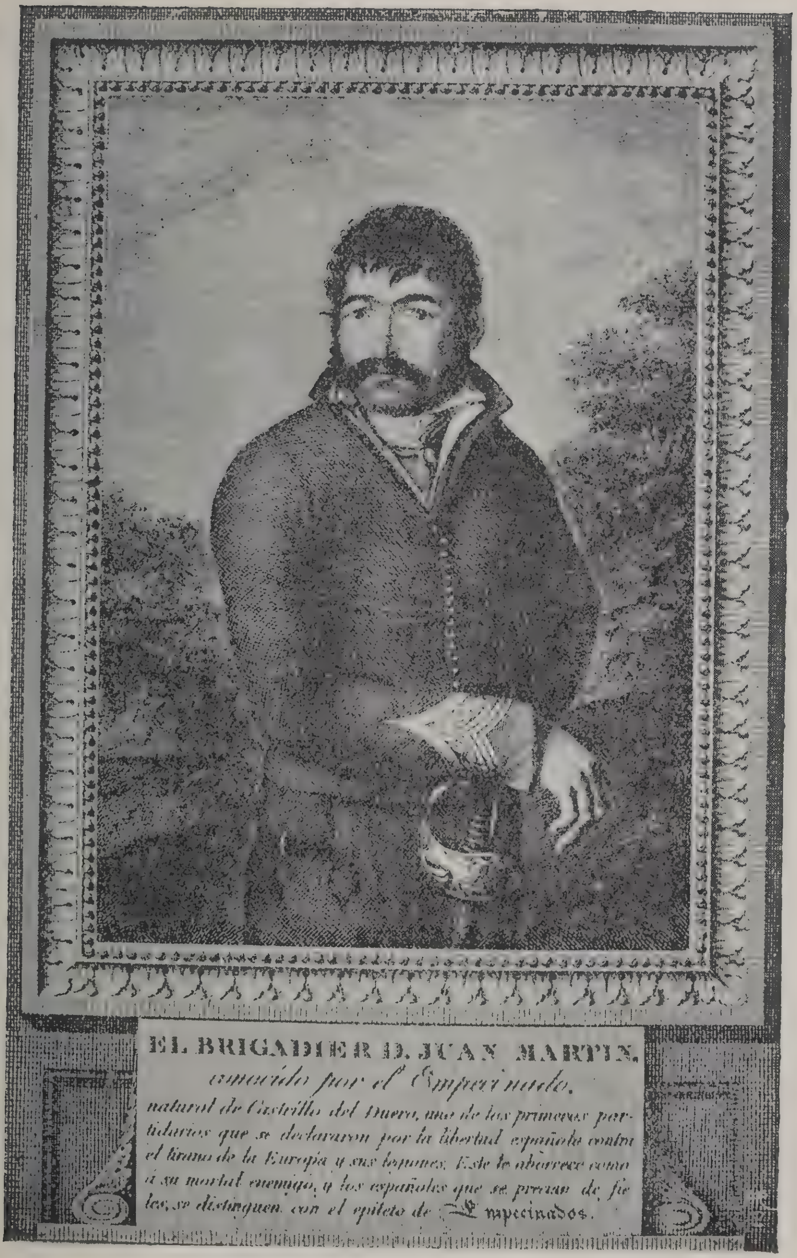
A prudent government would have seen in such circumstances the material impossibility of holding by force these vast and distant possessions, and would have made such terms as were possible, to conserve at least a nominal connection and some preferential treatment in the matter of trade. Fernando and his absolutist friends, however, refused to acknowledge indisputable facts and determined to reconquer, if possible, the whole Colonial empire by force and terror. It was too late, for the Americans had proved the weakness of the mother country, exhausted as it was by internal conflict and a long war. In Mexico the revolt had not been so strong as elsewhere and had been dominated, and at the time of Fernando's restoration the Viceroyalty was for the most part apparently loyal to Spain. It is possible that this colony might have been saved for a time but for the incredible folly of the King and his advisers, who instead of conciliating the Mexicans went to the length of decreeing the re-establishment of the Inquisition, and a return of the antique despotism which the Cortes of Cadiz had wisely abolished. This was too much, and the insurrection spread until it became irresistible. In vain Fernando still further depleted his shrunken treasury and sacrificed his unwilling soldiers by repeated attempts to reconquer his lost provinces. We have seen that his supreme effort in 1820 ended in the revolt of the army and the proclamation of the Constitution, and as a result all that was left to Spain on the American mainland in 1823 was the Castle of San Juan de Ulua in Mexico and some shadow of power in Peru.

Fernando still looked to the European monarchies to save to him his American domains; but his furious reactionary policy on his rescue by Angoulême in 1823–24 alienated even his friends; whilst it convinced Great Britain that from him no enlightenment, no reform, and no expansion of trade could be expected. The unity of the forces of reaction in Europe under the Holy Alliance was a standing menace to England; and in these circumstances Canning, as he himself phrased it, called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. On the 1st of January, 1825, England recognised—as the United States had already done—the independence of the South American Republics. The Spanish forces in Peru still held out, but Bolivar and Cochrane were now free to help the Peruvians, and at the battle of Ayacucho (December, 1824) the Spaniards were beaten and forced to surrender; the continent of South America thus breaking the last link that bound it to the despotic and obscurantist government of Fernando VII.

Modern civilisation has seen no such instance of brutal, blind ferocity as that which followed the arrival of Fernando in Madrid. There was neither justice nor mercy in the government of the besotted churchmen who surrounded the King. The gallows was the sole instrument and argument by which they ruled; they prayed for the restoration of the Inquisition, though that Fernando dared not grant. The frenzy of intolerance and cruelty spread from the preaching friars and ignorant nobles to the brutal mob. It was sufficient for a person to have belonged to the militia, or even to be related to a known Liberal, for the most inhuman tortures to be inflicted upon him by the unrestrained populace; and in many cases even women were subjected to disgraceful treatment by the mob and the royalist volunteers. The authorities, far from discouraging, smiled upon the brutal orgies of these supporters of despotism. The prisons were so full, and the ordinary tribunals so busy, that impromptu courts-martial were established in all the provincial capitals, which untrammelled by legal procedure or traditions, condemned almost unheard multitudes of good citizens whose only crime was a belief in the representative government. It is a lamentable truth that much of the atrocity of this persecution was owing to the influence of the friars and the Church. A hideous ecclesiastical society, founded by the Bishop of Osma, called "The Exterminating Angel," which spread its ramifications all over Spain organised vengeance upon Liberals; every pulpit, every monastery, every royalist club was a centre of persecution. The only two newspapers now allowed to be published —the *Gazette* and the *Restorer*—hounded on the furious hosts of ignorance to further acts of cruelty; whilst the servile crowd who gloried in their slavery received the smiling sovereign when he appeared in his capital with cries of "Hurrah for despotism and chains; death to Liberty!"

The greatest of the guerrilla chiefs who had fought the French was the chivalrous Empecinado—a mere peasant named Juan Martin, but a born commander of men. On Fernando's return from France the Empecinado's immense services to the country had been rewarded by close imprisonment, until the revolt of Riego set him free. When the Constitution fell the Empecinado escaped to Portugal, but was captured near the frontier at the same time as Fernando entered Madrid (November, 1823). He was kept by the local authorities at Roa for the next ten months, suffering the most revolting tortures in prison, being brought out every market-day in an iron cage to be exposed to the insults of the crowd. For four days at a time he was kept without food or drink, confined in one position ; and his prayers that he should promptly be put out of his misery only brought upon him fresh persecution. In vain the English ambassador protested to the King against such inhumanity ; the Empecinado refused to acknowledge any crime or beg for mercy, as he had formerly refused the bribe of a peerage to desert the Constitution, and he was at length condemned to the gallows. He was calm and dignified almost to the last ; but on his way to the scaffold he was driven to sudden fury by seeing one of his persecutors, a royalist volunteer officer, flourishing the famous sword which he, the Empecinado, had borne throughout the war. With a prodigious effort he burst his fetters and scattered those who held him captive ; but he tripped over the shroud in which he was clothed, and, fighting furiously to the last, this, one of the greatest heroes of Spanish independence, was dragged by the neck until he was dead, and the last insults might be offered to his corpse with impunity.

But there were degrees even in this saturnalia of reaction. The Holy Alliance, through the Russian ambassador, Pozzi di Borgo, gravely warned Fernando of the probable consequences of such a policy as this ; and the King, from prudential motives, gave Father Saez an Archbishopric, and appointed a rather more moderate minister under Casa Irujo ; a so-called amnesty being published (May 1, 1824) which contained so many exceptions as to amount to a confirmation of the persecution. But small as this concession was, it split the party of reaction. Fernando's brother

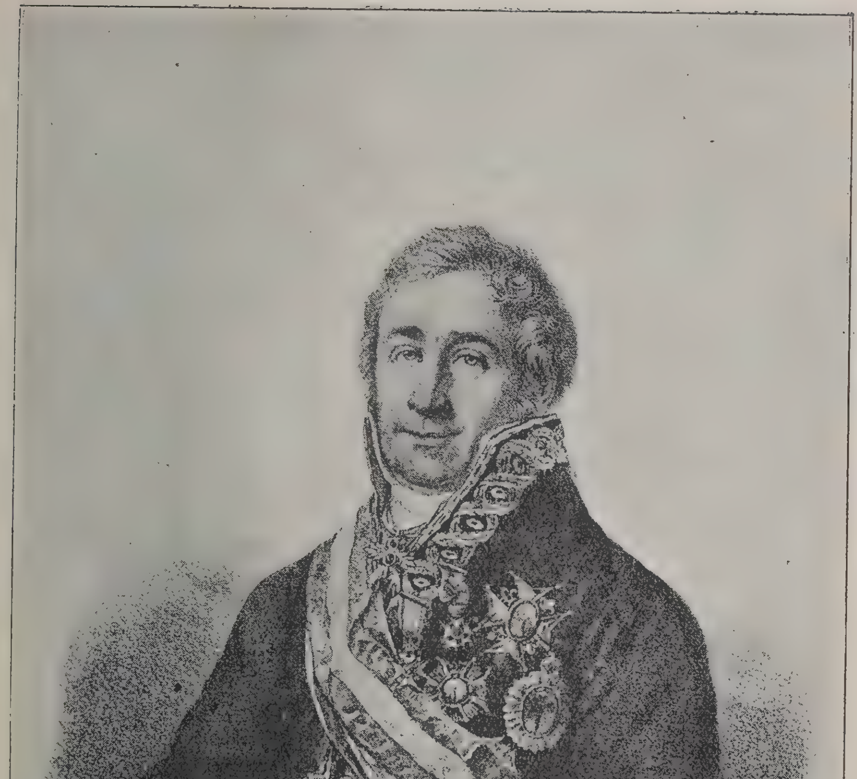


EL BRIGADIER D. JUAN MARTIN,
conocido por el Empecinado.
natural de Castrillo del Duero, uno de los primeros partidarios que se declararon por la libertad española contra el tirano de la Europa y sus legiones. Este le aborrece como á su mortal enemigo, y los españoles que se precian de fieles, se distinguen con el epiteto de Empecinados.

“THE EMPECINADO.’ GUERRILLA LEADER

Carlos and his wife, Maria Francisca of Braganza, had ever since the restoration been conspicuous for their ostentatious piety and attachment to the Church. They were now adopted by the society of "The Exterminating Angel," and the more bigoted of the friars, as leaders of the party of extreme reaction and resistance of all moderation. Fernando did his best to convince this party that his real sympathies were on its side, as they doubtless were. All the most violent reactionists were rewarded lavishly; titles of nobility, such as Marquis of Loyalty, of Fidelity, of Constancy, of Royal Appreciation, and the like, were given to men who had been conspicuous in their persecution of Liberals; but, withal, the fanaticism of Don Carlos was more to the liking of the extremists than the enforced prudence of the King, and around the heir-presumptive and his irascible wife all the elements of uncompromising reaction were thenceforward grouped.

After a few weeks of office the new minister, Casa Irujo, died (January, 1824), and was succeeded by Count de Ofalia, whose place as Minister of Justice was filled by that Francisco Tadeo Calomarde of whom we last heard as Secretary to the Regency appointed by Angoulême in Madrid. Calomarde was a humble lawyer who had sprung from menial service, and without possessing special talent was supple, unscrupulous, and ambitious. He had changed his coat several times, and at this period was considered an extreme reactionist; but he succeeded thenceforward in establishing a complete dominion over the King, which he maintained until Fernando died. His


D. F. Tadeo de Calomarde

CALOMARDE, MINISTER OF FERNANDO VII.

secret of success was to guess, if possible, the King's view of affairs and then present it as his own. Knowing, as he did, that Fernando's plan was to balance the extreme party against the moderates, he organised a complete system of domestic espionage, which enabled him to keep the King informed of the secret actions of all men; and as he himself was known to belong really to Don Carlos's party, he was in a position to advise Fernando how far he might go on the side of moderation to please the allied Powers without quite alienating the elements of "apostolicism" in Spain.

The French Government looked upon Fernando's proceedings with undisguised annoyance. It was seen that such a brutal reaction as this would end in rendering unpopular all those who had been instrumental in bringing it about, and Louis XVIII. passed from persuasions to threats; and more than once the French Commander-in-chief in Spain, Bourmont, was angrily blamed by his master and Chateaubriand for not putting an end to such a *régime* by force, which he doubtless would have done had he been less of a reactionary himself. Fernando gave way to all the demands of France, so far as regarded the payment of their expenses of the war, the mediation of the French Government in the matter of the revolted American Colonies and free trade with them afterwards; but when it came to abating the fury of reaction in Spain itself he could only go so far as the extremists surrounding Don Carlos would suffer without revolt. With the fall of Chateaubriand (July, 1824) one of the principal moderating influences disappeared, and the Spanish Prime Minister Ofalia soon gave place to Cea Bermudez, whom the "apostolic" party looked upon as one of themselves.

But the new minister had lived long in London as ambassador, and disappointed his protectors by adopting the policy of what was called "enlightened despotism"; and in this for a time he was seconded from prudential diplomatic motives by Calomarde. An unsuccessful attempt of a few refugees from Gibraltar to effect a rising (August, 1824) soon gave to the reactionaries an excuse for demanding greater severity against those who were suspected of liberalism, although every prominent man connected with the little insurrection, to the number of thirty-six, who fell into the hands of Joseph O'Donnell was shot at once, and the rest (100) put upon their trial. The less brutal counsels of the last few months were forgotten, and again the heartless severity of the persecution which followed those who were secretly denounced shocked humanity. A slight word, almost a look in some cases, consigned poor ignorant men and boys to the merciless gallows, and hardly a town in Spain was not disgraced again by cruelty worthy of a Nero. The death of Louis XVIII. left Fernando free from the principal moderating influence which he had to respect, and thenceforward it was despotism pure and simple with but small signs of the "enlightenment" which the Prime Minister boasted of introducing into it.

With the aid now of Calomarde, the ferocious Minister of War Aymerich, and the chief of the police, Rufino Gonzales, a veritable reign of terror was established, in which domestic espionage was rendered general, and almost every citizen in the country was classified and watched. The mere possession of any books or papers printed or introduced into Spain during the constitutional period was made a crime, and the strictest orders were given in the custom houses to prevent the importation of foreign books of any sort. But, notwithstanding all this severity and watchfulness, Fernando did not feel safe on his blood-soaked throne. The French army had at his request delayed their departure more than once, in order that he might depend upon their support if needful; and finally, at the end of 1824, it was agreed between the two governments that 35,000 French soldiers should remain in Spain indefinitely and be paid by the over-burdened Spanish exchequer.

Cea Bermudez, the Prime Minister, cautiously did his best to temper the fury of the King and his advisers, and Ballesteros, the Finance Minister, also laboured with some success to reorganise his department on enlightened lines; but with Calomarde, Aymerich, and Gonzales near the King, affairs went from bad to worse. Even private soldiers and students at the universities were not allowed to resume their positions in their regiments or classes until an inquisitorial examination had proved them to be untainted with liberalism, the police code was almost childish in its violence and meanness; and, to crown the situation, it was considered necessary for Fernando to issue a special manifesto (April, 1825), in which he vehemently declared that he would never consent to the slightest alteration or diminution of his absolute sovereignty, or allow any chambers or institutions of any sort to be established in Spain. The most furious of the persecutors was a man named Chaperon, President of the Military Commission of Madrid, whose name has been adopted by Spaniards as typical of the time; and the "epoch of Chaperon" still stands for these months of horror. Not even the most bloodthirsty wretches of the French Reign of Terror could surpass this man, who was held up by the party of Don Carlos as a model judge, and who condemned ladies of gentle birth, youths and maidens of tender years, and worthy citizens to hard labour in the galleys, to the dungeon, or to the scaffold on grotesquely insufficient suspicions.

At length Cea Bermudez frankly told the King that he was on the road to ruin, and even Calomarde took fright at the extremes to which severity was carried, and a change of policy resulted (June, 1825). Aymerich and the extremists were dismissed, and Cea Bermudez obtained a more moderate Minister of War. The terrible local courts-martial were abolished, and, for a time, matters assumed a more merciful aspect. Soon the violent reactionaries cried that Fernando was again being swayed by the Freemasons; and the turbulent guerrilla chief Bessières, a Frenchman who had belonged to all parties, but was now a tool of the "apostolics," raised the banner of revolt against moderation, and was joined by a number of royalist volunteers. But the regular troops failed to join, and Bessières' backers in the Court abandoned him. The rebel was followed with ruthless severity by the Count de España, also a

Frenchman notwithstanding his name, and he and his officers were shot at the place where they were captured (August, 1825). There is no doubt that the rising of Bessières was intended to be a part of a widespread insurrection in favour of Don Carlos, but it was thus nipped in the bud. Fernando again followed his usual policy of endeavouring to conciliate his brother's party by renewed persecution of those who were suspected of liberalism ; and the gentler methods of Cea Bermudez were for a time obscured, the Prime Minister himself falling and, being replaced by the fanatical Duke of Infantado in October, 1825, under whom once more the hellish work of persecution proceeded unchecked, until his retirement a year later.

In such a system of government as this the liberties and lives of private citizens were at the mercy of spies and secret enemies ; and not Liberals alone, but all men of moderate views looked aghast upon a policy which was destroying public confidence, paralysing national progress, and exposing Spain to the indignant opprobrium of the civilised world. Some of the most respected of Spaniards abroad, such as Flores Estrada in London, and Javier de Burgos in Paris, ventured to remonstrate with Fernando, but without effect ; and in January, 1826, an attempt at armed revolution was made at Alicante by Colonel Bazan, who landed there with seventy companions, in the belief that the local Liberals would join him. But the persecutions had cowed the people, and Bazan and the whole of his force were caught and shot.

On the other hand, the extreme royalists who followed Don Carlos affected to be still discontented with what they looked upon as Fernando's moderation. Civil war was raging in Portugal, where the rabid absolutist, Don Miguel, was disputing the succession of his niece, Doña Maria, and a moderate enlightened limited monarchy under the ægis of England. Fernando was, of course, strongly in favour of Miguel; but he dared not openly aid him, for Spain was in no condition to enter upon a war with England; and the Spanish army under Sarsfield was placed on the Portuguese frontier with orders to maintain strict neutrality. The besotted ultra-royalist party, blind to every consideration but their own fierce bigotry, could be restrained no longer. Early in 1827 a manifesto of the "Federation of Pure Royalists" was spread broadcast over Spain, advocating the elevation of Don Carlos to the throne. It suited Calomarde to pretend that this really emanated from the Liberals, and, if possible, the persecutions against them became more relentless than ever; but in the face of events the pretence had soon to be dropped, for before the end of the summer most of Cataluña was in open revolt and a sort of absolutist revolutionary government was established at Manresa, with the ostensible object of liberating Fernando from the captivity in which it was said he was still held by disguised Liberals and Freemasons. The friars were the moving spirits of this revolt, and the name of Don Carlos was that under which they fought, though he personally stood aloof.

Through the north of Spain, in those countries which had not forgot their independence from Castile, and still yearned for their old autonomy, Cataluña, Aragon, and Navarre, the insurrection spread rapidly, favoured by the mountainous character of the country; and Fernando was forced to go personally and convince the insurgents that he was at liberty. From Tarragona he issued a vigorous manifesto telling the "apostolics" that their methods were as bad as those of the Liberals, and ridiculing the assertion of his captivity. The revolt broke up immediately, and although Fernando had promised pardon to all, he broke his word as usual, and most of the leaders were shot. In order to make things equal in this respect the ferocious Count de España, the Commander-in-chief in Cataluña, surpassed all previous efforts, even in this bloodthirsty reign, in his heartless cruelty to those who were suspected of, or denounced for, holding Liberal views. Without trial or formality whole families were immured in pestilential dungeons, herded with thieves and cut-throats, on secret delation of an enemy or a spy. Stripped, robbed, insulted and maltreated, these poor creatures, often absolutely innocent, were driven in many cases to starvation or suicide, whilst the rest were sent in heart-broken batches to death in the African penal settlements or were shot, and afterwards hanged in rows on lofty gibbets in the presence of the Count de España himself. This was the high-water mark of persecution, for in the rest of Spain after the return of the King from Cataluña more moderation prevailed, now that the extreme absolutists, as well as the Liberals, had received their terrible lesson.

In May, 1829, an event happened which filled with hope the friends of Don Carlos and blind reaction. The faded, colourless little Queen Consort, Amalia of Saxony, had been in poor health for some time; overshadowed by her two turbulent and masterful sisters-in-law, a mere cipher in her husband's Court. Her death without children seemed to ensure the speedy accession of Don Carlos; for Fernando, although only forty-five years of age, was gouty and failing. His life had been a self-indulgent one, and it was regarded as in the highest degree improbable that he would marry again, or in any case that he would be blessed with succession. It will be necessary to glance at the characters of the two women who at this juncture, and during the next few years, exerted so large an influence on the future of their adopted country, and whose intrigues and ambitions have left so plentiful a crop of troubles and miseries behind them.

Maria Francisca of Braganza, the wife of Don Carlos, was a stately and imperious lady of exaggerated personal piety and determined and masculine aspect, always exercising great influence on the King, who had been deeply attached to her sister, his second wife. She, and indeed all the rest of the Court, was inclined to treat with some disdain the household of the King's younger brother, Don Francisco de Paula, the reputed son of Godoy, whom the Constitution of Cadiz at first excluded from the succession. The Infante Francisco bore not the slightest resemblance to his two brothers, who were strikingly alike; he was a person of very inferior gifts, and had almost pathetically bidden for popularity by assumed cordiality and democratic sympathies. His wife, Carlota of Naples, was a vehement and energetic young woman, whose pride had been deeply wounded by the equivocal and squalid position of her husband at Court, and the airs of superiority indulged in by Don Carlos and his wife. She had naturally, therefore, kept as far away as possible from the fanatical Conservative party, of which Don Carlos was the figure-head; and although no one would have dared to hint that Francisco and Carlota were Liberals, it came to be acknowledged that they were less violently reactionary than the elder Infante and his wife.

Immediately after the Queen's death both of these ladies began to intrigue for their own ends. Fernando was uxorious and susceptible, and it soon became evident that he could not contentedly remain single, as Don Carlos's party had hoped. Doña Francisca and her sister, the Princess of Beira, had candidates of their own; but Doña Carlota had a beautiful young sister whose portrait quite fascinated the King, and, to the indignation of the "apostolic" party, Fernando decided to marry Maria Cristina of Naples, his niece.

Long before the young bride appeared in Spain the Carlist party resorted to the vilest calumny to render her unpopular. Her personal character was impugned, she was represented as an ardent and irreligious reformer, and thus the violence of the extremists drove the new Queen irresistibly to depend upon their opponents, whatever her own private opinions may have been. On her way through France she

QUEEN MARIA CRISTINA DE BORBON, REGENT OF SPAIN.
(Fourth wife of Fernando VII.)

was greeted by the Spanish political refugees, who begged her intercession for their return. Her manner was winning and gracious in the extreme, and she promised the exiles that she would help them, a promise she kept far better than Fernando kept his on a similar occasion. Her journey through Barcelona and Valencia to Aranjuez, where she was betrothed to Don Carlos as proxy for the King on the 8th of December, 1829, was a triumphal progress. Her youth, her beauty, and her graciousness won all hearts, and when she entered Madrid in state a few days afterwards, dressed in the sky blue which ever after was the colour of her party, with her husband riding by the side of her carriage, the people understood that a new era was about to dawn upon Spain. This happy smiling girl would, surely, never countenance the grim cruelty which had driven thousands of the best Spaniards to exile or to death; by Fernando's side she would be, they rightly thought, a counterpoise to the two sections of besotted reactionaries who alternately ruled the counsels of the "Rey absoluto."

As the spirits of the Liberals rose the bitterness of the Carlists increased. Hopes of succession to the King came before many months, and still further divided the royal family, who now hardly kept up even a semblance of civility with each other. If the expected child should prove a boy, then indeed was the cause of Don Carlos and the reactionaries in a bad way, and all the prospects of the party were centred in the fervent anticipation that a girl might be born. But Doña Carlota and the young Queen, who had now established a complete domination over Fernando, were determined at any cost to settle things in their own way, and cast about for means to do it.

In the early pages of this book an account is given of the strange action of Charles IV. in 1789 in requesting the Cortes secretly to agree to the abolition of the Salic law in Spain, and then himself failing to perfect the enactment by publishing it as a decree. The documents of the Cortes of 1789 had slumbered peacefully from that time to the date with which we are now occupied; but it occurred to the advisers of the Queen that the "Pragmatic Sanction" given, but not published, by Charles IV. might now be disinterred and promulgated by his son; in which case Don Carlos would only succeed on the entire failure of issue to the King and Queen. The proceedings of the reactionist party had already displeased Fernando; and Doña Francisca, his haughty sister-in-law, had been forced aside by the cleverer Neapolitan princesses, so that it was not difficult to persuade the King to decree the succession of his own child, whatever its sex might be. Time-serving Calomarde, though he hated and dreaded liberalism, was afraid of offending the Queen; Grijalva, a minister and a powerful member of Fernando's *camarilla*, was won over; and on the 31st of March, 1830, Spain was astounded by the publication by the heralds in ancient form of the "Pragmatic Sanction" restoring the ancient law of succession in Spain, in accordance with the petition of the Cortes of 1789.

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The fury of the Carlists and the reactionaries at this trick was unbounded. Don Carlos indignantly denied the right of King or Cortes to deprive him of his succession according to the decree of Philip V. in 1713 establishing the Salic law, and in this the French legitimists sustained him. But legitimism in France itself was tottering to its fall under Charles X. and Polignac; and soon the accession of a constitutional king, Louis Philippe (August, 1830), still further raised the hopes of the Spanish Liberals. Affairs, however, were progressing too fast and too far for Fernando, who had no wish to be drawn into open antagonism to the party of reaction. He was afraid of French liberalism, and with characteristic unwisdom he refused to acknowledge the *fait accompli* in France; whilst Calomarde, anxious still to keep in with his Carlist friends, was allowed to shut up the colleges and universities, and to declare that education was the greatest curse to the people, balancing matters by establishing under royal patronage a great school of bull-fighting in Seville.

Louis Philippe was naturally offended at the attitude of Fernando, and at once offered encouragement to the Spanish exiles in France and England to establish in Spain a limited elective monarchy like his own. The exiles eagerly flocked to Paris, but their liberalism was of various grades. They had carried with them in their banishment the divisions and jealousies, the turbulence and impatience, upon which the constitutional Government of 1820 had been wrecked. Already, a few weeks before the fall of Charles X., a Spanish expedition had started from London, only to be frustrated by the English authorities; but the promised aid of the new French king brought Alcalá Galiano, Mendizabal, Mina, and other leaders to France, where they made a bolder move, and established a sort of provisional government for Spain at Bayonne, consisting of Cayetano Valdés, Calatrava, Isturiz, Vadillo, and Sancho; General Mina being elected Commander-in-chief of the armed Liberal forces. Before the invasion of Spain could be organised the turbulent generals and colonels who were to take part quarrelled amongst themselves, several of them refusing to recognise Mina as chief; but at length the majority of the insurrectionists consented to his leadership, and the great guerrillero assumed supreme command. But division and personal jealousies had already done their work, and the Liberals in Spain held aloof. Whilst Mina entered Navarre, other forces independent of him, receiving their direction from another revolutionary government, headed by General Torrijos in Gibraltar, penetrated different points of the frontier. With a total strength of only 2,000 men, six bodies under as many independent generals invaded Spain; and, as may be supposed in such circumstances, utter failure was the result. Whilst they had been squabbling the Government troops had been mustering to meet them; the country people looked on timidly, for a decree had been specially published condemning to death any one who found shelter or food for the revolutionists; and even those who corresponded by letter with any of the exiles were subject to brutal penalties. The invading Liberals were therefore promptly overcome, and those who escaped with their lives suffered fearful hardships before they were able to recross the frontier into France.

√ But failure, even such as this, did not damp the Liberal ardour; for the whole tendency of Europe in 1830 was towards liberty and the enfranchisement of peoples; and General Torrijos from Gibraltar, early in the year, published a manifesto, setting forth to the Spaniards the tyranny under which they suffered and calling them to arms. On the night of the 28th of January, 1831, Torrijos landed with 200 companions near Algeciras; but was forced by overpowering numbers to re-embark hastily for Gibraltar; and other equally unsuccessful attempts were made by his friends elsewhere. Those who were caught in arms were instantly shot, and these constant petty, badly-planned invasions gave to the reactionary councillors near the King, to Calomarde especially, fresh excuse for covering the land with spies and informers, and for the heartless punishment of the victims of private delation by the re-erected courts-martial and the royalist volunteers. For a thoughtless word or innocent gesture many persons were led to the gallows, and again women as well as men lived in the daily dread of death for an unknown offence, such as that of Mariana Pineda, a lady of Granada, who was hanged for working a piece of embroidery which spies said was ultimately intended for a Liberal flag.

When Fernando had accepted the inevitable and acknowledged Louis Philippe, the latter turned his back on the Spanish exiles, and nothing was to be feared by the "Rey absoluto" from the French frontier. But Torrijos and his friends in the safe refuge of Gibraltar, with English sympathy on their side, were still in danger. Calomarde suggested to the King a plan worthy of him to dispose of these enemies of despotism. The instrument was to be General Gonzales Moreno, Governor of Malaga, who in old times had been friendly with Torrijos. This man approached the Liberal leader by means of spies, hinted at his discontent with reaction, and his willingness to co-operate with his forces in a rising, if the insurgents landed at Malaga. Torrijos' friends and colleagues, Calderon and Golfin, both ex-members of Cortes, warned him of possible treachery, but nothing would shake the belief of Torrijos in his old comrade. Landing near the town from two small vessels (December 4, 1831) with only fifty-two followers, Torrijos found that he had fallen into a trap, and was forced to surrender to Moreno. Instead of shooting them on the spot, as the decrees allowed him to do, the latter—doubtless on Calomarde's instructions—determined to make an object-lesson of the misguided victims of his treachery. On the 8th of December the *Gazette* of Madrid conveyed to the lieges the "happy news" of the capture of Torrijos and his band, and boasted of the royal clemency in *only* condemning them all to be shot; not even excepting the sailors who had manned the vessels. Torrijos and his officers, with the aged civilian Calderon, had never doubted their fate; but some of their followers had dreamed that their lives, at least, might be spared; when the horrible news came, however, to Malaga, that they were all to perish, there was no shrinking, and the whole fifty-three marched to their death still hopeful of a happy future for a free Spain, when the sinister tyrant should be dead. Ranged in rows the doomed men calmly awaited the word of their leader for the executioners to fire, and they died where they fell, the last Liberal victims of the false-hearted Fernando VII., himself now trembling on the brink of his unhonoured grave.[1]

In the morning of Sunday, October 10, 1830, an anxious crowd of functionaries awaited in the ante-chamber of the Queen's apartment in the palace of Madrid to hear at the earliest possible moment whether the expected child of the sovereign was a boy or a girl. Upon it much depended, for Don Carlos and his friends had made no secret of the intention to resist by force the accession of a Queen-regnant, and the birth of a princess meant that unhappy Spain was doomed to another era of fratricidal war, unless the "Pragmatic Sanction" altering the succession were repealed. When, in accordance with the ancient custom, the infant was brought into the crowded ante-room on a silver salver, to be exhibited, the King in his impatience could not wait

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[1] The betrayer of Torrijos, General Moreno, was ever afterwards known as "the Executioner of Malaga," and when he himself in turn became an exile in England and France, he found that every decent man turned his back upon him. One of the victims was a young Irishman named Robert Boyd, who provided money for the expedition.

THE EXECUTION OF TORRIJOS AND HIS COMPANIONS.
(From a painting by Gisbert.)

for ocular satisfaction, but called out hastily as the door opened: "What is it?" "A robust Infanta, your Majesty," was the reply, at which Fernando turned pale, and the friends of Don Carlos were openly triumphant. Fernando, however, overjoyed at his paternity, soon banished misgivings, if he entertained them, and loaded his wife and child with demonstrations of affection, ordering that the little Infanta Isabel should receive the honours of heiress to the crown, and Princess of Asturias.

Queen Cristina, certain now of the affection of her husband, missed no opportunity of ingratiating herself with the people. Her youth and her fascination, joined with the general impression that her influence was exerted on the side of conciliation, made her extremely popular. She did her best, too, to win the army to her side; knowing that most of the 200,000 armed royalist volunteers, particularly those in the north, would oppose any concession to liberalism. On the first birthday of the Infanta (October 10, 1831) the Queen handed to the representatives of the army some banners, which she herself had embroidered, and in her speech to the generals, and her manifesto to the troops, carefully emphasised the fact that they were to be borne in defence of "my very dear husband, Fernando VII., *and his descendants*." Thus the forces were gradually being defined and arrayed on both sides, and even in the cabinet of ministers two parties were plainly apparent, the Premier, Salmon, and Grijalva being timidly on the side of the Queen, whilst Calomarde, the Minister of Justice, and the Bishop of Leon stood for reaction and Don Carlos; the Finance Minister, Ballesteros, holding himself carefully aloof from party, and working with unprecedented success in reforming his department and balancing the national revenue and expenditure.[1]

The death of Salmon at the beginning of 1832, and entry of the Count of Alcudia in the ministry, gave Calomarde another reactionary colleague, and weakened the party of the Queen at a critical period. Another daughter was born to the Queen in January, 1832; but it was now impossible to conceal the fact that Fernando was failing rapidly, and that no more issue, of either sex, could be expected. The King was only 48, but life had lost its savour for him. He had always been jocose—if not ribald—with those who surrounded him, and loved to hear the scandal and gossip of the capital; but now, like so many of his race, he fell into despairing apathy from which nothing could arouse him. In July he went to the summer palace of the Granja, accompanied by his wife and children, and by Don Carlos and his wife and sister-in-law, the Princess of Beira. Don Francisco and Doña Carlota were at their country house near Cadiz; for, now that the battle was won and the "Pragmatic Sanction" had been promulgated, Doña Carlota had no particular need to remain at Court and subject herself to the daily flouts of her proud Portuguese sister-in-law. The breaking of the pole of the royal carriage on the way to the Granja inflicted upon the King a severe cut on the head, from which he suffered much; and a few weeks later he was found in a dead swoon before the chapel altar, where he had been praying.

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[1] The laborious Ballesteros succeeded for the first time for many years in balancing the budget. There was hardly any navy except a few coastguards; and, the country being at peace, the cost of the army was small; he cut down expenses to the lowest possible figure, and by farming out the customs and excise avoided some of the enormous leakage in the collection, and checked, to some extent, the almost universal contraband. He relieved commerce of some of its burdens, although the Catalan and Valencian weavers still insisted upon a prohibitive tariff being placed on English goods. He set by a considerable amount every year to be spent on roads and canals, promoted an industrial exhibition in Madrid, and made Cadiz a free port. Salaries and interest on debt were now punctually paid, and Spanish stock rose to a high price in the markets. But with all Ballesteros' efforts, the financial administration was still atrociously bad, which will be seen when it is considered that the budget for 1828 amounted only to £4,500,000, although the people were heavily taxed. The imports for 1832 were returned as only £270,000, and exports £160,000, but the contraband trade must enormously have exceeded those amounts.

All through July and August anxiety increased as Fernando became more and more feeble, and the agonies he suffered from suppressed gout became more intense. Queen Cristina nursed him with unremitting care, hardly leaving his bedside night or day. She was very young and in trouble, in a most difficult position, but anxious to do right, though the interests of her children were at stake. On the 17th of September the King was thought to be dying, and the Queen sent for Calomarde to ask him what steps she ought to take immediately on the demise of her husband. The minister was cunning; and, although a bitter reactionary, had endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to stand well in the opinion of the Queen, who interpreted his Aragonese brusqueness as a sign of honesty.

This was Calomarde's chance and he took it. The Queen was but an inexperienced girl, with no friends near her, and the answer that Calomarde gave to her question was that the moment the King died the whole country, the volunteers and the army, would declare for Don Carlos, and that the only chance left for Cristina and her daughter was to endeavour to propitiate the Infante beforehand by securing to him a share in the government. A decree was accordingly signed at once by the King appointing Cristina Regent during his illness, with Don Carlos as her first adviser. The Infante scoffed at the idea, as Calomarde knew he would do, and when he was offered a joint regency he haughtily told the Queen's emissary that he should succeed by divine right to the crown itself, and would accept nothing less than the great destiny to which God had called him.

The King became hourly worse, and Calomarde, the Bishop of Leon, the Count of Alcudia, and, above all, Doña Francisca, painted to the distracted young wife and mother the horrors and bloodshed which would ensue on the attempt to seat her infant daughter on the throne. All through the night, as the King apparently lay dying, the deliberations went on, and early in the morning (September 18th) Fernando sent for Calomarde and faintly asked him what could be done to avert the threatened disaster to his country and his children. "Either," replied Calomarde, "the 'Pragmatic Sanction' must be repealed or Spain will be deluged in blood." The Queen in tears by the bedside burst out with the exclamation: "No, no! not that! anything but that, let there be no bloodshed;" and the King faintly replied that if that were the only alternative he would sign a revocation of the "Pragmatic Sanction"; "but I enjoin you," he added, "let no one know of it till my eyes are closed; it must not be published before then, or be allowed out of the Ministry of Justice." At six o'clock the same evening the ministers stood around the bed with the short decree written by Calomarde revoking the "Pragmatic Sanction" of 19th of March, 1830, altering the law of succession. "It is well," said Fernando, as it was read to him; the Queen herself handed him a pen, and a moment afterwards the triumphant Don Carlos was again the legal heir to the crown of Spain.

Secret as these transactions were, the victory of reaction soon became public, for Don Carlos and his wife could not hide their glee. But the country was deeply moved; the Liberals and moderates had nourished fresh hopes during the last two years that the black despotism which was crushing Spain was coming to an end; that the young Queen, depending upon her people for support, would inaugurate a new era which should enable the nation to range alongside the other civilised peoples of the world; and now by an obscure palace intrigue all their hopes were crushed. Murmurs and threats, even gathering bands in various parts of the country, proved that the Liberals would not give way without a struggle; and Calomarde, in fear for the precious document which gave the crown to Don Carlos, only sent copies of it to the ministries, the original being entrusted to the care of the President of the Council of Castile, with strict injunctions that the seal was not to be broken until the King was dead, and authority was sent. Soon after Fernando signed the decree he fell into torpor, and life was pronounced extinct.

Already Don Carlos was greeted as Majesty, and orders were given for the decree to be published. The reactionary band were in the midst of their joy, when the news ran through the palace that the officials employed in preparing the King's body for sepulture had found that he was still alive. In their hurry some of the Carlist party had already posted a few manuscript copies of their precious decree on the gates of the palace; but these were hastily removed; and as if miraculously the King rapidly recovered.

The news of Fernando's dangerous condition and the intrigues of her enemies had flown to the Infanta Carlota in Andalusia, and without losing a moment, as fast as the best horses could carry her, she rushed to her sister at the Granja. To her delight she found the King still living and set to work with all her masterful energy to undo the evil that had been done. There was no withstanding her; she learnt all details from the Queen at once, and her first care was to wrest the original decree from the hands of the President of the Council of Castile. It was a secret ministerial document of supreme national importance, to which she had not a shadow of a right, but when aroused she was a virago who would take no denial, and she well-nigh frightened the exalted judicial functionary out of his wits with her violence. When she had extorted from him the precious paper and had destroyed it utterly, she had time to scold her sister for her weakness, and then she dealt with Calomarde. She did not mince her words with him. He was a false, lying rogue, and much else; she would take care that he suffered for his baseness (in which she kept her word); and, when the wretched man was sufficiently cowed, she ended by giving him a tremendous box on the ears. In his pain and terror the time-serving knave could only blurt out, "Madam; white hands offend not." This was on the 22nd of September, and the princess's energy changed the aspect of affairs in a few hours. The King privately cancelled his revocation of the "Pragmatic Sanction," Calomarde[1] and all his colleagues were disgraced and banished (October 1st), a new ministry headed by Cea Bermudez, ambassador in England, was appointed, friends flocked to the Queen on all sides; and, on the 6th of October a decree was signed by Fernando, appointing his "dear wife" Cristina sole Regent of Spain.

Thenceforward the issues were clear. On the one side was reaction, with sanctimonious Don Carlos and his haughty wife, surrounded by friars and serviles; and on the other was a fascinating, clever, gracious young woman, with an infant daughter, appealing to the love of liberty, the hopes of national regeneration, the chivalry and generosity of all Spaniards not utterly besotted with the contemplation of the dead past. The new Queen Regent lost no time in earning the gratitude of those upon whom alone she could depend in the future. The universities, which had been closed by the contemptible Calomarde, were reopened by decree, all the governor-generals of provinces and the chief commanders of the army who had been appointed by the "apostolics" were replaced by men of higher and more progressive character; and finally a generous amnesty for the Liberals who still languished in prison or starved in exile was promulgated (October 15th). Ill as Fernando still was he was able to thwart Cristina's wishes to some extent in this matter, by insisting upon excepting from the amnesty those who had voted in Seville for the temporary appointment of a regency (1823), and those who had led armed forces against his sovereignty.

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[1] The famous Minister of Justice was ordered to be imprisoned in Minorca by Cristina, but he managed to escape in disguise to France, where he offered his service to Don Carlos, and was refused. He never returned to Spain, but died in France in 1842. His colleague, the Bishop of Leon, became a leader of the Carlist party.

A few days after the publication of the amnesty the King was well enough to return to Madrid, and the Queen was received as the liberator of an enslaved people, with delight unbounded, by all that was wise, moderate, and progressive in the country. Congratulations, thanks, and ardent professions of adhesion were showered upon Cristina, in many cases even by those who had been, and were yet to be, the greatest enemies of progress; but the tide for the moment was so strong as to bear nearly all before it. Here and there, particularly in Cataluña and the north, some show was made of resisting the Queen's commands, and a conspiracy was discovered in the Life Guards at Madrid, but the dissent was drowned in a vast chorus of praise, and the Carlists for the moment were beaten

A new department of State was created to promote industry, means of communication, and instruction, and all eyes looked hopefully to the future, when the arrival of the new Prime Minister, Cea Bermudez, from London (November, 1832), threw everything into confusion again. He had been appointed, without previous consultation, on the strength of his having appeared more moderate than the men by whom he was surrounded in his former ministry, but his one idea of an "enlightened despotism" received a rude shock when he saw how far the Queen had gone in the direction of enlightenment, and how much she had neglected the despotic part of the combination.

Under his influence the Regent published a threatening manifesto warning "the misguided men who thought that her merciful dispositions were meant to encourage hopes of a vague future;" or, "who dared to advocate any other form of government than the pure, simple monarchy, as the King had inherited it from his ancestors," that upon their necks the suspended knife should fall, no matter who they or their accomplices might be. A note in a similar sense was sent to all foreign Governments, and the Queen herself was made to understand, both by the King and Cea Bermudez, that she had gone quite far enough in her concessions to the Liberals. The Ministers of Justice (Cafranga) and of War (Monet), who felt with Cristina that when the moment came the whole Conservative party would rally to Don Carlos, dissented from their chief and were dismissed; but the Queen provided them with important posts elsewhere, and so far as she personally was concerned made no secret that her sympathies were now with the Progressive party.

On the last day of the year 1832 the revocation of the "Pragmatic Sanction" was publicly withdrawn by the King, with every solemnity and formality with which it was possible to invest the ceremony, and this was the last drop in the cup of Carlist patience. The solemn decree of revocation set forth that in his seeming death agony Fernando had been betrayed by traitors into signing the revocation for their own horrible ends. They had, he said, disobeyed and deceived him, and he denounced them and declared the revocation absolutely void. Consternation and rage seized the reactionaries. Doña Francisca, who had formed a sort of provisional government consisting of the Bishop of Leon, the General of the Jesuits, Joseph O'Donnell, and others, and had commenced the organisation of the party for resistance, would wait no longer, but decided to strike her blow. The King early in January again took charge of the Government, approving of the whole of Cristina's acts as Regent, and this was made the signal for a preconcerted rising of royalist volunteers in the city of Leon, under the eye of the turbulent bishop; but the admirable firmness of General Castañon and the activity of the provincial Government suffocated the insurrection. At the same time attempted mutinies took place in Barcelona, Toledo, and in several other places, but everywhere with the same result, although bishops, priests, and friars, almost to a man, preached rebellion. At length Fernando's Government lost patience; Don Carlos and all his family were "allowed" to visit Portugal for two months (March, 1833), and the breach between the brothers grew ever wider, whilst Fernando, under the influence of the Queen, became more firmly determined that his daughter should succeed him.

In the ancient Gothic church of San Geronimo, formerly attached to the palace of Buen Retiro, which had now disappeared, the infant Princess of Asturias received the oath of allegiance of the Cortes on the 20th of June. It was no longer the democratic Cortes of 1812 or 1820, but the ancient Chamber consisting of the deputies of the privileged towns sitting with the prelates and grandees summoned for the occasion. For three months previous the preparations had occupied all minds, and nothing was omitted that wealth, skill, or foresight could devise to add splendour to the ceremony. Madrid was turned from a prosaic city of to-day into an enchanted scene from the Middle Ages. Ancient glories long forgotten were revived, and throughout the country pomp and charitable munificence joined to impress favourably upon all classes the name of Isabel, the infant heiress to the crown of Spain.

One conspicuous figure was absent from the feast. Fernando wrote begging his brother Carlos loyally to come and swear allegiance to the baby princess, but the Infante firmly but kindly refused. "Neither my conscience nor my honour will permit me to do so," he wrote; "my rights to the crown are so clear, failing male issue to you, that I cannot ignore them." And when the great ceremony took place a formal protest was lodged in the name of the King's brother Carlos, who claimed the heirship for himself. This was open rebellion, after which no further negotiations were possible, and Carlos was peremptorily ordered by his brother to leave Portugal and retire to the Pontifical States. He temporised and prevaricated as long as possible, and at length gave an answer which closed all communication with Fernando. Portugal, thanks to expeditions from England under Mendizabal and Admiral Napier, had declared for the constitutional cause, the absolutist, Dom Miguel, being expelled from Lisbon and Oporto. Don Carlos's final answer to his brother was to the effect that he would leave Lisbon when Dom Miguel reconquered it; which meant, in effect, never until he pleased. Civil war, therefore, inevitably impended over Spain; the new and the old, light and darkness, were once more to fight out their eternal issue on Spanish soil. On the 29th of September, 1833, the long-expected blow fell, and Fernando VII. died of apoplexy. Two days later his will was publicly read, when it was found that he had left his widow Cristina guardian of his two children and Queen Governess of Spain during the minority of Isabel II.

Considered from any point of view, the death of Fernando was the end of the old dispensation in Spain. He had all his life refused to concede anything, except by force, to the modern spirit which demanded for the people a voice in their own government. He was a despot pure and simple. Sometimes a benevolent one in a sardonic way, as when he degraded and put to shame, as he loved to do, some of his corrupt pompous functionaries on the complaint of a humble suitor; but in thought and mind he belonged to the sixteenth rather than to the nineteenth century, and it was impossible for another sovereign to begin where he left off. It was this fact that made Carlism hopeless as a national movement from the first, for although the Infante had on his side the majority of the official classes and the clergy who desired no innovation, the country at large was palpitating with a desire for progress, whilst the forces arrayed against it were—and are—local and sectional. Such a struggle might endure for a shorter or a longer period, but could only end in one way.

Unfortunately Fernando's benighted policy had sacrificed or driven into exile most men of really progressive ideas; and those who surrounded his widow, although enlightened in comparison with such ministers as Calomarde, were still rigidly Conservative, and timidly sought to conciliate reaction whilst effecting a revolutionary change in the succession. It was this blindness to obvious facts, this hatred of appealing frankly to popular support, this eternal hankering after old despotic methods by a Government whose very existence was bound up in opposing the absolutist doctrines of the past, that brought about much of the long-drawn agony which subsequently afflicted Spain. Don Carlos represented an obsolete and discredited system which no enlightened nation would have endured for any length of time, and the wise course would have been for Cristina to have left him in the possession of the reactionary elements, whilst she called to her side the contrasted forces of liberty, expansion, and progress. It will be seen in the next chapter that under the distrustful guidance of Cea Bermudez she took the opposite course with unhappy results.

VII.

WAR AND ANARCHY.

THE whole active reign of Fernando VII., from his return to Spain in 1814 until his death in 1833, had been a horrible national nightmare, with the doubtful exception of the few feverish years of constitutional rule after the revolt of Riego. History has no record of blacker ingratitude than that with which the King treated the country at large, and particularly those of his subjects who were favourable to progress and enlightenment. Whilst he was basely truckling at the feet of the foreigner who was trampling upon his country, whilst he was living in slothful complacency at Valençay, or basely bartering away the throne of his forefathers, Spaniards of all shades of opinion, the Progressives certainly not less than others, were straining every nerve, sacrificing ease, property, life itself, to keep intact the realm for the idolised Fernando. We have traced step by step the events of the King's unworthy life, and how he repaid his countrymen for their heroic efforts in his favour, and we have seen in passing the blighting effects of such a *régime* as his upon the social, financial, and industrial condition of the country.

These lamentable effects continued up to the time of the King's death. It is true that the revenue and expenditure balanced under the care of Ballesteros, but the revenue itself was miserably small—considerably less than it had been fifty years before—and everything was poor, parsimonious, and stunted. The only commerce that flourished was contraband,[1] the roads were infested with robbers, semi-starvation was almost universal, the capital itself was a byword for its filth, its lack of decent police, and the dismal backwardness of its customs. Nor could this be wondered at when all the men of light and leading who had not been sent to the gallows by the brutal infatuation of the monarch and the persecuting lust of the zealots, were wearing out their lives in pestilential dungeons or suffering the privations of exile. Such men as the Count de Toreno, Quintana, the Duke of Rivas, Canga Argüelles, Agustin Argüelles, Martinez de la Rosa, Calatrava, Muñoz Torrero, and Nicasio Gallego, were the salt of the nation; and when they, and thousands such as they, had gone, it was natural that their country should fall into the slough.

This would have been the case even if Fernando had chosen the best men he could have found in the ultra-Conservative ranks, for the period was eminently one of progress all over Europe; but, as has already been pointed out, he was aided in his policy by many ministers who would have been looked upon as gross caricatures if they had represented the part in an *opera bouffe*, such nonentities as Lozano de Torres, Ecoiquiz, and Mozo de Rosales. Nor was this even the lowest depth. The secret *camarilla*, which over-rode and unmade ministries to the accompaniment of cigars and coarse jokes, was largely made up of ignorant boobies of the lowest ranks of society—Ugarte, an ex-errand boy, "Chamorro," a water-carrier, and the like; and it was inevitable that under the influence of such men and such a king Spain should be dragged back, as she was, into the dark ages at a time when all other nations were vibrating with new hopes and aspirations in the youth of what was evidently destined to be the century of light.

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[1] To show how little aid Fernando gave to the efforts of his Finance Minister, Mesonero Romanos tells the story that Ballesteros, with the greatest of difficulty, induced the King to visit the humble Exhibition of Spanish Industries which the former had organised. When the King entered the section devoted to Catalan textiles, by far the most important manufacturing industry in Spain, he turned on his heel and refused to take any interest in the exhibits, saying as he went, "Bah! these are only women's things."

In the midst of a society oppressed by a censorship worthy of the days of Philip II., and compelled to slavish observance of religious forms, which, in most cases, thinly covered hideous immorality and ribald unbelief, it may well be supposed that the intellectual development of Spain in the latter part of Fernando's reign was as closely cramped as it had been at the beginning. With the death of Maiquez the glory even of the Spanish stage was for a time eclipsed, and second-rate Italian opera and trashy translations from the French attracted more attention than the classic drama. There was, however, no lack of young men of genius awaiting the liberation of thought to exercise their gifts. Breton de los Herreros[1] and Gil y Zarate,[2] though hampered by their surroundings, had already produced some comedies which gave promise of their future greatness, whilst Espronceda, Serafin Calderon ("El Solitario"), Ventura de la Vega, Fermin Caballero, Mesonero Romanos, Larra, and other afterwards famous writers, were already spreading their wings for broader flight when times should mend.

The intellectual movement, however, such as it was, was largely coloured by French influence; the most popular plays being Grimaldi's adaptations from the Paris stage, whilst the only readable prose allowed by the censorship were mild social satires and local pictures written on French models.[3] For years past all Spaniards but those pledged irrevocably to obscurantism had looked forward to Fernando's death as opening out new possibilities of advancement, not alone for literature and society, but also for politics and material interests; and the illustrious men still in exile, as well as all friends of enlightenment in Spain itself, watched with bated breath the first acts of the Queen Regent after her husband's death, in the fervent hope that they would be indicative of an entire change of policy.

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[1] Breton de los Herreros gained his first success in 1828 with "A Madrid me vuelvo," but it was not until the last day of 1831 that he became celebrated, with his fine comedy of "Marcela."

[2] Gil y Zarate began his great career at this time with the slight comedies called "Un año despues de la boda," "El Hombre del Mundo," "Cuidado con las Novias," &c., but he afterwards became illustrious in the historical drama.

[3] These sketches were usually published under a pseudonym. The most important were by Calderon ("El Solitario"), Larra ("El pobrecito hablador"), and Mesonero Romanos ("El curioso parlante")—all being published in a kind of periodical called *Cartas Españolas.*

Bitter was their disappointment when the Regent's manifesto to her people was published on the 4th of October. No concessions was made to freedom or to the demands of modern progress, no word of appeal to Liberals to support the throne of the baby-Queen against the hosts of despotism led by her uncle; nothing but a foolish effort to win the reactionaries to her side by a stiff pronouncement to the effect that nothing should be changed in form or spirit of the fundamental laws of the monarchy; "and that no dangerous innovations will be allowed, however attractive they may appear at first." "I will," it runs, "transmit to the Queen, to whom the law has given it, the sceptre of Spain intact and unimpaired, as the law has handed it down." This ill-starred beginning had the natural effect of alienating the Liberals, whilst not attracting the reactionaries, who had already taken the side of Don Carlos. If despotism was to rule no matter which sovereign was to sit upon the throne, the Liberals and their friends were not likely again to expose their lives for the question of persons, and the victory of Don Carlos was a foregone conclusion.

It was, indeed, with the people no longer a dispute on the succession to the throne only: it was a question of widely divergent principle; and the blindness of Cea Bermudez in thus alienating the only party upon which the Queen could depend in any case shows how little even the most advanced Conservative statesmen of the time had gauged the needs and aspirations of the people. Nor were the members of the Council appointed in the King's will to aid the Regent better equipped than Cea himself. They were respectable mediocrities of the more moderate Conservative party—the Duke of Medina Celi, the Duke of Bailen (General Castaños), the Marquis of Santa Cruz, Don Francisco Caro, Don José Maria Ruiz, and Count de Ofalia: and though from all parts of Spain news came that the standard of revolt had been raised with the cry of "Viva Carlos V.!" and even in Madrid itself the Pretender was acclaimed by armed bands, the Council and the ministry insisted upon their chimerical programme of "enlightened despotism," of which the enlightenment was the bait and despotism the visible hook.

Before many days had passed, it was evident that such a position could not be maintained. The generals in the provinces reported that the people everywhere would refuse to stand against the Carlists, unless some concessions were made in a constitutional direction. Some of them, Quesada and Llauder especially, frankly told Cristina that her system did not offer the guarantees for liberty which Spaniards had a right to demand, and that her daughter's throne could not be maintained unless a representative chamber was summoned. Cristina gave way grudgingly. She extended the amnesty to most of the remaining Liberals; but it was too late for half measures of this sort now. Carlism was spreading and organising rapidly, whilst the masses, disappointed at the Regent's action, refused to stir; and the troops of the Queen showed no signs of enthusiasm for her cause. At the end of the year it became obvious that the policy must be changed at once, or Isabel II. must make way for Carlos V.; and Cea Bermudez, who had fallen on a previous occasion because he was too liberal for the King, was now dismissed because he was not liberal enough for the situation.

The new Prime Minister was the illustrious man of letters, Martinez de la Rosa, whose fiery liberalism of 1812 had toned down very considerably as his years had increased, and who had been so much attacked and distrusted by the exalted Radicals in 1823. He had doubtless learnt in his long exile that freedom was a plant of slow growth, which needed much cultivation before it reached maturity. He certainly now saw that the extremely democratic one-chamber constitution of 1812 was too great a step to be taken suddenly from the absolutism of Fernando VII., and he discouraged all idea of reviving it. It was, however, necessary, that the public demand for a more democratic system than that of Fernando VII. should be satisfied at once if Carlism was to be withstood; and Martinez de la Rosa cautiously set about the work. The press censorship was greatly lightened, the whole of the exiled Liberals were now allowed to come back and their property was restored, and some reforms were made in the administration; but the minister, mindful of the extravagance and indiscipline of the former National Militia, distrusted an armed peasantry, and limited the new auxiliary forces which were to fight the Carlists to what was called an Urban Militia, drawn in strictly limited numbers from the towns only, and with certain conditions of age and standing for the members. All this was very well as a beginning, but it failed to meet the now rising demand for some form of representative government.

It was clear from the first that the ministry did not intend to revert to the Cortes of 1812 and 1820, and in order to save appearances, and yet to satisfy modern requirements, an attempt was made to graft a new system on the mass of ancient and obsolete forms which had ruled the long-forgotten parliaments of early times. The task was a difficult one, and under the circumstances unwise. The popular representation in Spain was far older than the despotism which had stifled it, and the attempt to revive the former on old lines, whilst retaining for the latter much of its power, aroused the natural feeling that the throne was only grudgingly giving back in its hour of extremity an instalment of the rights which it had filched from the people in the days of its strength.

The grave objection to the "Statute" now promulgated (April, 1834) was that, instead of being discussed and adopted by a representative constituent chamber of any sort, it was tendered as a boon from the crown, to be taken entire without discussion or amendment. The show of adhering to the ancient laws was a mere pretence, although whenever possible ancient names were preserved; for the various parliaments which formerly sat had widely dissimilar constitutions, and each one had varied greatly at different times; but it was considered that the new constitution would be more readily accepted if it came as a revival of ancient liberties, and the well-meant attempt was made.

The constitution decreed by Cristina in 1834 avoided most of the danger points of that of 1812; and was purely monarchical in its tendency. There were two chambers called *estamentos*: one consisting of the prelates, grandees, and peers of Castile, sitting by right, and an unlimited number of functionaries and other distinguished persons appointed by the Crown for life, a high property qualification being fixed for members. The second chamber—of deputies—consisted of 188 members elected by equal districts of population, the election being indirect. In each sub-district the town councils, and an equal number of the largest taxpayers, met and chose two representatives to form an electoral college in the capital of the district, which college elected the deputies. The deputies were to be at least thirty years of age, and to possess an independent minimum income of £130 per annum; and the functions of the chambers, which sat and voted separately, were strictly confined to the discussion of subjects which might be submitted to them by the Government of the day, the Parliament being convoked, suspended, or dissolved, entirely at the will of the sovereign. Practically the only corporate privilege possessed by the Parliament was to *petition* the Crown. It will be seen that this was a mere mockery of an assembly, with no initiative or legislative power whatever; a ridiculous anachronism in a country which had once possessed so democratic a constitution as that of 1812. But, withal, it was accepted gladly as an instalment of a larger measure to come; and as a pledge that the immovable despotism of Fernando was really abandoned.

Some of the discontent of the Liberals at home being thus appeased, the ministry was in a position to bespeak friendships for the Queen abroad. Don Carlos had thrown in his lot with the Portuguese pretender, Dom Miguel, who held similar views to himself, and this naturally drew England to the side of Cristina, as representing a cause cognate with that of Doña Maria da Gloria, the Portuguese Queen. The constitutional king of the French, Louis Philippe, was also opposed to the absolutist Bourbon, Don Carlos; and a treaty was settled in London by which Cristina and Maria da Gloria were to join their forces against the two ultra-Catholic Conservative Infantes, Carlos and Miguel, whilst England was to aid them with a navy, and France was to give moral support. This treaty was welcomed by Spanish Liberals more heartily than was the new constitution, for it secured for their country the alliance of the two great constitutional Powers of the West, and its immediate result was the abandonment of the struggle by Dom Miguel, and the departure both of him and Don Carlos from the Peninsula.[1]

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[1] The treaty was signed in April, 1834, but Don Carlos had been hardly pressed by the Cristino troops before then. He had made more than one attempt to win over by his personal presence General Rodil's troops on the Portuguese frontier, and had barely escaped with his life. Accompanied by his family he was hunted from town to town, often taking to the mountains in the greatest peril, followed by the Cristino troops. With the signing of the Palmerston treaty Don Carlos' position in Portugal became impossible, and he embarked on the British

Only a day or two after Fernando's death, small and partial risings had taken place in many parts of Spain—the first being that headed by the postmaster of Talavera, followed by revolts in Bilbao, Vitoria, Logroño, Valencia, and others; but they had mostly been overcome without difficulty by the Cristino troops and the leaders shot. In the Basque provinces, however, there were other causes, besides religious fanaticism, which kept the revolt alive. These provinces, peopled by a race quite distinct from the Spaniards, with a separate language, literature, and history, had never formed part of the Spanish monarchy, but were a separate domain, of which the King of Spain was lord. Any attempt to give to the country unified parliamentary institutions would necessarily assimilate the government of the Basque provinces to the rest of Spain, and this was—and still is—bitterly resented by them.

Don Carlos, representing the old system, would naturally maintain the autonomy and practical independence of the provinces, whilst a Liberal *régime* would merge them into the constitutional monarchy. The Basques, therefore, stood by Don Carlos with unconquerable tenacity almost to a man. General Sarsfield reported to the Queen's Government that he must have 80,000 men to hold the provinces,

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warship *Donegal* at Lisbon on the 30th of May, accompanied by the Bishop of Leon and a few generals, but leaving his 360 officers and 800 soldiers behind him as prisoners of war. General Rodil, the Cristino commander, was furious at the rescue of Don Carlos by the English fleet, and protested against it in vain. Don Carlos and his family arrived in London in June; and, as will be seen later, escaped to Spain again in a few weeks.

TOMAS ZUMALACARREGUI, THE CARLIST LEADER

(After a sketch taken from life.)

but this was impossible and General Rodil was appointed in his stead.

Thenceforward throughout Biscay and Navarre it was war to the knife between Carlists and Cristinos, the latter at first being better organised and usually victorious; but the former, surefooted, lithe mountaineers, were only dispersed to reassemble immediately in the almost inaccessible fastnesses with which they alone were familiar. At this juncture a military commander of the first order came to the front, and until the day of his death remained the leading soldier of the Carlist ranks; one of the very few great men of action which Spain has produced in this century.

Tomas Zumalacarregui was a native of the Guipuzcoan village of Ormastegui, where he was born in 1788, the son of a notary, and fought as an irregular all through the War of Independence. Even then he was conspicuously opposed to the constitutional cause, and as such had been afterwards employed by Fernando as Governor of Ferrol, from which post he was dismissed by Cea Bermudez. Soon after the death of the King he offered his sword to Don Carlos and headed his little force in the Basque provinces and Navarre. With prodigious energy and ability he rapidly turned his one thousand countrymen into a formidable force of well organised, but badly armed, fighting-men and by the beginning of the year 1834 was able to commence active offensive operations in Navarre and Guipuzcoa.

The legitimists on the Continent and in England had been busy from the first in organising diplomatic and financial support for the Carlist cause, and several cargoes of muskets were despatched from England—mostly to fall into the hands of the Cristinos—for the purpose of arming the pretender's levies in Spain. These negotiations were continued more actively after the arrival of Don Carlos in England and the successful inauguration of the campaign by Zumalacarregui. Amongst the pretender's agents was a French adventurer of doubtful character named Auguet de St. Silvaint, who undertook the difficult task of smuggling Don Carlos out of England to join his army in Spain. The Infante himself was tardy and irresolute, a man of no ability or character, and had to be pushed to every fresh step by his wife and her sister, the Princess of Beira, the only men of the family, as was said at the time; but, at last, he was brought to see that further delay would be fatal to his cause, and, thanks to Auguet's clever contrivance, managed to escape with false passports and in disguise, to join Zumalacarregui in Navarre.[1]

He found that the genius of the general had turned to good account the small resources which had been sent him. He had established a regular governing junta at Elizondo with the Curate Echevaria at its head, and already his force consisted of twelve battalions of infantry and four regiments of cavalry with eighteen field guns in Navarre; nine battalions of infantry, and one of guides with a squadron of lancers in Biscay; six battalions of infantry and four of guides in Alava, and three battalions of infantry and three of guides in Guipuzcoa; or in all rather over 35,000 troops. These men were mostly peasants and old royalist volunteers, fired with fanatical zeal by the priests of their country, and by the fear of losing their ancient autonomy. They had been hitherto used by Zumalacarregui in incessant harassing attacks on outposts, and places weakly held by the Cristinos; but their familiarity with the country, their boldness, and, above all, their mobility, had by the time of Don Carlos' arrival ensured their possession of a large mountainous district of Navarre and Guipuzcoa adjoining the French frontier, which secured a safe * retreat in case of need, and easy communication with the hosts of legitimists and sympathisers abroad.

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[1] He lived whilst in London at Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, where Canning had formerly lived; but his disguise was effected at the house of a French legitimist in Welbeck Street. He travelled by Brighton, Dieppe, and Paris, arriving at Elizondo in Navarre on the 9th of July. He was supplied with funds mainly by French legitimists. In London he was only visited by extreme English Tories like the Duke of Cumberland.

Thus began seven years of exhausting civil war, of which only the most salient events can be mentioned here. During the whole of the autumn General Rodil, the Queen's commander, expended his men and resources in fruitless marches and countermarches, endeavouring to catch Don Carlos, but all his efforts were frustrated by the skill of Zumalacarregui and the nature of the country. The Cristinos fell into ambush again and again, and were ingloriously slaughtered, whilst the Carlist forces were always able to disperse and elude pursuit if outnumbered The Cristino troops lost heart and confidence, whilst the name of Zumalacarregui infused unbounded enthusiasm in his followers; and with these successes the Carlist cause grew every day stronger. This being the state of affairs at the seat of war, we will now glance at the progress of events in Madrid.

On the 24th of July, 1834, the Queen Regent opened in state the new Cortes, the members of both Houses sitting on this occasion together, and from the first it was seen that this was, indeed, but a shadow of the constitutional Government which had been the dream in their exile of so many of the distinguished members of the elective chamber. Once more the curse of unchecked eloquence and political vehemence proved how difficult it was to enfranchise, even partially, a people which had been kept in leading-strings so long. Cholera in a deadly form was devastating whole populations, and Madrid itself was panic-stricken by the plague. Some of the ignorant mob-orators in the capital maddened the people by saying that the mortality arose from the poisoning of the water by the friars—and a boy was seen emptying a packet of powder in the fountain of the Puerta del Sol. A cry for vengeance arose; monasteries of Jesuits were invaded, and all the inmates butchered. Over a hundred friars were murdered in cold blood in the capital, whilst the authorities stood by and did nothing.

The flood of oratory rose higher and higher whilst these abuses went on. The reply to the speech from the throne was discussed *ad infinitum* in the lower House, with a vehement determination to extort from the Government further concessions to the Liberal principles; and after a month's talk a sort of "Bill of Rights" was presented to the Queen, in the form of a petition, demanding individual freedom and equality before the law, the inviolability of property, liberty of the press, full ministerial responsibility, and much else of the same sort, all of which could hardly be refused by Cristina in the position in which she found herself. The next step was to rehabilitate all the functionaries and officers who had been appointed by the constitutional Government of 1820–23, and this expensive measure, although gravely questioned by many, could not logically be refused without accusing the former Liberal *régime* of illegality.

The financial condition of the country had once more become desperate; and if Don Carlos was to be beaten money must be obtained. It was found that the annual net revenue accruing to the country was five million sterling, whilst the estimated expenditure for the year was eight millions; and it was proposed to consolidate the various foreign debts of the Government and obtain a further loan abroad. In order to raise the credit of the country the ministry proposed to recognise all loans raised in the name of former Governments; but here they met with determined resistance from the lower House with regard to a loan contracted by the revolutionary absolutist Regency of Urgel for the purpose of overthrowing the Constitutionists and releasing Fernando. In this matter, again, the popular chamber had its way, and it was clear now that timid Martinez de la Rosa by the creation, even of this poor shadow of representation, had called into being a force which he could not control, and which would not stop in its career until the enfranchisement of the citizen was complete.

Every project of the Government was surrounded by safeguards that the deputies resented; the fear of creating a popular armed force to combat the Carlists aroused the anger of the people, and the proposal to endow the royal family with the enormous civil list of £545,000[1] per annum, an eighth of the whole national revenue, added to the distrust with which Martinez was regarded. There were other reasons which attracted the unflattering attention of the people to Cristina. Immediately after Fernando's death it had been noticed that a handsome young guardsman named Muñoz was constantly by her side, and at the first review she held after her return from the Pardo, where she and her daughter had been secluded from the cholera, the lieges were scandalised at seeing the favourite riding by her side as an equal. Cristina was still a bright, buxom widow under thirty, and the Madrileños began to grumble that this was Godoy over again. Cries of "Viva la Libertad!" were now sometimes raised as the Regent and the little Queen rode through the Prado instead of "Viva la Reina!" as was expected.

In the meantime the war was going badly for the Queen in the north. Zumalacarregui's ability and the enthusiasm of his men had worn out the Cristino troops; and Aragon and Valencia had become largely infected with the absolutist fervour. Zumalacarregui's plan was to occupy the whole of the territory north of the Ebro; and although the larger fortresses were able to withstand him, the semi-bankruptcy of the Madrid Government and Martinez de la Rosa's distrust of the people made it impossible for the Queen's forces to do more than stand on the defensive. This irregular guerrilla warfare of mobile bands, directed by a master of strategy against bodies of hastily levied and badly provided troops, led in the old way, might, it was seen, be carried on for an indefinite time; and at length the signal defeat in rapid succession of the Cristino generals O'Doyle and Osma near Vitoria exhausted the patience of the Queen's friends.

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[1] The Chamber cut the amount down to £450,000, of which £290,000 was for the four-year-old Queen, £124,000 for the Regent, and £36,000 for the Infante Don Francisco.

In this extremity one name sprang to every lip. If there was a man left in Spain who could infuse courage and enthusiasm into the fainting hearts of his countrymen, it was the erstwhile condemned exile Francisco Mina, the guerrilla hero of Navarre, who had fought the French and reactionaries with equal vigour. But Mina was a democrat of democrats, and Martinez de la Rosa trembled at the idea of putting into his hands forces which might, if he chose, make him master of Spain. But there was no alternative, and Mina was appointed to face Zumalacarregui. His very presence in Navarre, and his stirring words, gave another aspect to affairs for a short time. But he was no longer the Mina of old. Suffering and hardship had broken even his

GENERAL FRANCISCO MINA.

iron frame, and he could only direct the campaign from a sick-bed. Mobility, once his strong point, was now impossible to him: all the province, moreover, was against him instead of being on his side, as it had been against the French. He found on the very day that he assumed command that not even fuel to cook the rations was obtainable, so close was Zumalacarregui's blockade of Pamplona: everything, indeed, was wanting; and the Government of timid doctrinaires and orators in Madrid was as unfit, as it was unable, to provide for a great national campaign.

The Cristino force consisted of three brigades in Navarre under Generals Lorenzo, Cordoba, and Oraá, and two in Guipuzcoa under Espartero and O'Donnell, the total number of men being 25,000; an utterly insufficient force to occupy the provinces and hold the long line of the Ebro. In answer to Mina's prayer for more men the Government could only send him, as he wrote, "a naked battalion, without officers, without instruction, and mostly without arms." Under these circumstances it was not surprising that Mina should be no more successful than his predecessors, and from his couch of constant sickness he fervently prayed to be relieved from his impossible task (April, 1835), and surrendered his command to General Valdés.

These repeated disasters, and the ever-widening breach between the Radical Chamber of Deputies and the ministry, made the position of Martinez de la Rosa daily more untenable, and the appointment of General Llauder, a staunch reactionist, as

Minister of War completed the unpopularity of the Government. Martinez from the first had made light of the Carlist rising, and his own words were now turned against him. "If it was so small a matter, why did he not end it?" asked his enemies, or was he, perchance, in secret treaty with Don Carlos himself? All these doubts and discontents culminated in Madrid on the night of the 17th of January, 1835,* when a part of the garrison—the Aragonese regiment—under Adjutant Cardero,* rose in mutiny, and took possession of the great post-office—now the Home Office—in the Puerta del Sol, and at the summons of the Captain-General of Castile, Canterac, to surrender, shot the latter dead in the street. When the Government saw that the rest of the parties to the plot failed to move they overcame their first terror, concentrated the whole of the troops in the capital in the Puerta del Sol, and laid siege to the great red brick building in which the mutineers were isolated. After some hours of musketry attack and defence on the building, in which it was clear that the mutineers had the sympathy of a large number of the people, the Government was forced to confess its weakness by allowing Cardero and his men, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to march out with all the honours of war, and without punishment. After this exhibition of impotence the ministry of Martinez de la Rosa lost all moral influence. Its resistance to the extension of parliamentary government, its efforts to render the Bill of Rights inoperative, and the ill success with which it conducted the war, made it impossible for it to withstand the storm of unpopularity which overwhelmed it.

Valdés, the new Commander-in-chief in the north had been beaten by Zumalacarregui at Amezcoas in his first battle (April 21st), and every day the war assumed a more ferocious and sanguinary character. So terrible, indeed, were the atrocities committed on both sides, that the English Government sent Lord Elliot and Colonel Gurwood to remonstrate with Zumalacarregui and Valdés on the subject, with the result that an agreement was signed regularising the war and providing that the lives of prisoners should be spared. The position of the Carlist cause was now most favourable. Only England, France, and Portugal had recognised Isabel II., and the northern Powers were ready to acknowledge her opponent, if, in addition to the territory he held, he could gain possession of a fortress of the first class; in which case, also, a loan which Don Carlos was negotiating could be concluded. Against the advice of his great general the Pretender therefore determined to attack Bilbao.[1]

The place was enormously strong, with a garrison of 4,000 regulars besides militia and forty great guns, and its reduction was the most important task which the Carlists had yet undertaken. On the 10th of June, 1835, the artillery attack was opened, and in the afternoon of the 14th two battalions of Carlist infantry marched up with incredible boldness to storm the small breach that had been made in the formidable walls. The defenders themselves were thunderstruck at such foolhardy rashness, and called out before firing, "Where are you going to, you stupid Navarrese?" "To death," was the true reply, for most of the heroes died in the breach, and the rest fell back only when Zumalacarregui sternly ordered them to do so. The next day (June 15th) the Carlist general ascended to an upper balcony of the Begoña palace in the outskirts, which commanded a view of the city, in order to note the point where a new breach and assault might be effected. The balcony was fully exposed to the musketry fire, and Zumalacarregui's person and costume were easily distinguishable by the defenders. His presence attracted a shower of bullets, one of which penetrated the calf of the right leg. He made light of his wound, but it incapacitated him from command; and it was arranged that the general should be carried to his own province to recover. But the Spanish surgeons treated him ignorantly, and in defiance of the English medical man who was summoned, refused to extract the bullet until inflammation and fever set in, and Zumalacarregui died in the small village of Segama, in Navarre, on the 23rd of June, 1835. He was the only man of real note and genius which the war produced, and his loss was an irreparable one for Don Carlos. He was, indeed, too great for his surroundings, and was intensely unpopular with the narrow-minded ministers who guided the Pretender; and even the latter was jealous of his success and power.

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[1] Zumalacarregui's plan was to march upon Vitoria and Burgos, and so to Madrid, and if Don Carlos had acted on it at the time, and had consented to some sort of representative government, he would have been welcomed, for utter confusion reigned in the capital, and a saviour of society was urgently wanted. But he was as slow, stupid, and obstinate as Fernando had been; he was surrounded by besotted reactionaries and friars, and he missed this, his great chance, even as is grandson did in similar circumstances thirty-eight years afterwards.

Valdés, outgeneralled entirely, and hopeless of relieving Bilbao, retired on to the Ebro, and threw up his command, ordering his subordinate Generals, Espartero and Latre, also to fall back. But at this juncture the inevitable man of action on the Cristino side came to the front. To both Valdés and his successor, La Hera, Baldomero Espartero gave the same reply. He declined to retreat, and Bilbao must be relieved.[1] It was something, at this time of distraction and confusion, that there was, at all events, one Spaniard who knew his own mind, and was bold enough to stand by his opinion. Espartero was a man of no great ability or education, but he was as honest as was compatible with his vast ambition, and as firm as a rock. In this blackest hour of the Queen's cause he emerged from out of the welter of sloth, ineptitude, and base corruption, and by sheer force of character saved the crown of Isabel II.

Espartero's determination decided the question that Bilbao should be relieved at all costs. The townspeople and garrison were fighting bravely, and the death of Zumalacarregui had deprived the Carlists of energy and spirit; the appearance, therefore, of the Queen's army turned the scale, and the siege of Bilbao was raised in July, 1835. This was the first great blow to the Carlist cause. The Pretender and his agents were all at discord with each other respecting his loan transactions, and already a considerable number of those who had espoused his cause were disgusted at the impenetrable stupidity of the Carlist ministers, who refused to make the slightest concession to modern ideas or to acknowledge the possibility of conciliation. Don Carlos himself was as stupid as the friars who surrounded him, and now that the overbearing Doña Francisca was dead there was no one to stir him to sustained action, or to remind him that he was in the nineteenth century and not in the sixteenth.

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[1] The following energetic words are contained in Espartero's letter to his chief: "Waver not a moment! But if, as I hope will not be the case, you neglect the advice of your friend, the latter will cast aside his general's sash, and will loathe the name of Spaniard, whilst you will be for ever sunk in infamy."

All these circumstances turned the tide of Carlist success; but the improved outlook of the Queen's cause could not save Martinez de la Rosa, who was now quite at issue with the Cortes which he himself had called into being. The ministry therefore resigned in July, and the Finance Minister, Count de Toreno, accepted the difficult task of carrying on the Government. Martinez de la Rosa was a poet, a fastidious gentleman, and an honest man; but, like so many of his countrymen, he was carried away with his torrential eloquence, and confused words for deeds. A Liberal by conviction, he saw better than most men how apt Spain was to rush to the abyss of license with the slightest enfranchisement of her institutions, and in vain endeavoured to skid the coach whilst he was driving it. The verdict upon him must be that he was an impractical minister, who thought that he might satisfy

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eager Liberals by a hollow pretence of enfranchisement, whilst reconciling reactionaries by an adherence to forgotten forms and names.

Count de Toreno had been that fiery young democrat who had first bespoke the aid of England in the great struggle for Spanish independence, but he, too, had learnt much in suffering, poverty, and exile. He was clever and facile, and had been popular, but his acceptance of the Finance Ministry in Martinez's Government had caused him also to be looked at askance by the Liberals of the chamber. He sought to win them over by appointing some Radical colleagues, especially Juan Alvarez Mendizabal, who had done so much to secure the victory of constitutionism in Portugal, and was now forming an English legion to aid Cristina. Mendizabal was of Jewish origin, and was in business in London when he was appointed to the Ministry of Finance in Toreno's Government, but before he arrived events forced his colleagues to take a step which he had been advocating for years, namely, the re-expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain, and the suppression of all monasteries occupied by less than twelve brethren. The measure was wrung from the Government by the attacks upon religious houses and the murder of monks by the mob in Zaragoza and elsewhere early in July, but already the flame had caught, and the concession to revolutionary demands came too late.

On the 26th of July a terrible outburst took place in Barcelona. "Down with the friars!" rang from street to street, as one sacred retreat after another was stormed and burnt, the inmates being slaughtered in cold blood. Llauder, the reactionary Captain-General, himself threatened with death, fled; and his second in command, Bassa, also a Conservative, endeavoured to crush the revolt. This aroused the Catalans to fury. Hitherto the townspeople as a whole had looked on; now they flocked from shop and factory into the streets, armed with such weapons as they might seize. The Urban Militia joined the populace; Bassa was summoned to surrender, and at first refused. The palace was invaded, Bassa shot after he had promised to submit, his corpse dragged through the streets, and finally burnt on a great furnace of Government archives and other property. The statue of Fernando was cast down, and amidst frantic cries of "Viva la Libertad! Viva Isabel II.!" the effigy of his little daughter was raised on the empty pedestal; and then the blind mob sated their fury by destroying machinery, sacking and burning as they went.

A revolutionary assembly was elected by the people when some amount of tranquillity had been restored, which assumed the supreme rule of the province. The rest of Cataluña joined, and Andalusia followed. The friars everywhere were hunted down, the Militia, now called National, was re-organised, and a demand thundered to Madrid that liberty and equality of citizenship should be frankly acknowledged, and that a really representative system should be devised by an elected constituent assembly. By the end of August, 1835, there were only two dominant powers in Spain—Carlism and the Revolution. The Government of Madrid with the Queen Regent were obliged, out of fear, to disarm their own militia in the capital, and anarchy reigned supreme over all. Toreno and his ministers issued threatening manifestoes in the name of the Queen, and declared all authority but their own illegal, but no notice was taken of them.

The revolution was at its height when Mendizabal* arrived from London early in September, and in his first interview with Cristina he told her clearly that he would have no part in a ministry whose only policy was resistance and drift. Events must be faced, and a strong course taken or all would be lost. Some of the ministers were still for fighting a hopeless battle, but Toreno, glad to surrender the helm, promptly made way for Mendizabal, who summarised his proposed policy in the words: "Oblivion, respect, reparation, and reform." He lost no time. In an eloquent letter to the Queen he told her of his labours and sufferings in exile, of the miseries and disappointment of the country at the grudging measures of reform which had been doled out to it, the need for ending the civil war, and, above all, for devising a sound representative and financial system on the model of Great Britain, in which the rights of sovereign and people should be equally defined.

The wise, bold words of Mendizabal threw oil upon the troubled waters. Everywhere outside of the Carlist occupation the Queen's Government once more gained sway. Liberty of the press was decreed, the National Militia was rehabilitated, and the whole of the monkish orders rigidly suppressed (October

11th).[1] All the insurrectionists were pardoned, and every unmarried male Spaniard between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was required to place himself at disposal of the Government, to fight the Carlists, or pay a fine of £40, a measure which at once provided half a million sterling in cash and 100,000 men.

Once more Spain was under the rule of a man who was not afraid of democracy; the electoral "Statute" of Martinez de la Rosa was considered no longer sufficient, and another representative Constitution was to be invented to replace it. The Constitution of 1812 had failed to satisfy national needs because it was too wide; that of 1834 because it was too narrow: Mendizabal now tried to strike the happy mean. Both in the Chamber and in the country there were many who feared further enfranchisement, and to strengthen his hands the minister demanded from the former an absolute vote of confidence, which he obtained, and then began the battle of the franchise. The proposals of the ministry were extremely moderate, but even so they were defeated by the intrigues of a majority of Conservatives led by Martinez de la Rosa, who demanded direct voting and small constituencies with one member each, rather than large provinces with several members. Mendizabal then did what it would have been wiser to have done at first; he

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[1] Notwithstanding all the previous attacks upon the orders, there were still 3,140 religious houses with 53,000 inmates, of whom 36,000 were friars. The whole of their property was ordered to be sold by Mendizabal in February, 1836.

abandoned the attempt to reconcile his opponents
*by half measures, and dissolved the "Estates."

Fortified by his vote of confidence, he now set about the work of Radical administrative reform. All claims against the Government were ordered to be investigated and consolidated. The National Debt already reached £84,000,000, and a great measure for gradually paying off the whole was devised. This plan has been bitterly attacked as unjust and unwise, and from a financial point of view it certainly was open to grave objection. As, however, it is the principal measure associated with Mendizabal's name, it may be briefly described. All the property of the clergy and monastic orders, except that devoted to charity, was declared national property (March, 1836), and sold by tender in small lots,[1] one-fifth of the purchase-money being paid down, and the rest in instalments extending over eight or sixteen years, the payment being made either in stock of the National Debt, or in money, which the Government would apply to the purchase of stock to be cancelled. However necessary the measure may have been from a political motive—for the monastic orders had certainly used their wealth in opposition to liberalism—it placed enormous power in the hands of Bourse speculators, of which they took full advantage, to rig the prices of the Government stocks to the detriment of the small people who were obliged to buy it at certain times to pay their instalments. Mendizabal himself recognised this evil, and, at a subsequent period, substituted the uniform payment of cash instalments extending over twenty-five years. Notwithstanding all this, however, and the disturbed state of the country, twenty-four millions sterling worth of monastic property was sold from 1836 to 1844, and a hundred millions sterling of national indebtedness and expenditure cancelled therewith.

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[1] It should be mentioned that the Government undertook to provide for the living of all the friars and clergy who were dispossessed.

When Mendizabal met the new Cortes (still elected under Martinez's "Statute") at the end of March he found himself with a great Radical majority, but it soon became evident that his measures had offended some of those who had been his friends, and a bitter personal opposition was raised against him, particularly by Isturiz, with whom* he fought a duel, and Alcalá Galiano. He had with him the enormous majority of both chambers, and the country, but another power besides personal jealousy was plotting his downfall. It will readily be supposed that Cristina looked with no sympathy upon a Radical minister who really had the courage of his opinions. She had surrounded herself with a *camarilla* almost as bad as that of her former husband. Muñoz, to whom it was evident she was now married—she lived with him indeed for the rest of her life, and had a very large family by him—wisely avoided playing the part of a Godoy, and kept politically in the background; but most of those who influenced the Regent were personal favourites, milliners, court ladies, priests, and palace functionaries, who naturally took the ultra-royalist view. Mendizabal found his proposals resisted and hampered at every turn by the palace set; and insisted upon retiring (May 15, 1836). The Queen had a ministry, headed by Isturiz, ready to replace him. The Cortes protested, stormed, and went far beyond its only legal right, namely, that of petition to the Crown, passing votes of censure, and the like; but the "Statute" gave the sovereign the whip hand; and in the midst of its indignation the Parliament was dissolved. *

The war in the north, in the meanwhile, continued without cessation. The English legion of 10,000 men, under General De Lacy Evans, whose principal headquarters were St. Sebastian, together with French and Portuguese auxiliary forces, now raised the number of Cristino troops to 80,000 men; and the activity of Mendizabal in raising money and troops had distinctly revived the hopes of the Queen's party. Constitutionists in England and France looked even with greater disfavour upon Carlism, particularly in view of Don Carlos' political impracticability, and his iniquitous "Durango decree" ordering that * foreigners taken prisoners should be shot.[1] All the principal fortresses were still held by the Queen's troops, even those of Navarre and the Basque provinces, although another heroic attempt had been made by the Carlists to win Bilbao; an attempt which this time was within an ace of success when it was frustrated (October, 1835) by the English bluejackets under Lord John Hay. But another chief, of almost the first rank as a guerrillero, had arisen on the Carlist side who in the open pushed the Cristinos hard. Ramon Cabrera,* supreme now in Aragon, had managed to perfect the organisation in that province, and by his activity, cruelty,[1] and skill, kept the Cristinos mostly shut up behind the walls of their fortresses, even Espartero and Cordoba being beaten in the open on many occasions. The sufferings of the troops on both sides were heartrending. The British legion particularly, unpaid, ill-fed, and strangers, devastated by typhus, and shot without mercy if captured, passed through the most terrible privations—particularly in their march from Bilbao to Vitoria. Officers and men died or deserted by the hundred almost daily, and soon the number was reduced to less than half the original muster.

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[1] The consequence of this was that there was no quarter for the English legionaries.

In the early spring of 1836 the Carlist forces made a determined effort to carry St. Sebastian by siege, and on May 5th Evans effected a successful sortie with 7,000 men, whilst Lord John Hay with two English warships, bombarded the key to the Carlist position. The fighting was sanguinary in the extreme, no quarter being given on either side, but finally the Carlists gave way, and raised the siege. This was a great blow to the Carlists, but still the Cristino Government were apparently as far as ever from completely subduing so formidable a revolt, in which practically all the Basque provinces and Navarre were against them, as well as a large portion of Aragon. It had been a favourite scheme of Isturiz, the present Prime Minister, and the moderates, to invite Louis Philippe to restore order in the north of Spain, and the citizen king had listened willingly to approaches which might secure for him a future claim upon Spain's gratitude. Lord Palmerston, however, with Villiers, the English ambassador in Madrid, had their hands upon the intrigue, and were sure of the sturdy co-operation of Mendizabal. So long as the latter was in power the plan was frustrated, and when Isturiz became Prime Minister the French king's affairs were not propitious to the sending of an army into Spain, but a large body of Cristinos was allowed to cross a portion of French territory, for the purpose of strengthening the Spanish fortresses on the Biscay coast.

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[1] As some indication of the ferocity on both sides it may be mentioned that the Cristino General Nogueras ordered Cabrera's old mother to be shot in February, 1836, in reprisal for his cruelty, and, as may be supposed, Cabrera amply avenged himself.

Even thus early it was feared in England that Louis Philippe might plan a marriage between one of his sons and the child-Queen Isabel, and more direct support than before was consequently given by the English Government to Cristina, the intrigues of the two Powers to gain a paramount influence in Spain continuing simultaneously in Madrid, London, and Paris. Louis Philippe, however, had a difficult game to play, for he wished to marry some of his sons to German Catholic princesses, and could not afford to offend the legitimist Powers who supported Don Carlos; so that for a time, at all events, the English aid to Cristina predominated, even when the moderates, who were favourable to French influence, were in power in Spain.

We have seen that the party of reaction had

DON CARLOS DE BORBON THE FIRST.

rallied almost entire to the cause of Don Carlos, and that the Queen's throne could only depend upon those who advocated popular government; but it soon became clear that the ostensible Constitutionists were broadly divided between those who were willing to give to the people a real representative system and those who wished to put them off with the appearance only. It was perhaps natural that Cristina and her palace *camarilla* should lean to the latter; and though all outside the Carlist ranks claimed to be Constitutionists, yet the "moderates" were, for all practical purposes, a purely Conservative and royalist party, and enjoyed thenceforward the full support of the Queen. The rise of Isturiz was followed by the election of a Conservative Cortes, the dismissal of all advanced Liberal functionaries and an era of reaction.

But Mendizabal, the only really earnest and able Liberal politician of the first rank who had appeared for years, was still extremely popular throughout the country, and soon all the south of Spain was in full revolution against the Queen's Government. Amidst scenes of the wildest disorder and bloodshed the authorities of all the great towns of Andalusia declared for the Constitution of 1812. The fire of revolt was spreading northward when the Madrid Government sent General Narvaez to Zaragoza with his brigade, to stifle the movement there, but he found that Evaristo de San Miguel was at the head of the mutiny, as was Mina in Cataluña, and in face of these two powerful generals Narvaez could do nothing; whilst in Madrid itself the rising was only suppressed with the utmost difficulty by General Quesada, and by the partial disarmament of the National Militia. There is no question that the country at large was profoundly disappointed at the attitude of the palace clique which had displaced Mendizabal, and it now despaired of gaining a really representative system by constitutional means. It was now acknowledged by parliamentarians that Martinez de la Rosa's "Statute" was a mockery, which offered no hope of expansion; and it was seen that between the Queen and Don Carlos the principal difference was one mainly of appearance.

Things were in this state on August 12, 1836, with one-third of Spain in the Carlist occupation, and another third, or more, acclaiming the Constitution of 1812 against the Queen's Government, when there rode into the town adjoining the palace of La Granja, where the Queens were staying, a militiaman who told the soldiers and the people that he had fled from Madrid to avoid the disarmament which had been decreed by Quesada against all the National Militia. The troops in garrison at La Granja, many of whom were Liberals, were deeply moved, and at ten o'clock the same night a cry to arms was raised. A battalion mustered in the barrack-square under its sergeants only; it was augmented by some companies of the Royal Guard, and the force proceeded rapidly towards the palace. Nothing impeded the progress of the mutineers, for the authorities were paralysed. All the rest of the guards and grenadiers joined the revolt on the way, and two sergeants were elected to dictate terms to the Queen, into whose presence they were escorted by the commanders of their respective regiments.

Cristina received them graciously. Kneeling they kissed her hand, as she stood surrounded by her Court, and in answer to her questions Sergeant Gomez said that they had been fighting the Carlists for the Queen, but they had been fighting for liberty as well. "Yes, my sons," said the Queen, "you have been fighting for liberty." "But what liberty have we in Spain?" asked Gomez. "Don't you know what liberty is?" inquired the Queen; to which the bold sergeant replied that they did not judge that which they had in Spain to be liberty. "Liberty," said Cristina, "is the rule of law, and obedience to authority." "Then," replied the sergeant, "resistance to the almost universal will of the nation that the Constitution should be proclaimed is not liberty, the disarmament of the National Militia is not liberty, the persecution and banishment of Liberals is not liberty, and the wish to make terms with the Carlists, and to return to the bad times of old, is not liberty." The Queen was rapidly losing patience, and began to speak haughtily, when Gomez told her plainly that peace and order could only be restored by the promulgation of the Constitution of 1812. The Queen cleverly raised difficulties which for a time puzzled the sergeants, and she tried to put off the mutineers with vague promises; but the regiments outside would suffer no temporising; and at length the following decree was issued.[1] "As Queen-

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[1] George Borrow in his "Bible in Spain" gives a highly sensational account from hearsay of these events. He says that the Cristina's

Governess of Spain, I command that the Constitution of 1812 shall be published, pending the manifestation by Cortes of the will of the nation. San Ildefonso, August 13, 1836."

The Madrid Government was in dismay, and made no secret of their belief that the English ambassador, Lord Clarendon, was at the bottom of the movement; a suggestion which the sergeant strenuously, and quite truly, denied. Fruitless attempts were made to buy or intimidate the sergeants by Mendez Vigo, the Minister of War; intercepted letters told them that the Madrid Government was planning vengeance; and the garrison then demanded the dismissal of the ministers and other high functionaries opposed to them. In the meanwhile Madrid itself had fallen a prey to uproar. The ministers fled to hiding, General Quesada in attempting to escape in disguise was caught by the mob, and butchered, and at the dictation of the sergeants a new ministry of conspicuous Radicals under Calatrava was hurriedly appointed by the Queen. Once more every town square outside the Carlist lines changed its name to "Plaza de la Constitucion," again the Hymn of Riego resounded through the streets, and for the third time the constitutional mottoes were boldly emblazoned in public places. "The nation is essentially sove-

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husband (or paramour) Muñoz, was bound and blindfolded ready to be shot by the mutineers, and that the Queen only gave way when the muskets were levelled to shoot him. The account of actors and eye-witnesses, however, make no mention of this scene. Borrow's lively account of what happened at Madrid at the same time is probably true, as he was on the spot.

reign," and "The power of making laws is vested in the Cortes with the monarch."

The disturbed state of the Government had encouraged the Carlists to push forward into Central Spain; and almost simultaneously with the events just narrated one of the most interesting episodes of the war took place. If Carlism was ever to spread beyond the Basque provinces and Navarre this was its opportunity, and General Miguel Gomez, who was endeavouring unsuccessfully to rally Asturias and Galicia to Don Carlos, determined to seize it. With four battalions of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two field guns, he started from the north-west corner of Spain, crossed the kingdom of Leon, Old Castile, and into New Castile, almost to the gates of Madrid, fought with and captured a brigade of the Royal Guard at Jadraque, marched to Cordoba, returned to the Mancha and captured Almaden, again entered Andalusia, and approached Cadiz, finally retracing his steps and returning to the Carlist headquarters on the Ebro without serious loss, after five months' march (December 20, 1836).

This brilliant but unproductive expedition[1] was effected in the face of the best commanders the Queen's Government could muster. Espartero, Rodil, Manso, Rivero, and Narvaez were in turn deceived and out-generalled. In the case of Narvaez, his troops mutinied in face of the enemy whom he had partially defeated (November 29th), and from the behaviour of the Queen's troops and officers throughout it was seen that the poison of party politics had penetrated deeply into their ranks.

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[1] Gomez was disgraced and imprisoned by Don Carlos on his return, the charges against him being that he had been too merciful with his prisoners, that he had not prepared the way for Don Carlos to Madrid and that he had failed to divide his booty fairly with Don Carlos.

By far the most popular and active of the Queen's generals was Espartero, whom the new revolutionary Government of Calatrava appointed to the supreme command of the army at the end of September, on the retirement of General Cordoba; and he lost no time in infusing some enthusiasm into the ranks. Leaving for a season the task of attacking the enemy, he threw the whole of his immense energy into improving the moral and material condition of his men. The army, indeed, was in a deplorable condition; starving and in rags, badly armed and worse fed, divided by political and personal jealousy, and without confidence in themselves or their leaders, they had proved themselves in the face of Gomez's march unfit to cope with the enemy; and Espartero's first task was to reorganise his army for the supreme struggle. The Basques and other friends of Don Carlos were growing impatient at the slow progress of the Pretender's cause for which they had sacrificed so much. The great fortresses, even in the north, were still in the hands of the Queen; and it was decided that, at any cost, Bilbao must be won; so for the third time the Carlist troops sat down before the capital of Biscay, upon the possession of which the final triumph of their cause depended.

The town was held by only 4,300 soldiers of the Queen, whilst the besiegers numbered some 15,000 with nineteen guns; and the Carlists anticipated an easy victory. In this they were mistaken. General Santos San Miguel, who commanded the troops in the city, aroused the spirit of his men and the citizens to the highest pitch of fervour. Through the month of November a terrible fire was kept up, and one after another the defences of the outer line fell; but the summons to surrender was indignantly rejected. "Let Bilbao hold out; help shall soon reach her," was Espartero's signal-message to the beleaguered town; but it was clear that the accumulated horrors of famine, fire, pestilence, and death would force the devoted citizens to capitulate before many days were passed.

The task of relief was difficult, considering the position of the place, with mountains on all sides. Espartero, with 14,000 men, had managed to reach Portugalete at the mouth of the river upon which Bilbao stands, but on the other side six miles off. Only one bridge was left over the river, and a first attempt by the Queen's troops to force it failed. The next day (November 28th) Espartero made a desperate effort to get across on a pontoon bridge and was successful, but was stopped on his road to the town by the cutting of the bridge of Luchana over a tributary stream. Under a heavy fire the bridge was repaired, and the next day Espartero was able to proceed; but once more was driven back to Portugalete with heavy loss. On December 16th the General addressed a fervid proclamation to his men, in which he swore to relieve Bilbao or die, and on the 24th a general action was commenced, during which, by the aid of the English bluejackets, another bridge was thrown across the tributary at Luchana, and here the great battle was fought. The Carlists lined the mountains that rise on each side, and Espartero's troops fell in great numbers, but retreat now was more destructive for them than advance, for they were between the Carlists and the river, and a return over the bridge of boats would have meant massacre.

Espartero himself was in bed with a burning fever, but at the supreme moment conquered his sickness, mounted his charger, and galloped across the Luchana bridge in a blinding snowstorm, to lead his men. At one o'clock in the morning the attack was delivered on the principal mountain position of the Carlists. Storming up the hillsides, the Queen's troops charged with the bayonet. The mortality on both sides was appalling, and the sufferings of the men were increased by the fury of the tempest, which rapidly covered dead and wounded alike in a thick winding-sheet of snow. Finally, after superhuman efforts and many hours of fighting, the height of Banderas was carried and the Carlists fled. Bilbao was saved for the third time, and it was certain now that the Pretender could never conquer Spain by force of arms.

This was the most important, as well as the most decisive, action in a lingering civil war; and, brave as were his own men, Espartero could not refrain from acknowledging in his order of the day that much of the credit of the signal victory was owing to the aid of Colonel Wilde and the English bluejackets and soldiers. With the relief of Bilbao Carlism started on its downward path, and the throne of Isabel II.

was secured, at least from demolition by the armed forces of obscurantism.

As we have seen, the ministry of Calatrava was the creation of popular tumult and a barrack mutiny, and it was necessary as a first step to justify its origin. The Queen in her speeches and decrees was now made to bless methods and aspirations which she had formerly condemned, the property of Conservatives and others who had fled from Spain was confiscated, a forced prepayment of taxes to the extent of two millions sterling was ordered, the salaries of public functionaries were reduced, and all the principal laws of 1820–23 were again promulgated. But Radical as the Government was, it saw that the Constitution of Cadiz was impracticable, and summoned a Constituent Cortes, elected on the mode of 1812, to bring it into accord with the present state of affairs. Cristina opened the Cortes in state, and even, as her husband had done, swore to respect the sacred Constitution.

There was a large Liberal majority, but the ministry was content to leave the initiative to the Chamber; which, instead of reforming the code of 1812, devised a new one. Extreme Liberals, then as now, condemn the Constitution of 1837 as timid and reactionary, and ascribe much of the trouble which afterwards befell the country to the discouragement of the Liberals at this poor result of their revolution; but judging from prior and subsequent events, it may be questioned whether the Spanish people as a whole were prepared for a more complete measure of enfranchisement. The principal points of difference from the Code of Cadiz were: 1st, That two chambers were to exist instead of one, both of them with initiative power and equal rights, except in the matter of finance, in which the English system was followed. The Senate was to be nominated by the Crown from lists of three members elected by each constituency, both they and the deputies being elected by direct vote of the same voters; the voter's qualification being the payment of taxes or the possession of property to an amount which practically excluded the working class from the franchise. 2nd. The veto of the Crown was absolute, and it had the right to summon, suspend, or dissolve Parliament, but was obliged to convoke the chambers every year, failing which, power was given for Parliament to meet of its own accord on December 1st. It will be seen that this was to some extent a Liberal adaptation of the English Reform Bill of 1832, and was accepted without much enthusiasm, or the reverse, by politicians of all sections of the Constitutional party.

With all possible pomp the Regent, accompanied by the little Queen Isabel, swore on June 17, 1837, to guard and respect the new Constitution. "And if I should break my oath, I ought not to be obeyed. And so God help and defend me, or call me to account if I fail." So ran the oath; and in her speech from the throne, more solemnly still, if possible, the Queen gave her adhesion to the new law. "Here, in the face of Heaven and earth, I again declare my free and spontaneous acceptance of the political institutions I have just sworn to respect, in the presence and in the name of my august daughter now before you."

And then, again, the inscriptions about the sovereignty of the nation and the omnipotence of the Cortes were rubbed out; and though the town squares were still called Plaza de la Constitucion, it was no longer the flaming Code of 1812. But nobody seemed to care very much now. The nation was jaded with paper constitutions and retaliatory persecutions by each political party; and though the orators were as copious and as florid as they had been in 1820, and the newspapers revelled in their restored licence to lie and calumniate, the people wanted above all things peace, security, and bread, and these were boons which no political system seemed able to give them.

Anarchy, indeed, existed from one end of Spain to the other. Wandering guerrilla bands, calling themselves Carlists but living by plunder, infested Cataluña, Castile, La Mancha, and Estremadura. They were commanded by country ruffians, known by popular nicknames, mere freebooters; but to a great extent they stopped traffic on the main roads, extended their raids almost to the gates of the capital, and extorted blackmail from the wretched farmers for permission to grow their poor crops. Widespread starvation and misery was the result, and the war must have failed from the mere exhaustion of the country, if it had not been kept up by liberal subsidies from abroad.[1] It had, however, now become necessary for some decisive results to be shown or these supplies would fail; and with this end both Carlists and Cristinos laid their plans.

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[1] The English Government supplied aid to Cristina to the value of £540,000, which was not repaid until 1860, without interest; whilst vast sums reached Don Carlos from the Legitimist Courts, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia. The English Tories, as a party, had now washed their hands of Don Carlos, who was acknowledged to be impossible after the "Durango decree."

It was arranged that Espartero should leave Bilbao with twenty-five battalions, simultaneously with the march of Evans from San Sebastian with a similar force, and with that of Sarsfield from Pamplona with 10,000 men. The three generals were respectively to beat the forces opposed to them, effect a junction, and together fall upon the Carlist line of the Ebro. In a brilliant series of battles lasting five days, from March 10 to 15, 1837, Evans, assisted by a body of English bluejackets, drove the Carlists from their position in Guipuzcoa with great slaughter; but at the critical juncture Sarsfield failed to come up, owing to the bad weather and the ill condition of his men. When Sarsfield again retired to Pamplona the Carlist army of Navarre was free to turn upon Evans, and the latter was defeated before Hernani on the 16th. The carnage of the fugitives was heartrending, for little or no quarter was given, and it would have been worse but for the opportune landing of the British sailors from the men-of-war in San Sebastian roads, who formed up, and, to some extent, protected the retreat into the town.

When this disaster was known to Espartero he also was forced to retrace his steps into Bilbao, and the plan failed. But the tables were soon turned. Early in May Espartero transported his army by sea from Bilbao to San Sebastian and joined Evans. On the 14th of May the Carlists were driven back on to their lines at Hernani, which they held with great tenacity against the English legion and Espartero's men. But the Infante Don Sebastian, commanding the Pretender's forces, committed the fatal error of withdrawing a large body of his army to make a march upon Madrid with Don Carlos in person; and one after the other the Carlist positions in Guipuzcoa again fell; Hernani on the 15th, Oyarzun on the 16th, Irun, after an assault of twenty-five hours, on the 17th, and Fuenterrabia on the 18th. The British legion, praised by its bitterest enemies for its clemency in its hour of triumph, returned to San Sebastian with 800 prisoners; and out of mere shame the wisest of the stupid Pretender's advisers fruitlessly begged him to repay such magnanimity by cancelling the "Durango decree."

Whilst Espartero was pursuing his progress through the heart of the Carlist country to Pamplona, Don Carlos made his long-projected march to Cataluña, where his chief Tristany had been extremely successful, and thence, it was hoped, to Madrid by Valencia. Fighting successfully almost every day with detached bodies of the Queen's troops, the Pretender went by Huesca, Barbastro, and Grá, to the Ebro, which river he crossed, closely followed on all sides by Cristino forces on the 29th of June. At Castellon de la Plana he was repulsed (July 8th) and then, reinforced by Cabrera, he proceeded towards Valencia by Segorbe, his force now numbering twenty battalions of infantry and twelve squadrons of cavalry. On the 15th of July he suffered a considerable defeat at Buñol, and, still closely pursued by General Oraá, approached Valencia.

The distracted Government in Madrid had ordered Espartero to hurry down from the north and place himself between Don Carlos and the capital ; and by forced marches the general had brought down a brigade to Calamocha, whence he could strike at the Pretender if he approached Madrid. But in the meanwhile a small Carlist force, under Zariategui, had boldly pushed down from the extreme north, and, evading pursuit, had taken Segovia on the opposite side of the capital and was now raiding the outskirts of Madrid. The Government, in a veritable panic, could only beseech to Espartero to come and protect it, and he with his brigade of guards entered the city on the 15th of August, to the intense relief of the townsmen ; whilst Don Carlos, still harassed by Oraá and Buerens, but free now from the victor of Luchana, pushed on from Valencia to Madrid.

The near presence of the enemy was not by any means the only danger that threatened the Queen's ministers. The revolt of the sergeants at the Granja had triumphed by violence over Cristina and her friends, but from the first day the moderates and the palace clique had striven to overturn the new *régime*. The most violent attacks of the press and the orators had been directed against Calatrava and Mendizabal, and no opportunity had been lost by the Queen's *camarilla* in hampering the working of their measures. Espartero had hitherto given no clear indication of his political leanings, such as had been displayed by Narvaez, whom the Radicals had driven to resign his command ; but the royal guard, which constituted Espartero's brigade, were known to be strongly anti-

Liberal; and the general himself had repeated with displeasure some incautious expressions which Mendizabal had used respecting the officers of the army. Long before they had entered Madrid Espartero's troops were approached by the agents of the "moderates," and both they and their general found that whilst the Radical Government looked upon them askance, the Queen and her friends excelled themselves in their attention to them.

The brigade of guards, of nine battalions, was quartered in three detachments in the suburbs of the capital for a few days prior to proceeding to dislodge Zariategui from Segovia; and, in the interval, Espartero was awakened at two o'clock one morning by a deputation of officers, who informed him that they insisted upon a change of ministry. The general could, when he liked, be a strict disciplinarian, and was afterwards a great Liberal leader; but on this occasion he temporised with the outrage. The officer commanding the guards—General Rivero—was indignant at the meeting and dismissed all the officers, mustering the brigade under the sergeants, but Espartero took no steps to punish the mutineers, beyond exhortations to obedience, and the like, and it was notorious that the Queen smiled on the revolt.

It was evident to the ministry, therefore, that both the Commander-in-chief and the Regent were against them, and they had no alternative but to resign; Baldomero Espartero, Count de Luchana, succeeding as Prime Minister, a post, however, which he immediately resigned, in order to continue his campaign against the Carlists. Not only had the "moderates" been intriguing with the royal guard in the very presence of the enemy, but their agents had stirred up a lamentable spirit in the army of the north, where indiscipline reigned supreme. General Count Mirasol in Guipuzcoa was deposed by his own men in favour of O'Donnell, and fled for his life to France; in Aragon the commander of the engineers was the victim; and in Miranda del Ebro the Commander-in-chief of the army of the north, Escalera, was slaughtered by his own men. A like fate befell the Governor of Vitoria and his chief officers: in Logroño the excesses of the mutineers horrified even their friends, and in Pamplona the famous General Sarsfield and others were also murdered by the men they were supposed to command.

Whilst the army of the north was thus condemned to inaction, by political intrigue, a terror instead of a protection to its unhappy country, Don Carlos, brushing aside the slight opposition offered to him, appeared at the gates of Madrid on the 11th of September, 1837. The Pretender and his friends—especially the furious madman, the Curate Merino, who led the guerrilla in Castile—were confident now that success was within his grasp. There were good reasons for the belief, and for his presence before Madrid, for a secret arrangement had been made between him and Cristina, through the King of Naples, that she would welcome him, on condition that his eldest son married Queen Isabel. But that was when Cristina was saddled with a Radical Government: now that the revolt of the officers of the guard had rid her of Calatrava; and Espartero had promised her success over her enemies, her views were changed, and Don Carlos stayed outside. Espartero hurried back to Madrid from Daroca. Cristina and her daughter aroused the enthusiasm of the people to the highest pitch, by themselves reviewing the troops, and Don Carlos, seeing now that he had been deceived, raised his camp after one day's stay and beat a retreat to his own Basque land, followed in a few days by Espartero; whilst the terrible Cabrera returned once more to the kingdom of Valencia, there to recommence the rapine, murder and devastation with which he had desolated the garden of Spain before his prince had joined him.[1] Thenceforward bands of marauders still afflicted Castile and the Mancha; and Cabrera in Aragon and Valencia terrorised the country, but it was now generally understood that, outside the Basque provinces and Navarre, Don Carlos had not the people of Spain on his side.

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[1] As an instance of his ferocity, shortly afterwards he called a meeting of all his officers on learning of Maroto's surrender and pretended to advocate an arrangement with the Queen's party. Naturally many officers agreed with him, and the chief at once ordered them all to be shot. He then published a proclamation condemning to instant death any one who merely pronounced the word "agreement."

MARSHAL RAMON CABRERA, COUNT DE MORELLA.

VIII.

INTRIGUE AND INSTABILITY.

Discouragement fell upon the Carlist host after the retreat from Madrid. The Pretender personally was not popular, and his mimic court of fastidious civilians and friars was hated by the fighting-men; whilst his black bigotry[1] and impracticability had disgusted his foreign supporters and limited their money contributions. Jealousy between the Carlist provinces also greatly hampered the co-operation of the troops. But whilst the main Carlist army gradually dwindled and despaired, the almost independent guerrilla chiefs in the other provinces maintained uninterruptedly the campaign of pillage and murder which ministered to their greed and satiated their savagery. Of these Cabrera was unquestionably the ablest. During 1838 he became, indeed, the most prominent of the Carlist generals, capturing Morella and Benicarló early in the year,[2] and over-running much of the two kingdoms of Aragon and Valencia, beating the Queen's troops in almost every encounter. As cruel and ferocious as Cabrera, but without his vast ability, was the "Demon of Old Castile," the Curate Merino,* a true guerrilla chief, who levied blackmail and terrorised isolated villages, without check from the more slowly moving regular troops. The danger that threatened the Queen's Government at the time was, indeed, that these guerrilla chiefs might end by wearing out the country, which might in sheer weariness, and for the sake of peace, accept the King at the dictation of the Basque provinces and Navarre. At any rate it was seen that affairs could not continue for any length of time in the existing ruinous state, with no security for life or prosperity and with two ostensible Governments, neither of which had power to rule.

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[1] The Virgin of the Afflictions was solemnly appointed Commander-in-chief of the Carlist army.

[2] He was created Count de Morella by Don Carlos.

The Cortes, elected by direct vote at the end of 1837 * in accordance with the new Constitution, was found to contain a considerable majority ~~of "moderates~~," and the result was the appointment of a new ministry, with the Count de Ofalia,* an old minister of Fernando and a member of the Queen's *camarilla*, as chief, whose first care was to make another desperate attempt to persuade Louis Philippe to send armed aid against the Carlists, but again without success. Th~~is ministry~~, like its predecessors, soon lost credit both with its friends and its opponents for its inability to finish the war. Although Espartero had captured Peñacerrada and was continuing his victories in the north, Cabrera held out in his stronghold at Morella against the Queen's troops under Oraá, whom he had driven away with great slaughter, and had utterly routed and destroyed another division under

Pardiñas at Maella, whilst Castile and the south were still a prey to the guerrillas. In these circumstances a new man came upon the scene, who was for many years to cast a baleful influence on Spanish politics, and to bring incalculable misery upon his unfortunate country.

Ramon Maria Narvaez, the vain and turbulent general who resigned his command rather than serve under Espartero when the Liberals were in power, had made no secret of his Conservative leanings. The "moderate" ministry were rather overshadowed by the Commander-in-chief, Espartero, who had made them understand that, if he was to serve any ambition it must be his own, and they had appointed Narvaez to organise a new reserve army and with it to pacify the south of Spain. He did so actively, and with a rigour worthy of Cabrera himself; and was received on his return to Madrid with marked cordiality by the Queen and ministry. Espartero, the Commander-in-Chief, would brook no divided command and demanded that Narvaez should now join the army of the north, but this he neglected to do; and on various pretexts, with the approval of the Queen and Government, remained in Madrid. When he proposed, however, to raise and command a great reserve army, and was authorised to do so by the Government, matters came to a head. Espartero put his foot down heavily, and addressed a violent protest to the Queen, which she dared not disregard, and Narvaez resigned. Going south, he endeavoured to utilise a popular tumult in Seville for the purpose of overturning the Government, in order that the

MARSHAL BALDOMERO ESPARTERO DUKE DE LA VICTORIA

Minister of War, Alaix, his personal enemy and Espartero's nominee, should be excluded; but his design was understood by the insurrectionists, and he and his friend, General Cordoba, fled, protected, however, by the Government itself from any serious results. This was the beginning of the fatal rivalry between the Liberal and Conservative generals, Espartero for the moment being the victor; and in the new ministry, which the scandalous affair of Seville had made necessary, his nominee, Alaix, was again Minister of War, the Prime Minister, Evaristo Perez de Castro, being an absolute nonentity, the real leader being a "moderate," Arrazola.

This was the condition of affairs in the spring of 1839 when Espartero with the bulk of his army was attacking the formidable Carlist positions of Ramales and Guardamino, and the main body of the Pretender's forces under General Maroto was held in check by the brigade of Guards. Before dawn on the 12th of May Espartero received a message from Maroto offering terms of surrender for a fort, in his keeping, which were accepted. Maroto had recently returned to the Carlist army from France, and was openly in favour of a conciliatory policy, for which he was hated by the "apostolics" who surrounded Don Carlos. The Queen's cause was prospering greatly in Navarre under General Leon, in Aragon under O'Donnell, and in Alava under Zurbano; for causes which have already been set forth the Carlists were in the deepest depression, and it was no surprise to any one when Maroto sought an interview with Espartero.

For at least two years reconciliation had been in the air, and successive ministers had already spent vast sums in bribes to bring it about, whilst intrigue at home and abroad had been busy with the same object. When, at length, the "apostolics" in the Carlist camp understood that Maroto was approaching Espartero with ideas of arrangement, the fury of their denunciations knew no bounds. Cabrera, and the no less terrible Count de España, thundered their denunciations against the traitor, the priests alternately wheedled and banned, and poor Don Carlos himself endeavoured to hold with both sections of his friends so as to lose no element of support, but all in vain. By the advice of Lord John Hay, the English admiral, Maroto submitted bases of an arrangement to Espartero, founded on the simultaneous evacuation of Spain both by Don Carlos and Cristina, and the marriage of the young Queen with the Pretender's eldest son; peace and a full amnesty being granted to all. But Espartero would not listen to such terms, nor would the English Government endorse them.

After much discussion, in which Lord John Hay was the intermediary, and more than one abandonment of the negotiations, during which the hostilities continued, and an "apostolic" *pronunciamento* was made against Maroto in the Carlist army, a meeting was held on the 25th of August between Espartero, who was accompanied by Colonel Wilde, and Maroto. The latter had been playing a dangerous game, for Don Carlos and his "apostolics" were ready to kill him if they could, although he represented to them that the bases of agreement offered were infinitely more favourable than they really were on the great question of the recognition of the Basque privileges. This was the point upon which Don Carlos and the "apostolics" hoped to prevent the Basque troops from consenting to the agreement, and the poor Pretender made a last effort to play a heroic part. He suddenly appeared in full uniform, covered with orders, before Maroto's division at Elgueta, his intention being to address a fervent harangue to the soldiers, and to win them from the side of their popular general. But the Bourbon's voice was thin and poor, his delivery mincing, and his person insignificant. Stuttering and mumbling, he made a pitiable exhibition of himself, and when he asked the men whether they would shed their last drop of blood for him, their King, he was answered by dead silence. Angrily he repeated the question; and still silence greeted him. Then turning to a Basque general by his side—"What does this mean?" he said. "Oh, your Majesty," was the reply of the officer, at his wits' end for an excuse, "they don't talk Spanish." "Then ask them in Basque," commanded the King. But the general was one of those who knew that further fighting was impossible, and instead of repeating the Pretender's words he asked in Basque, "Lads, do you wish for peace?" and from every throat there thundered forth, as of one accord, "*Bay Jauna*" ("Yes, sir!"). Don Carlos understood enough Basque to know the meaning of that, and turning his horse galloped with all speed to a place of safety, for he saw now that he had failed, and that Spain would have him not.

On the 31st of August, 1839, the famous Treaty of Vergara[1] was signed by Espartero and Maroto. Drawn up opposite to each other were the armies of the Queen and Don Carlos. It was still uncertain how most of the Biscay men would accept the reconciliation, and the lives of the generals hung in the balance. But when Espartero and Maroto rode out between the lines and embraced, all doubt was at an end. Weapons were thrown aside, and with frantic joy the troops fraternised, recollecting only that they were all Spaniards. The cruel war of six years was well-nigh ended, for although Don Carlos still issued his denunciations, and wandered for a time with his ministry and a small body of troops in his faithful Navarre, he and his were soon forced to cross the frontier into exile, to see Spain no more. Cabrera obstinately held out for nine months more in Aragon, fighting like a wild cat at bay, but he, too, sick, disappointed, and defeated, at length accepted the inevitable and came to England to marry and live in comfort and dignity for the rest of his life, to all appearance an estimable and amiable gentleman.

The joy of the nation at the Treaty of Vergara was unbounded, and the Duke of Victoria, as Espartero was now styled, was a popular hero.

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[1] The difficulty about terms was got over by reducing the convention simply to the submission of Maroto's troops, and the confirmation of the ranks of the officers. No mention of Don Carlos is made in the document. The Cortes, however, as had been privately arranged by Espartero, confirmed the privileges of the Basque provinces, which exempted them from the Spanish customs dues, the national conscription, and from all interference with their provincial autonomy.

The "moderates," however, trembled in their shoes at his now overwhelming influence, and especially when the newly elected Cortes proved to be strongly progressive in its tendency, and promptly passed a vote of no confidence in the Government; from which Alaix, Espartero's nominee, had already retired. Arrazola and Perez de Castro were determined to hold on to power, and, advised by them, Cristina took the unwise course of dissolving the Parliament that had only just been elected (November, 1839).

It was evident now to the Liberals that the "moderates" had no intention of acting constitutionally, for they had dissolved two chambers in succession almost immediately after the elections, and would continue to do so as often as suited them. From Espartero's army in the north came ominous growls of protest, and if it had dared the "moderate" ministry would have made short work of the over-powerful general. For that, however, they were not strong enough; and for the moment they confined their efforts to obtaining a large majority in the new Cortes by the grossly illegal means which nearly every Government of Spain has employed for a similar purpose; whilst once more the opposition newspapers and orators broke through all bounds of decency and restraint. The uproar and violence amongst the spectators in the galleries made the sittings of the new Cortes a scandal, and discussion impossible, whilst the ferment outside at the persistent rumours that the Regent and the Government had designs against the Constitution (of 1837 be it understood) clearly foreshadowed public disturbance.

When the Minister of War, Montes de Oca, ordered the Captain-General of Madrid to charge the crowd that threatened the Congress, he was told that the troops could not be depended upon, and the capital was declared in a state of siege. In the meanwhile the Government made desperate and successful efforts to re-endow the clergy with tithes, and to pass a new Bill taking away from the municipalities most of the independence and popular character conferred upon them by the Constitution of 1812—which, it will be recollected was still in force, with the exception of the part referring to the Crown and the national legislature, modified by the Constitution of 1837. Obstruction in Parliament, violence in the streets, and the angry opposition of the threatened municipalities, were, however, only the muttering before the storm: the real struggle was to be between the ministers and Espartero.

The latter had been prodigal of rewards to his men and was idolised by the army. One of his brigadiers (Linaje) had written a vigorous attack upon the "moderates" in a newspaper, and the Queen Regent ordered Espartero to dismiss him. This he not only refused to do, but insisted upon the officer being promoted. Cristina was furious at the insult, and she and the ministry, for a time, held out. It was seen that if they gave way they would lose all moral influence, whereas if they stood firm the army would ~~join~~ the municipalities and the Liberals, and

Army

probably make a clean sweep of the board. Between the two evils the Government chose the less, and Linaje was made Major-General, which meant that Espartero was master of Spain. In the summer (1840) Cristina made a characteristically bold stroke for predominance, greatly to the apprehension of her Conservative ministers. On the plea of taking the young Queen for sea-bathing, a royal progress was made through Zaragoza to Barcelona. Espartero and his army were in Cataluña opposing Cabrera, and if he, or at least his men, could be won over by the personal efforts of the sovereign, and at the same time the wealthiest city in Spain propitiated, Cristina thought she need fear the Liberals no more.

Accompanied by a veritable army for protection and a brilliant Court, the Queens did their best to please the populations through which they passed. Everywhere they were received with respect and welcome, but everywhere, and especially in such great cities as Zaragoza and Barcelona, plain hints were given —and often much more than hints—that the Municipal Bill ought not to be sanctioned by the Queen, that it was an infraction of the Constitution of 1812, which she had sworn to respect, and was an attempt on the liberty of the people. Espartero met the Court at Lerida, riding by the Queen's coach through most of the Principality of Cataluña, and emphatically warned Cristina to the same effect. He left her before she arrived at the capital, and she then began to understand that she had made a mistake. Even the troops cheered the Constitution as she passed quite as much as they cheered the Queen. Pleased, however, with the first welcome she received in Barcelona, and failing to notice the inscriptions demanding the respect of the Constitution which were mixed with more courtly decorations, she turned triumphantly to one of Espartero's generals who rode by her side, and remarked: "You see! What do you think of my entry now?" to which the officer replied that he would wait to see what her exit was like before he gave an opinion.

She was soon undeceived, for when the popular idol, Espartero, made a triumphal entrance a few days later, the whole population went mad with joy, and the welcome of the authorities threw their reception of the Queen into the shade. Cristina and the Government were in a desperate rage. One of the ministers being told that the city had voted a golden crown for Espartero, exclaimed that he would be forced to wear one of thorns. But in face of what she saw the Regent was constrained to give a promise to Espartero not to sanction the municipal law. When, however, the Act arrived for her signature her ministers insisted, and with fear and hesitation she gave way and confirmed it, but earnestly begged the ministry to postpone the order for its promulgation. Whilst she was hesitating with her pen in her hand the minister, Perez de Castro, tauntingly asked her, "Who is monarch here, Madame, you or Espartero?" This was more than a daughter of kings could bear, and with an exclamation of anger Cristina dashed her signature to the order for promulgation.

This was the signal for conflict, for it was flying in the face of the people, the army, and the most popular personage in Spain. It made Cristina the instrument of one political party to destroy another, and sooner or later made her own downfall inevitable when the party with which she had thrown in her lot was defeated. The first result of Cristina's action was the resignation of Espartero of his command. An attempt was made to placate him, and the Queen told him she did not consider the time for his departure opportune, as he might be required to restore public order; to which he replied that if order was disturbed in consequence of what had been done, his troops were not disposed to interfere. "Go when you like, then!" the Queen cried rudely—and Espartero went.

The Queen was right in her apprehensions. The same night a public rising shook Barcelona from end to end. A great multitude cheered for Espartero and the Constitution. He prayed them to retire peacefully, and promised that whilst he lived the Constitution of 1837 should not be destroyed: at the same time around the palace there gathered a threatening mob, whose subversive cries could be heard by the trembling Queen. In a panic she sent for Espartero at one o'clock in the morning, and surrendered completely. He refused to coerce the people, and insisted upon the immediate retirement of the ministers. The Queen in silent rage was obliged to submit, and faithfully promised to revoke the Municipal Act; the ministers, disguised, fled to a French vessel in the harbour, and the tumult subsided as quickly as it had arisen. A Liberal Government under Antonio Gonzales was at once gazetted, but when the new ministers arrived at Barcelona they found Cristina fractious and indignant at the violence to which she had been subjected. They demanded the immediate dissolution of the Cortes, and the suspension of all the Acts it had passed; but she pointed out that these demands were unconstitutional; she had already dissolved Parliament twice within a year, and at least the Government ought to meet the present Chamber, and test it by vote before dissolving. The Acts, moreover, had been legally passed and she could not suspend them at the bidding of a ministry born of public clamour.

All this proved that whilst Cristina would willingly forget the Constitution when a "moderate" government was in power, she would hamper a Liberal ministry at every turn, and the new ministers resigned. Amidst much covert opposition from the Regent, and infinite ill-feeling, another more compliant Liberal ministry was formed, with Valentin Ferraz at its head, willing to accept the Queen's terms. Cristina left Barcelona with a frowning brow, and travelled to Valencia by sea, being received with the greatest coldness, although O'Donnell, the general commanding the troops there, was strongly Conservative, and the people and press of Valencia made it as clear as those of Barcelona that the municipal law must go. The new minister (Ferraz), seeing in the face of public opinion the impossibility of governing, except with a new Parliament, resigned; and Cristina, now almost at her wits' end, decided upon resistance, appointing another Conservative Government with a judge named Modesto Costazar as Premier.

This at once caused a great public rising in Madrid (September 1, 1840), in which the National Militia and the municipality were on the popular side. The civil Governor was imprisoned, and the Captain-General, overpowered by the militia, fled. Most of the troops fraternised with the revolutionists, and from the municipalities of the great towns came flying to Madrid messages of sympathy and support. A provisional Junta of government was formed, high officers were appointed to the provinces, the government of the Queen was utterly repudiated, and throughout the kingdom the wave of revolution rolled unchecked. Espartero addressed a letter to the Queen, pointing out that if his advice had been taken no trouble would have occurred, and still offered to save the threatened throne, but not to crush liberty for the sake of the Conservative party. His style was brusque, to the point of rudeness, for he was no diplomatist, but the attitude he now adopted marked the future course of the reform party; there was to be no attack upon the monarchy—though the word Republic was on some lips—but the Constitution must be loyally observed. O'Donnell offered to fight the revolt, but Cristina saw that was impossible, and tried to satisfy the discontent by appointing a Liberal ministry of obscure men without explanation or excuse. But the country would not trust her; the revolutionary government refused to obey, and at last she bent to the inevitable and appointed Espartero Prime Minister (September 16th).

After some difficulty with the revolutionary junta of Madrid he formed his Government, and on presenting its members to the Queen in Valencia, she asked, as she had done in the case of the Gonzales ministry, what programme they intended to follow. They resisted answering as long as they could, but at length told her, amongst other things, that the Cortes must be immediately dissolved and the municipal law suspended. She objected that the law had been legally passed and could only be altered by constitutional means; but as they insisted she said no more, and they took the oath of office.

Then she shot the bolt she had reserved, and handed to the astounded ministers her abdication. They reasoned and remonstrated, but to no purpose. She had been vilely attacked and calumniated, she said, and would go abroad. This was understood to refer to the unsparing newspaper comments upon her connection with Muñoz, and one of the ministers sought to calm her by saying that since her first husband's death, her Majesty was quite at liberty to contract other ties, although they would be incompatible with the Regency. "It is not true," exclaimed the Queen; but as it was notorious that she was living with Muñoz, to whom she had already borne children, and it was believed they were married, another of the ministers put the matter plainly by telling her that the public believed she had contracted a second marriage; there was nothing wrong in that. "I tell you it is not true," repeated Cristina.[1] The ministers, thinking that it was time it was true, said no more, and the irate Queen, rejecting all attempts to reconcile her, embarked for Marseilles on the 18th of October, under the name of Countess of Vista Alegre, leaving Espartero and his colleagues Regents by the Constitution, until the Cortes should appoint a regular Regency.

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[1] The reason of Cristina's denial of her marriage at the time was that it would have rendered her regency illegal, and have necessitated the

This revolution has been described at some length, because it has been usual in England to assume that Cristina alone was to blame; which on impartial consideration does not appear to have been the case. It may be granted that she was extremely unwise in her open preference for the "moderate" party, and in allowing them to turn parliamentary institutions into a farce; but the action of Espartero and the Liberals was absolutely indefensible in insisting upon the suspension by decree of Acts legally passed, and in their appeal to armed mutiny and mob pressure to coerce the Queen to violate the Constitution which they professed to make their fetish. In any case, the results of the revolution were lamentable in the extreme. Violence begets violence; and just as the harsh action of Fernando on his return caused the rising of Riego, and the latter ended in the brutal *régime* of 1824, so did this violent action of Espartero and his friends

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return of the vast sum she had received as salary. Her greed was always great, and on this occasion it led her to prefer money to her own good name. She really married Muñoz, who had sprung from the humblest class of society, almost immediately after Fernando's death, but the marriage was not acknowledged until Cristina's political hopes were ended by her daughter's majority. Muñoz was then created Duke of Rianzares, and lived until quite recent years, an estimable and amiable gentleman with a weakness for speculation.

find its echo, whose alternate reverberations caused Spain to tremble at intervals for the next thirty years.

The first act of Espartero's Government was to abrogate the municipal and other laws which gave an excuse for the revolution, whilst Cristina from her exile in a vigorous manifesto to the Spanish people made clear that she was biding her time, and had forgiven and forgotten nothing. The "moderate" party acted similarly, and in the new elections stood aside almost completely; with the natural result that the Government obtained a great majority in the Cortes, but, as is usual in such circumstances, the majority was composed of men widely differing in the extent of their liberalism: and bitter opposition was offered to Espartero's desire to obtain the sole regency; the Constitution of 1812 having decreed that a regency should always consist of three persons. At length, with a very small majority, Espartero's views prevailed, and on the 10th of May, 184~~1~~, the provincial coachmaker's son, surrounded by regal pomp, took the oath as Regent of Spain during the minority of Isabel II.

Like all rulers raised by violence, Espartero soon found it impossible to satisfy the more advanced sections of his own followers. He was a man of no experience, and of little natural penetration; his military virtues of firmness, bravery, and honesty, of which he certainly made the most, had raised him to the position of a popular idol, but his political action did little to justify his elevation, and his determination to obtain the undivided regency had already offended a large number of Liberals. On the other hand, the "moderates" naturally looked upon him as a usurper, and in union with many ex-Carlists, from the first day, skilfully plotted to overthrow him; whilst every Government in Europe, except that of England, was averse to him.

He began badly by appointing a ministry of mediocrities under Antonio Gonzales, of which the only man of position was Evaristo de San Miguel, Minister of War; and the formal removal of Cristina from the guardianship of her daughter was another unnecessary offence given to the "moderates," and especially to Cristina herself, who protested bitterly from Paris against being deprived of her natural and legal rights. Agustin Argüelles,[1] a man in every respect worthy, was appointed guardian of the Queen; the poet Quintana and the widow of Mina being made respectively tutor and governess. Although care was taken to surround the Queen with those known to be of Liberal leanings, the proud dames, for whom the palace was the centre of the world, could not stand the presence of the Countess Mina—a shopkeeper's daughter—and this caused another schism. Cristina's friends, the "moderates," the Carlists, and the clergy, kept up the irritation by ascribing all sorts of Machiavellian plans to Espartero and Argüelles. The Queen, they said, was being purposely educated badly, and Espartero aimed even higher than the regency. At length, under Cristina's direction a regular revolutionary organisation was formed, and General Leopold O'Donnell raised the standard of revolt in Pamplona in October, 1841, promptly imitated by the generals in Vitoria and Zaragoza. A junta of government in the name of Cristina was established at Bilbao, including statesmen of note like Santa Cruz and Alcalá Galiano; and soon the Biscay provinces and Navarre, still trembling for privileges which were threatened by the Liberals, declared for Cristina; whilst Madrid itself was the scene of a drama unexampled in the history of modern Europe.

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[1] Argüelles and Quintana were men of such high character that it is difficult to believe that they purposely neglected their duty; but we have the Queen's own word for it, that she was taught but little. She certainly was badly brought up by Cristina, and was very ignorant.

On the night of the 7th of October General Concha with a few companies of the princess's regiment appeared before the palace, and as had been arranged, the regiment on guard joined them, the intention being to seize the young Queen and carry her off to the protection of the revolutionary junta appointed by Cristina. A number of prominent officers, under the dashing Diego de Leon, ascended the famous marble main staircase of the palace, which had extorted the admiration even of Napoleon, to kidnap the orphan princesses; but on the first landing were ranged eighteen halberdiers of the guard, commanded by Colonel Dulce, who stoutly resisted. Up the staircase swarmed the mutineers to support their chiefs, but still the dauntless halberdiers stood firm; and with sabre, pike, and bullet a bloody struggle raged through the night for the possession of the weeping children. "Oh! don't let them kill us," cried the little Queen, as she clung to the Countess Mina; "we will go where they like if you will come with us."

But as she spoke a bullet penetrated the room in which they were, and the princesses and the Countess fled to safer quarters. Still the halberdiers held firm; for their position on the landing gave them the advantage, and every moment was a loss to the mutineers

Soon the National Militia surrounded the palace; the troops of the garrison failed to join the revolt, as had been arranged, and the mutinous officers took to flight, just as the dawn broke, leaving their men to surrender. Count de Requena, and Brigadiers Quiroga and Frias were captured soon afterwards, hidden in charcoal carts; General Diego de Leon, the most popular of them all, was pursued and caught; and a special Council of War condemned them and most of their companions to death. Superhuman efforts were made to save them, especially the handsome General de Leon (Count of Belascoain), and the little Queen was almost induced to exert illegally her prerogative of mercy but they nearly all fell by the bullet, except the few who succeeded in escaping to France, and a similar fate overtook the chiefs of the revolt in the provinces; whilst by a stroke of the pen of Espartero the time-honoured privileges of the Basque provinces were mostly swept away.

This event for a short time strengthened Espartero, but the attacks and suspicions of the exalted Liberals gave the Government no truce, and in June, 1842, a vote of censure in the Cortes put an end to Gonzales' ministry; and Espartero, with but little political prescience, appointed another Cabinet under General Rodil, drawn from exactly the same section of the majority. This forced him to prorogue

Parliament, which meant an interregnum of some months, during which he would enjoy a dictatorship. In the meanwhile, as usual, the press and the orators—especially the extreme Liberals—carried on a war without truce against the Government and the Regent, whom they now affected to look upon as an ambitious soldier bent only upon his own advancement and careless of the revolutionary creed.

For the first time, the Republican party in Spain carried on an organised propaganda, and, in Cataluña especially, gained a strong following. Espartero had become extremely unpopular in Barcelona, in consequence of his stern reproof and repression of the revolutionary junta which had decreed the destruction of the hated citadel: and a formidable Republican rising took place in the city in November. The Catalan capital seemed suddenly stricken with ungovernable fury. From every balcony and housetop missiles, projectiles, boiling oil, and burning combustibles were poured down upon the heads of the Government troops. Not Republicans alone flew to arms, but men of all parties; for were they not Catalans, and why should Castile rule over them? Why should English cottons be allowed in Spain whilst Catalan looms could weave them? Espartero was the friend of England: perish Espartero! Catalans were richer and better than Castilians: perish Castilian rule! The garrison fled, a revolutionary government was formed, and Cataluña was declared separate from Castile, pending the establishment of a national government more worthy than that of Espartero; and this was only fourteen months after Espartero had been welcomed in Barcelona almost as a deity. But General Van Halen had gathered his regiments in the suburbs, Espartero was just behind him, and the grim fortress of Monjuich still frowned down upon the city and showed its teeth. At the threat of bombardment the revolutionary junta fled, and after a few shells from Monjuich the turbulent city capitulated to Van Halen, who treated it better than it deserved, whilst Espartero returned to Madrid and at once dissolved Parliament, rather than face it, under the present circumstances, for the majority had opposed his going to Cataluña, and he had already decided to remove the mild Van Halen and send to Barcelona a governor who should teach it better manners with the gallows.

On the 3rd of April, 1843, the new Cortes met and the Government resigned rather than meet it, a ministry being formed under an eloquent and popular orator named Joaquin Lopez, whose liberalism was considered more robust than that of his predecessor. Lopez, who belonged to the section that opposed the Regent, soon fell out with him by insisting upon the removal of most of the officers and friends upon whom Espartero mainly depended. The Regent was obstinate, and after an acrimonious dispute the ministry resigned (May); a more moderate Liberal cabinet being appointed, with Gomez Becerra as Prime Minister, and Mendizabal for finance. But the Cortes had grown tired of Espartero's unstatesmanlike muddling, and insisted upon passing a vote of confidence in Lopez's ministry;

and to this the Regent's dictatorial and unconstitutional reply was dissolution.

The indignant Cortes, the fervid orators, and the shrieking press, denounced and declaimed against the rule of the rude, stupid soldier whom a revolution and popular extravagance had raised to his pedestal. The young Catalan brigadier, Prim, mutinied in June at Reus with his brigade at the cry of "Down with Espartero!" Valencia, Andalusia, Galicia, followed suit; and soon all Spain was ablaze again. In vain Mendizabal sought to conjure away the danger by reduction of taxation and like palliatives; but it was too late. The counter-revolution spread; Espartero sought to conciliate it by issuing reassuring manifestoes, but finding this useless he placed himself at the head of his army, and set forth to conquer the revolt by force of arms, after much heated oratory and the theatrical display before his beloved Madrid militia of embracing the national flag.

The fickle army had changed. His name was no longer idolised by the soldiers as it had been. Cristina, tireless, clever, and rich, with the open sympathy of Louis Philippe, and the aid of such popular soldiers as Narvaez, Concha, O'Donnell, and Pezuela, had laid her plans well; and to his dismay Espartero found that regiment after regiment, province after province, clamoured for his downfall.

By the middle of June Narvaez and his division were besieging Madrid, weakly defended by the National Militia. At the call of the ministry General Seoane hurried from Aragon with twenty battalions to relieve it, and met Narvaez's division not far from the capital. After a few shots had been fired an extraordinary comedy was played by the generals. Narvaez and his men suddenly rushed into the ranks of their opponents, crying "Viva la Constitucion!" "We are all Spaniards, let us embrace." The Government troops, nothing loth, accepted the invitation, and Seoane and Narvaez embraced effusively. This was all very well; but the men began to ask each other what it meant, and which side had given way. Seoane had been bought to the Queen's side, but his second in command, Zurbano, put spurs to his horse and fled towards Madrid, with the cry, "We are sold!" "We are sold!" repeated the men: but most of them were not very sorry; and those who appeared to be so, were promptly disarmed. During the night the army entered Madrid without resistance, for the capital was trembling with apprehension at the idea of the rule of the sword wielded by the terrible Narvaez, who was as King Stork to Espartero's King Log.

Immediately the National Militia was disarmed the Countess Mina and Argüelles were expelled from the palace, the administration of Government passed into new hands, and the counter-revolution was supreme. In the meantime Espartero, paralysed at his sudden unpopularity, wasted days at Albacete, and then marched to Seville with his rapidly dwindling forces. But there as elsewhere he found himself powerless; the fickle crowd had nothing but curses for their former idol, and he escaped to a British ship in Cadiz harbour, whence he sailed to Lisbon,

MARSHAL NARVAEZ, DUKE OF VALENCIA.

and thence to England, after signing a protest against the revolt that had chased him from Spain.

In England Espartero was welcomed as a hero: for he represented English and Liberal influence in Spain as against Cristina and France. Banquets and public receptions greeted him everywhere. The Grand Cross of the Bath was already his, and the freedom of the City of London was now conferred upon him; Queen Victoria honoured him and the people cheered him: whilst in Spain the Lopez Government which he had first appointed, and Narvaez had reconstituted, denounced him by decree as a traitor, and stripped him and his friends of all their honours, titles, and emoluments. This was *lex talionis* indeed, but both Cristina and Narvaez had heavy scores to settle, for they had met with scant consideration from the Duke of Victoria in the short hour of his triumph.

The dissentient Liberals soon found out their mistake in coalescing with the revolt. Narvaez, now Commander-in-chief and Governor of Castile, was a harsh martinet who trampled upon all who opposed him,[1] and when the Catalans found that nothing was to be done specially for them, Barcelona revolted again, and for the next ten weeks went through all the horrors of a siege, in which the heroic people were sacrificed without mercy or quarter, five thousand projectiles being thrown into the city in three days' bombardment. Zaragoza, Leon, Vigo, Gerona, Figueras, and other fortresses of the first class followed the example of Barcelona, and in their turn were reconquered by armed force. It was felt that Cristina could not come back as Regent, and the nation would hardly stand another upstart soldier in the position; so hastily a Cortes was elected, and the young Queen was declared of age on the 8th of November, 1843, the deluded people once more giving way to unreflecting rejoicing in the hope that the era of rival regencies had passed away for ever.

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[1] It is of him that the story is told, most probably untruly, that on his death-bed he was urged to forgive those who had injured him, and astonished his confessor by saying that he had none to forgive. When asked how that could be, he replied that he had shot them all.

The girl who was thus at the age of thirteen suddenly called to act the part of a constitutional monarch deserves a few words of description, for she became one of the most extraordinary public personages of our century, a woman so full of problematical contradictions of conduct and character as to make her personality a psychological puzzle, even to those who were brought into most frequent contact with her. At the period of which we are now speaking she was a stoutly built, very precocious girl with full cheeks, a snub nose, and thick, sensuous lips, incredibly ignorant, but with a great deal of natural shrewdness; in manner somewhat bluff, jovial, and outspoken, partaking of her father's malicious jocosity and her mother's frank fascination. She was good-hearted and generous to the point of prodigality, impulsive and imprudent beyond belief, even for so young a girl, and this quality she has never lost. With no steadying sense of responsibility whatever, she had yet a high notion of queenly dignity, and a noble carriage, which frequently invested acts of thoughtless levity with an appearance of magnanimous condescension.

The part she was called upon to play was an almost impossibly difficult one. She owed her crown to the political party opposed to reaction, and now held it on a constitutional tenure; and yet it was the sacred injunction of her father and the tradition of the family to which she belonged, that the absolute power wielded by her forefathers must be handed down unimpaired from generation to generation. In her short life she had seen violence and illegality under specious names employed by ambitious men for the purpose of seizing power, which they used to persecute and condemn everything their predecessors had taught her to respect. She had seen fine words and high professions cloaking mean deeds; she had seen bloodshed, tyranny, cruelty, and rapine masquerading under the garb of liberty; her mother an idol one day and a fugitive the next; Espartero a hero and a hunted traitor within a month, and it is no wonder that her belief in truth, honour, and patriotism was already wavering at an age when most girls believe no evil.

The declaration of the Queen's majority was in direct contravention of the Constitution, but this was only one of the many instances in which the latter had been violated by the new rulers. The fervid Radical Prime Minister, Lopez, who had at first with his party coalesced with the "moderates" with the sole object of turning out Espartero, had now quite submitted to the reactionary programme of his associates. But as the Conservative majority of the Cortes still distrusted him, and the advanced Liberals gave him no support, another coalition ministry was formed, which it was hoped might meet with better acceptance. The Premier was a young man of great eloquence, boldness, and ability, a former advanced Liberal named Salustiano de Olozaga, who was now president of the chamber. He had refused office repeatedly, bent upon playing a great part when the time should seem appropriate. He thought the opportunity had arrived and seized it, his idea being to gain for the advanced Liberals the ascendency in the Government of which Narvaez and the "moderates" had deprived them.

Liberals throughout the country were grumbling that the Conservatives had been unable to overthrow Espartero by themselves, and now that the Liberals had been mainly instrumental in doing it the result was a *régime* of almost undisguised reaction. Olozaga began by issuing a few decrees that delighted the progressives, and struck the "moderates" with indignation and dismay. There was, of course, a strong Conservative majority in the Cortes, and Olozaga's office appeared not worth a day's purchase. This he had foreseen and intended: his plan being to go down to the House with a decree of dissolution in his pocket, cause a new parliament of Liberals to be elected, and place the "moderates" in the background. It was a bold plan, but it failed. On the 29th of November all Madrid rang with the news that the Prime Minister had used violence towards the Queen, and in the afternoon a special issue of the *Gazette* announced that Olozaga had been dismissed. Public opinion, as usual, took sides. The progressists declared that this was a palace intrigue, whilst the "moderates" and their newspapers raised their eloquent cries to heaven against this impious insult to the majesty of the throne.

In the Cortes when the matter was debated the Conservatives were for hurrying Olozaga to the scaffold at once without trial; vehement eloquence, without stint and without blemish, poured forth in irresistible floods in attack and defence; but withal Olozaga and his friends did not venture to give the lie direct to the Queen's formal notarial deposition of the facts read by the new Prime Minister, Gonzales Brabo, the erstwhile scurrilous editor of the satirical extreme Liberal print the *Guirigay*, but thenceforward the chief of the reactionaries who gradually led Isabel on the road to ruin.

The Queen's declaration set forth that Olozaga had presented to her a decree for the dissolution of Parliament, which she declined to sign, and upon his insisting, as she thought rudely, she rose to leave the room. He sprang to the door nearest to her and locked it, and similarly prevented her escape by another door; then grabbing her by the dress he pulled her to the table, seized her hand roughly, and by main force compelled her to append to the decree the flourish which in Spain takes the place of the signature. How much of this was true it is impossible now to say, for all the parties are dead but Isabel II. Liberals always affected to believe that it was a mere farrago of lies invented by the palace "moderates," but having in view Olozaga's dictatorial temper and his subsequent history, it is difficult now for an impartial person to refuse belief to the Queen's statement. Olozaga, with unsurpassed eloquence, pleaded that in the decree annulling the Queen's signature to the dissolution, not a hint was given that the signature had been extorted from her, but, as such documents are always drafted on formal lines, that proves nothing. In any case Olozaga was forced to fly to England; and thenceforward for a time, under the unscrupulous and shameless Gonzales Brabo, the pamphleteer and gutter journalist, reaction ruled unchecked.

Rigid press laws were passed, the elective municipalities abolished, and the National Militia dissolved; but when it came to altering the Constitution itself and abrogating or moderating all the clauses which imposed restraint upon the Crown and the executive, Gonzales Brabo made way for Narvaez as dictator, and a packed Parliament, from which the Liberals withdrew, voted as directed. Cristina and her family came back with flying colours, full of a fresh plan for strengthening the "moderates" and the royal prerogative, to which reference will be made presently; Espartero's name was blackened without mercy, whilst the dictator Narvaez grew more insolent and overbearing every day, to the outspoken disgust even of his own party.

Partial risings were effected by the discontented Liberals in many provinces, beginning with Alicante and Cartagena; and in October, 1844, General Zurbano raised the standard of revolt in the Rioja, but was caught and shot.[1] The new system of taxation and finance introduced by the minister Mon[2] caused, in the spring of 1846, a revolt in Galicia which for a time imperilled the existence of the Government, as the rising was not solely supported by one party. General Solis, with a battalion of infantry, first raised the cry, "Viva the Queen in liberty! Viva the Constitution! Out with the foreigner!" and like wildfire the whole province and many regiments caught the infection. Revolutionary juntas were formed in the cities, led by the capital, Santiago: the ex-National Militia was convoked, and for a time the Government was overpowered. Cristina and the palace clique were in a panic, for "*Out with the foreigner!*" was a cry that threatened to overturn all their plans, particularly as the young Don Enrique, second son of the Infante

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[1] Narvaez shot no less than 214 persons in this year, 1844, for political offences. Almost simultaneously with these risings in Spain revolts broke out at Manila—under the native sergeant Samaniego—and in Cuba. The movement in the latter country began with the white Creoles, but soon gave way to a more formidable rising of blacks against their masters, which the Captain-General O'Donnell crushed with ruthless and sanguinary ferocity in the summer of 1844.

[2] This well-meant but gigantic and unpopular financial revolution consisted of a great simplification of taxation. Mon had to face a terrible state of affairs. There was a floating debt of over twenty-five millions sterling, a million and a half Colonial overdrafts, and an annual budget deficit of two millions; all salaries and pensions were a year in arrear at least. Mon's great plan was to raise an additional three millions sterling by a direct tax on land to take the place of the abolished tithe and a perfect crowd of ancient exactions. All the host of old vexatious dues on movement and industry were also unified into a single direct tax on all merchandise and manufactures, another direct tax on incomes from invested personal property was established, and a fourth on sales and mortgages of realty. The large number of indirect taxes on food, &c., were also unified.

Don Francisco, had given his adhesion to the revolt, from the warship he commanded at Coruña. The first move of Cristina and her friends, when discontent was evident before this rising, had been to lighten their burden by throwing over the unpopular Narvaez,[1] who resigned, to the delight of all parties; and a new palace ministry was formed under the Marquis de Miraflores (February, 1846), followed by two other ministries in a few weeks, the Galician revolt being drowned in blood by General José Concha and the Captain-General Villalonga during the ministry of Isturiz.

We have seen that the ten years which had elapsed since the death of Fernando VII. had been an unbroken period of civil war and semi-anarchy. Violent changes of government, military mutinies, public disturbance, and general distrust had done their worst to ruin the unhappy country, already exhausted by the blighting effect of Fernando's cast-iron despotism. The net result was politically disappointing, but, at all events, it was a mark of progress that rigid absolutism had been vanquished with the disappearance of Don Carlos from the scene, and that, even in the era of military reaction under Narvaez, neither he nor any other responsible man dared to revert to the older ideas by abolishing the Constitution altogether, however much they might seek to weaken it in an anti-democratic direction. The time, indeed, had gone by for ever when by a stroke of a pen the Spanish people would meekly consent to be turned into vassals again.

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[1] The history of his resignation is obscure; but it is believed that he resigned in order to get rid of his colleagues Mon and Pidal, who had opposed Cristina in her suggestion of the Neapolitan prince, her brother Count Trapani, as a husband for the Queen. If this was so Narvaez himself was tricked. What followed during the next few weeks has always been a puzzle, and will probably remain so. The Queen, apparently out of mere caprice, threw every obstacle in Miraflores' way, and when he refused her extraordinary demand to dissolve Parliament she dismissed him. Then Narvaez came back with a great show of force, but in his case again some power behind the girl-Queen made his government impossible, and he fell in a fortnight, being succeeded in the summer of 1846 by Isturiz. Narvaez, in fact, had not answered the expectations of the extreme absolutists of the palace, who wished him to abolish the Constitution altogether. Cristina, in a rage, during his short second ministry, said he was worse than Espartero—he certainly was more dictatorial and insolent—and he had to take refuge in France after his resignation.

But the change in this respect was only the extension to Spain of the political and intellectual awakening that was taking place throughout Europe at the time. The irresistible reform movement in England and the overthrow of absolutism in France (July, 1830) coincided in point of time with the formation of new ideals in literature, science, and art. Breaking with classic models, the intellect of both countries gave to its creations a freedom and picturesqueness, a wider scope and a warmer imagination than had animated art for a century before.

The death of Fernando and the events that followed it brought back to Spain the bright spirits which despotism had scattered into exile; and they returned saturated with the ideas of the romantic school, modified somewhat by the influence of the particular countries in which they had passed their banishment, but always vivid, luxuriant, and fertile. Those who had lived in England, such as Saavedra, Trueba, José Joaquin Mora, Galiano, Espronceda, and a host of others, came home filled with Walter Scott and Byron; others who had wandered and waited in France transplanted to the congenial soil of Spain the brilliant romantic impressionism of Victor Hugo and Dumas, the result being that the ten years now under review—1834 to 1844—notwithstanding the deplorable condition of the country, were marked by an abundance and excellence of intellectual production such as had rarely been equalled by a like period before, and never since.

N.B.

As usual in Spain, the most characteristic works took the dramatic form. Martinez de la Rosa, politician as he was, found time to write much affected and sentimental poetry; but on the stage he was natural and dignified, his "Conjuracion de Venecia" (April, 1834) being his finest historical drama. In all respects, however, he was beneath Angel Saavedra (Duke of Rivas), who rose to sublimity on the stage in his splendid "Don Alvaro, ó la fuerza del sino" (1836), and in his historical romances and lyric poetry, especially "Al faro de Malta" and "El Moro Esposito." To the same period belongs the drama "El Trovador" (upon which Verdi's opera is founded), by Antonio Garcia Gutierrez, and Espronceda's Byronic poems "El Diablo Mundo" and "El Estudiante de Salamanca." But a greater poet than them all, José Zorilla, received his inspiration from similar sources, and at the same time, though his finest work was done somewhat later. His poems, like those of Scott, were revivals of national legends; but his work for the stage, "Don Juan Tenorio," "La Mejor Razon la Espada," "El Zapatero y el Rey," and other dramas, though gloomy, are the best outcome of his genius. Another young author, afterwards to become one of the brightest ornaments of Spanish literature, made at this period his first success. He was a young German cabinet-maker named Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, and with his drama, "Los Amantes de Teruel" (1837), he firmly established his fame. The histories of Galiano and Count de Toreno have somewhat suffered from the fame of their authors as orators and statesmen, but they still remain the leading authorities of the events they relate.

Nor was this intellectual spring confined to the capital, or even to Castilian writing. The constant disturbance in Cataluña had driven many prominent Catalans into exile. These in due time returned to their own country, and Barcelona became the centre of a revival of Romance literature, as remarkable in its way as that which has occurred within the last few years in the South of France. In the case of Cataluña the influence in the form of the renascence was mainly English and German, in contradistinction to French: and legends and stories in romantic Catalan prose and verse, after the style of Scott and the Schlegels, were published in abundance and read with avidity; the most esteemed authors of the school being Pablo Piferrer, Milá y Fontanals, and the poet Aribau.

This literary activity spread from Madrid and Barcelona to the most remote provinces. Picturesque patriotism, always a dominant passion in Spaniards, spurred now by the inspired verse and moving plays of poets like Zorilla and Aribau, found vent in a literary form for the bubbling verbosity of the race, which had previously spent its force in political declamation and press polemics. Everywhere "Athenæums" and "Lyceums" sprang up for the promotion of literature, and men of all classes and all ages—and, it may be added, of all degrees of incapacity—threw themselves into the task of producing, and when possible of declaiming, romantic prose, or more or less Byronic verse. From the welter of these literary orgies there nevertheless arose some young poets of the first rank, who in the following decade endowed their country with work which lives. Zorilla, Tassara, and Pastor Diaz were already gaining fame at the time of which we write, but Campoamor and Rubi were as yet in their literary infancy. These are but a few names amongst the many which made of the decade following the death of Fernando a period similar to the palmy age of the poet-King Philip IV.; and when it is added that the Madrazos painted, and Romea acted at the same time, it will be admitted that Spain was in no way backward in artistic development, however unhappy she was politically.

Notwithstanding the deplorable state of revolution and insecurity, the upper and middle classes shook off the incubus of despotism which had confined them to coarse and trivial pleasures, and, at least in the large cities, seriously set to work to raise and improve the condition of their poorer neighbours, and to demand some modern comfort and elegance for themselves. Educational societies and free schools sprang up in all the populous centres, the noble Savings Bank in Madrid was founded (1838), and a host of other instrumentalities were started with similar objects. But for the curse of corrupt party politics and the ambition of unscrupulous soldiers, there was no reason why the young Queen should not marry happily and lead her struggle-wearied country up the safe path of uneventful and unexciting prosperity, for which all elements existed.[1]

This question of the Queen's marriage, however, was unfortunately made the bone of contention between political parties and national jealousy with lamentable results. Looking back fifty years since the dispute raged so bitterly, we can smile at the irony of fate which has belied all the ambitions and apprehensions of rival statesmen. It has become an article of faith with Englishmen that it was solely the unscrupulous falsity of Guizot and Louis Philippe which so nearly brought about a war between France and England on this subject, but an impartial re-examination of the whole of the elements of the case tends to show that the bad faith was not theirs alone. The exaggerated distrust on both sides appears at first not to have been justified; it was really the action respectively of Cristina, the "moderates," and the Coburg family which forced the two great contending nations into antagonism. For it must not be forgotten that, though France and England threw the blame of bad faith entirely on each other, the heart of the intrigue was in the party politics of Spain. It has been shown that from the time of the Peninsular War the Constitutional or Liberal party had naturally turned to England for their inspiration, whilst the absolutists and their successors the "moderates" had as persistently striven for a close alliance with France.

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[1] In spite of the constant wars and revolutions a most remarkable advance in public wealth was made from 1830 to 1846. The estimated total revenue of the country in the former year was £6,000,000 sterling; in the latter year it was £12,000,000.

We have seen how, during the Carlist War, the Queen-Regent and her friends had unsuccessfully pressed Louis Philippe to intervene in force as a counterbalance to the open aid being given by England against Don Carlos. Whilst it was necessary for the French king to avoid entanglements with the legitimist Powers and England, it was impossible for him to forget French traditional interests to the extent of allowing a dynasty under English influence to be established in Spain, as it had been in Portugal by the marriage of the Queen Maria da Gloria to Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, the cousin both of Queen Victoria and of her husband. When, therefore, Cristina fled to France in 1840, and Espartero openly repulsed the French envoy, the Spanish Queen-mother hinted that her daughter might marry the Duke d'Aumale. But Louis Philippe knew that England would not allow this, and formed the plan of marrying Isabel to one of the Spanish or Italian Bourbons, whilst his own youngest son, the Duke de Montpensier, might be well provided for in the present, and gain vague but unlimited prospects for the future, by wedding the younger Spanish princess

Fernanda, to whom her father had left a vast private fortune.

Guizot mentioned such a plan to Palmerston in Paris in 1840, but the British minister would not hear of it, because, he said, in the case of Isabel's death childless, the French prince would become King-consort, which England could not tolerate. At the same time the French were quite justifiably determined that no prince not a Bourbon should occupy the position of the Spanish Queen's husband, and were uncertain to what extent the English Government would go in thwarting them in this. A plan was therefore hatched between Cristina and Guizot for the former to profess to the English Government a desire that Prince Leopold of Coburg, the brother of the King-consort of Portugal, should marry Isabel; and this she did on three different occasions in 1841. Palmerston was not in favour of the suggested match, and, suspecting the ruse, gave no encouragement to it.

When in August, 1841, Lord Aberdeen succeeded Palmerston as Foreign Minister, the connection between the English Government and the Spanish reformers became somewhat less cordial,[1] and Aberdeen and Guizot had no difficulty in agreeing for England to accept as a husband for Isabel II. any Bourbon not a French prince. How far in these circumstances the English court—as apart from the

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[1] Guizot's plan was to lull the susceptibilities of Peel's Government and so to divide the English from the Spanish reformers. He wrote to the French Ambassador in England (March, 1842): "It is by detaching England from the Spanish revolutionists that we may hope to effect something in Spain for Spain and ourselves."

Government—privately encouraged the suit of Prince Leopold of Coburg it is difficult to say; but it is certain that Lord Aberdeen and the Peel ministry were perfectly sincere and honest in their promise not actively to forward his candidature. Queen Victoria and her husband visited Louis Philippe at Eu in September, 1845, when an agreement was arrived at to the effect that England would not aid or recognise any candidate for Isabel's hand who was not a Bourbon descendant of Philip V. of Spain, and that *after the Spanish Queen had married and had children, and not before*, her sister the Infanta might marry Montpensier, and so, as Guizot wrote at the time, succeed only to "les chances inconnues d'un avenir lointain."

It will be seen that the undertaking of England was a negative one; she did not pledge herself actively to resist any candidature other than that of a Bourbon, but only to refrain from promoting such a candidature. Aberdeen, indeed, distinctly told Guizot that he would not move actively in any way. "Et quant à la candidature du Prince Leopold vous pouvez être tranquille sur ce point. Je reponds qu'elle ne será ni avouée ni appuyée par l'Angleterre, et qu'elle ne vous generá pas." This was in the late autumn of 1845, and shortly afterwards French suspicions were aroused by the visit of Prince Leopold and his father to Portugal, and by the zealous and indiscreet action in his favour of Sir Henry Bulwer, the English Minister in Spain. Espartero and Olozaga, with scores of other Liberals, were in England, intriguing with the English Whigs and corresponding with their friends in Spain, with the object of checkmating Cristina's plot for strengthening the " moderates " by increasing French interest in the country. Peel, Aberdeen, and the Duke of Wellington gave to the French their words of honour as gentlemen that the English Government was not helping, and would not help, Prince Leopold's candidature ; but, considering the relationship of the prince with the English royal family, they could not undertake actively to oppose him.

Louis Philippe and Guizot thereupon worked themselves into a fever of apprehension as to the secret plans which they thought lay behind Bulwer's zeal for a candidature that his Government disclaimed ; and determined, rather than they should be outwitted, that they themselves would violate the agreement, and either marry Montpensier to the Queen, or hasten both marriages and effect them simultaneously. Lord Aberdeen, anxious to reassure France, reprimanded Bulwer for his indiscreet zeal, but before Bulwer could retire the Peel Government fell (July, 1846), and Bulwer remained at Madrid ; for Palmerston, he knew, would back him. With Palmerston at the English Foreign Office, French suspicions became more acute than ever, and the Coburg intrigues from Lisbon continued with greater activity.

The most obvious candidate for the Queen's hand would have been the eldest son of Don Carlos, the latter having recently abdicated in his favour, but he could only be successful by a renunciation of principle which he could not make, and that solution was soon abandoned. Cristina herself had been at first strongly in favour of her own brother, Count Trapani; but Austria was violently opposed to him, and both Spanish parties regarded him with undisguised aversion. The only other probable prospective bridegrooms were the two young sons of the Infante Don Francisco and of that masterly Doña Carlota, Cristina's sister, who had boxed Calomarde's ears. Cristina hated her sister and brother-in-law, and they had lived a squalid, shabby existence for years, neglected by every one. Don Francisco himself was a poor little specimen of royalty, both physically and mentally, but he had all his life been bidding for popularity, and was credited with some sympathy for Liberalism. He had several daughters and two sons, the eldest of whom, Don Francisco de Asis, was aged twenty-four, and Don Enrique a year younger.

When the termagant mother of these two young men died in 1844 Cristina's objection to them became less pronounced, and it was soon understood that by a process of elimination they had remained the only serious recognised pretenders for the position of King-consort. The elder, Don Francisco de Asis, was a dapper, fair, effeminate, young man, with a high piping voice; of whom much coarse sport was made at Court, even by the Queen herself. He was called by the feminine name of Paquita (Fanny), and when he was mentioned to Isabel as a possible husband, she said that she had no particular objection to him if she were sure he was a man. His manners, however, were pleasant and amiable, and there was certainly nothing in his face or figure to indicate an absence of virility, although he was obviously weak and degenerate. His brother Enrique, though not much taller than he, was greatly superior to him in strength, vigour, and ability, and inherited much of his mother's fiery impulsiveness. It will be recollected that he had been in favour of the rising in Galicia against the *régime* of Narvaez, and had thereafter fallen into deep disgrace with the "moderates": and now that it had become a question as to which of the two brothers should be preferred, it was not surprising that Espartero, Olozaga, and the Liberals, backed by the British Government, should declare for Don Enrique; whilst Cristina, the "moderates," and the French, should warmly support Don Francisco, Duke of Cadiz, with the Duke of Montpensier as the husband of the Infanta Fernanda.

It had been privately agreed upon by the brothers that they should run together; and that either, separately, should reject overtures for one of the princesses, unless the other was to marry her sister. It did not suit Cristina, the French, or the "moderates" to have Enrique at all, and as the latter was in exile the Queen-mother exerted such influence over Francisco that he abandoned his brother's cause, and consented to marry the Queen, whilst Montpensier should marry the Infanta.

The Liberals throughout Spain were desperate—for the palace clique had even sent Narvaez into disgrace because he was not sufficiently absolutist—they feared that with a French prince so near the throne, and a French army at Cristina's bidding, there would be a return to the unbridled despotism of Fernando.

They, the Liberals, petitioned the Queen not to allow her sister to marry a Frenchman; memories of the Peninsular War, of Augoulême's invasion, of French perfidy in the past, were appealed to, but without avail. Bulwer was vain, self-opinionated, and stiff, and known to belong to the progressist faction, so that his protests against the arrangement were not likely to weigh heavily as compared with the close intimacy existing between the palace and Bresson, the French minister, who was almost an *ambassadeur de famille.* Whilst Bresson was in and out of the palace all day Bulwer was nearly constantly at one of his country houses; and the formal demands for the two royal sisters' hands were made without even his knowledge whilst he had been enticed away from Madrid.

It is stated by Liberal authorities that throughout the night of the 27th of August, 1846, Cristina and her friends forcibly urged upon Isabel the need for the latter to accept her cousin Francisco for her husband; to which she had, when it came to the point, the greatest reluctance; and her consent was at last only gained by threats and violence on the part of her mother. Bresson was in waiting in an adjoining room, and the moment the promise was wrung from the girl Queen at two in the morning, he appeared and formally asked for the hand of her sister for Montpensier.

As soon as Madrid woke up to the fact that the marriages were settled, once more the almost forgotten cry of "*Down with the Gabachos!*" rang out amongst the poorer folk, who had not forgotten the "2nd of May." But bayonets were everywhere, and even the Cortes was overawed by soldiers when it was called upon to vote: one deputy only, Orense, daring to vote against the Montpensier marriage. It will be recollected that Louise Philippe was personally pledged to Queen Victoria not to marry his son to the Infanta until Isabel was married and had children; but the Liberals, both in Spain and in England, proclaimed loudly that, with Don Francisco for a husband, it was never intended that the Queen should have any children; and that this was only a plot to place a French prince upon the throne of Spain at some future time.

Cristina urged upon the French Government that not a day should be lost: both marriages must take place at once, and as secretly as might be; for England and a Liberal revolution in Spain threatened the existing order of affairs, almost from hour to hour, and she might find all her plans upset. Guizot and his master were ready to fall in with her demands, for they saw that it was a victory for French diplomacy over England, and excused their violation of their solemn pledges by Bulwer's activity in favour of the Coburg, which, they said, absolved them. In vain Bulwer threatened and sulked when it was too late; his own indiscretion had been largely responsible for his failure. The English Government protested both to the French and Spaniards, and war seemed inevitable. All the Spanish disaffection found a trysting-place in London, from Espartero to Cabrera and from Don Enrique to the young Don Carlos; but Cristina and the "moderates" were triumphant, and on the 10th of October, 1846, the double marriages were celebrated in Madrid.

The official rejoicings were great, but many a muttered "*Down with the Gabachos!*" was heard; and though Cristina and the "moderates" were radiant, all friends of liberty and impartial Spaniards generally looked on with dismay, for they knew not what would be the end of a plot which made England an enemy to their country, married the impulsive, robust young Queen to a degenerate fribble, and her next heiress to a Frenchman. Whispers ran from one to another—whispers that in after years turned into loud denunciations and grave accusations—that if by mischance the Queen had a male child it would never live, and that the Queen's own life might be sacrificed. How much of it was true will perhaps be known to our grandchildren, but subsequent events, as will be related, gave colour to the suspicions.

The events which followed the marriage present a picture of utter disorganisation and confusion. Ministers were dismissed and appointed by palace influence, rather than for political considerations, and the intriguing ambition of Cristina for her Muñoz children would have been laughable had it not constituted a national danger. Without apparent reason Narvaez had been disgraced, although he had passed (1845) a new Constitution entirely in favour of the Crown, and Isturiz, a firm servant of Cristina, was appointed to succeed him. Isturiz justified his ministerial existence by entering into plans for the employment of Spanish forces to establish one of Cristina's morganatic sons on the throne of a South

American State, but the outcry of the press and the protests of the English Government prevented the attempts from succeeding, and Isturiz fell shortly afterwards at the end of 1846, being replaced by the Duke of Sotomayor, a moderate Conservative.

We have seen that the Queen's marriage was not one of mutual affection—to put the case very mildly—and the domestic results were soon apparent. Madrid was always a centre of scandal, and the Queen's lightness of demeanour had before her marriage given rise to much ill-natured gossip about the comings and goings of the handsome young politician, General Serrano, who had been a minister in Olozaga's and other cabinets. But the talk grew more scandalous still after the marriage; and before many weeks had passed Cristina, finding she had now no influence over her daughter, washed her hands of the whole business and went to reside in Paris, where also Narvaez was at the time; whilst the King-consort, full of his own grievances, separated from his new wife, and sulked apart at the suburban palace of the Pardo.

Thenceforward Isabel II. went her own way—and that way was a bad one—whilst backstairs intrigue and feminine caprice reigned supreme in Madrid. A new Carlist war led by Cabrera, in favour of the young Don Carlos, broke out in Cataluña and the north, and attempted risings took place in different parts of the country, promoted by Don Enrique and the republicans. The ministry, in the meanwhile, could think of nothing better than separating Serrano

ISABEL II., QUEEN OF SPAIN, AT THE AGE OF 16.

from the Queen by sending him to command a division of the army in Navarre. The general refused point-blank to obey: the Government insisted, and the Parliament strongly supported the Government, although the most liberal section of the "moderate" party, which advocated a return to the pure Constitution of 1837, opposed it. Suddenly, without notice, the young Queen herself dictated the dismissal of the ministry, and appointed Pacheco, the leader of the Puritans—or advocates of the Constitution of 1837—Prime Minister, with the notorious speculative financier Salamanca at the treasury.

The new ministry honestly tried to conciliate the progressives and men of all parties. Olozaga and Mendizabal were pardoned and recalled; and even poor old Godoy received an amnesty; and once more the Liberals became hopeful. The scandalous separation of the Queen and her husband divided the Court into two parties. For some reason the "moderates" leant to the side of the King-consort, and looked grave at the Queen's proceedings; whilst the progressists grew violently loyal and resented all suggestions to the detriment of the sovereign. The ministers, with imprudent persistence, endeavoured to make peace between the Queen and King, to the annoyance of the former, who more than once entered into intrigues for appointing a regular Liberal ministry. The King, on the other hand, was impracticable and exacting; and the "moderates" saw that, unless they were to avoid a catastrophe, they must again bring into the struggle Cristina and Narvaez, who were both in Paris, though still bad friends.

Narvaez was willing to govern Spain again, but only on one condition; namely, that he should have a free hand "*to use the stick and to hit hard.*" The young Queen, with Serrano always at her side, was surrounded by men of Liberal leaning, who, prompted by Bulwer, thought to make use of the favourite general for their ends, whilst the King-consort was not only excluded from his wife's presence, but prevented even from entering the palace in her absence. Pacheco's Government, although broad in its tendency, was still Conservative, and becoming disgusted at this state of things, retired.

Almost simultaneously Narvaez suddenly appeared in Madrid, talked very seriously with the Queen; and, to the dismay of the Liberals, was entrusted with the formation of a Government. He refused to re-appoint clever Salamanca finance minister, whilst the Queen insisted upon the appointment, and Narvaez threw up the task in disgust; Salamanca himself becoming Prime Minister. He was full of fine speculative plans and vague Liberal ideas, which would add to his own overflowing coffers, but which offended the Protectionist Catalans: a full amnesty was granted to all Liberals (September 2, 1848); but in the midst of his erratic political career, which quite undeceived the "moderates," Salamanca found his ministry suddenly cut short by Narvaez, who himself entered the Council Chamber and dismissed the Government in the name of the Queen. That Serrano was at the bottom of this violent measure there is no doubt, but his motive is obscure, unless he was tired of playing the game of the Liberals and the

English, and thought once more to gain the support of his own "moderate" party.[1]

Narvaez, who only a few days before had talked about shooting Serrano, now suddenly changed his tone and made use of him. Then came a quick transformation. By the intervention of the Pope and the stern insistence of Narvaez, the Queen and her husband patched up their differences; Cristina came back again, Serrano went contentedly to govern Granada, and the Liberals, finding themselves betrayed, could use no words strong enough now to blame the "goings on" of the Queen and her favourites.

*Through 1847 the new Carlist war organised in England had continued in Cataluña; Cabrera at one time having an army of 6,000 men under him. One after the other, however, the guerrilla chiefs were caught and shot; the new Pretender, Don Carlos (Count de Montemolin), was prevented from entering Spain, and, on the coming of Narvaez to power, the *last embers of the rising were quenched in blood. The times, indeed, were such as could only be met with severity. In France, in Italy, in Hungary, in Prussia revolutions were dominant and thrones were falling. The Pontiff, a fugitive from the Eternal City, looked to faithful Spain only for support, the Bourbon throne of Naples trembled under the blows of Garibaldi; and the intriguer Louis Philippe, upon whom the Spanish "moderates" had depended, was himself masquerading as "Mr. Smith" in hospitable England.

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[1] It may be mentioned also that a new "favourite" had recently appeared on the scene, and this may have influenced Serrano.

Fired by such events as these, Liberal and republican revolts took place in Spain. Barricades sprang up in Madrid, and once more blood ran in the streets. But Narvaez, with his ruthless policy of *the stick and hit hard*, conquered them all, and remained supreme.[1] Palace and political intrigues threatened him more than once, and for a few hours[2] (October, 1849), he was out of office; but with his henchmen, Brabo Murillo, as finance minister, and Sartorius Count de San Luis, at the Home Office, he held the reins firmly, and not unwisely, through all the troublous times from 1848 to 1850, during which he had to conquer two expeditions of American and Cuban filibusters against Cuba, and an infinite number of attempts at revolt in Spain itself.

In July, 1850, the eagerly-expected event of the birth of a child to the Queen took place. For months past anticipation and gossip had been rife; for much depended upon the issue. If a son was born, then adieu to the hopes of Montpensier and his wife, whose importance as political factors had already disappeared with the fall of Louis Philippe. But much more depended upon it than this; Cristina, at least, looking upon her personal honour as being involved, for scandal was busy about her daughter's proceedings. Again, for some reason—probably enmity to Cristina and the King-consort—the Liberals were enthusiastic in their loyal attachment to the Queen, and full of resentment against those who attacked her; and they looked forward to the birth of a direct male heir to the crown as an event charged with bright hope for the future. At length the important day came, and all Madrid—and Spain beyond—was breathless to learn whether a Prince of Asturias would be born. Again a Queen of Spain's antechamber was crammed with a mixed and curious crowd, in which the King-consort cut but a sorry figure. Again as the guns boomed out the news to the waiting people, the silver salver, with its new-born human burden, was handed to the Queen's husband, and this time the hopes of the Liberals were fulfilled, for the announcement was that a "robust prince" had been born. But the extreme "moderates" shook grave heads and whispered darkly; though Cristina appeared overjoyed at the birth of her first grandchild. So much overjoyed, indeed, that she and the great absolutist ladies who flocked into the chamber could not, it was said, restrain the ardour with which they caressed the tender infant. A babe two days old does not approve of much embracing, and the Prince of Asturias protested against undue affection, or against being born at all to such a troubled world, by the only means in his power—namely, by dying on the third day after his birth. The bereaved mother was beside herself with grief and disappointment, for hers was a heart avid for affection ; but it was the turn of the Liberals now to shake their heads and look grave, for what they had fearfully anticipated had come to pass. The suspicions they expressed cannot be believed for a moment, but they show how bitter and unscrupulous political feeling was at the time, and furnish a key to much that happened afterwards.

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[1] Bulwer in indiscreet terms remonstrated against his severity and was expelled from Madrid, diplomatic relations between England and Spain being broken off for some time.

[2] This was an extraordinary intrigue got up by the King-consort and a fraudulent *stigmata* nun called the Sister Patrocinio, who obtained the appointment of an extreme absolutist ministry, but Narvaez upset the plan, and returned to power the same day. Sister Patrocinio and Father Fulgencio were sent into confinement, and the silly, reactionary King-consort was severely reprimanded, and frightened out of his poor wits by Narvaez, who deprived him of his newly-granted task of managing the interior affairs of the palace.

IX.

ON THE SLOPE OF REVOLUTION.

THE confused and complicated political manœuvres which have been briefly related in the preceding chapter are an evident proof that Spaniards were not, even yet, sufficiently advanced to conduct legitimately a constitutional representative government. The Cortes, instead of being the source from which ministers drew strength and inspiration, had sunk into a mere instrument for registering and adulating their action. Ministers, as we have seen, were often changed for personal reasons, and by backstairs intrigue; and when it was necessary for a new Cortes to be elected the party in power took care, by the most open and unblushing corruption, to ensure an overwhelming majority for their own particular section. A parliamentary, constitutional, change of government was, therefore, impossible; the only change there could be, except by a revolution or a palace *coup de main*, was from one section or set of men to another of the same party.

The Queen herself appears to have had no inkling of the science of statesmanship, or of the importance

THE PALACE OF THE CORTES, MADRID, WITH THE STATUE OF CERVANTES.

of political action. She was overflowing with human sympathy—and it may be added with human weakness—ready to be influenced, one way or another, by personal considerations, and by an impulsive desire to remedy real or imaginary evils that were pointed out to her. Always open to appeals to her pity or her charity, surprisingly frank and confiding, it is not surprising that she became the dupe of a succession of specious intriguers of all parties, and of all ranks. In the intervals of her beguilement she believed all men alike to be self-seeking rogues, and followed her own bent. She must have felt that in her marriage she had been deliberately sacrificed, and her own happiness cynically disregarded, and if she revolted against maternal affection which sold her like a chattel, and rebelled against an unfit and galling connection which was forced upon her in the interests of others, the blame should not be laid entirely upon her shoulders.

So, at least, the nation thought, for few sovereigns have been so popular as Isabel II. in the early years of her majority. She moved about amongst her people frankly and openly, often without escort, with a pleasant smile and a ready sympathy for every tale of sorrow, giving freely, often far more than she could afford; hearty, generous and debonnaire, she won all Spanish hearts but those that were miraculously good or hopelessly bad; and her people, like the Recording Angel whose tear blotted out Uncle Toby's oath, lovingly covered her many failings with a tear of regret for the wrong that she had suffered, and contended passionately that she was "*Muy reina y muy española*"—a thorough Queen and a thorough

Spaniard. All this was very characteristic and truly Spanish, but it showed how premature were those who thought that a paper constitution would suddenly raise the country from despotism to liberty.

As usual, the new Cortes elected in the autumn of 1850 gave the ministry in power a great majority, and Narvaez appeared safe; but he had in his ministry a masterful lawyer, Brabo Murillo, who was determined, if possible, to re-assert civilian predominance in the Government. On entering the finance ministry in 1849, he had attempted to cut down military expenditure by £600,000, but the disturbed state of the country had made it impossible; but early in 1851 he insisted upon a still greater reduction, and this time was supported by Cristina, who resented the military power of Narvaez. The latter therefore retired with most of his colleagues, and went abroad, Brabo Murillo remaining Prime Minister. The ideas of the latter were extensive, including a complete financial re-organisation, the arrangement of the National Debt, large subventions to public works, and concessions for projected railways; but all this ran counter to many interests, and was accompanied, moreover, by a demand for authority from the Cortes to collect the revenue for the following year (1851) without discussion. The Cortes had been elected to support Narvaez, and protested. Brabo Murillo then promptly dissolved them, after a scene of wild disorder (April, 1851); and thenceforward the work of reaction proceeded without hindrance. The monastic orders were again permitted in Spain, such Church property as had not been sold was returned to the clergy to be realised, and the product invested in Three Per Cent. Stock, the clerical salaries were settled, the Church allowed to acquire new possessions, and the Catholic religion alone was permitted; whilst the Pontiff once more regained his patronage in the Spanish Church.

The new Parliament meeting late in 1851 was, by the usual means, almost limited to supporters of the Government, though Olozaga and the fiery Catalan general, Prim, Count de Reus, strong progressists both, were ceaseless, though fruitless, in their attacks. But the Cortes, as a whole, were obedient servants of the ministry, and Brabo Murillo's measures were humbly endorsed. The conversion and consolidation of the National Debt was carried out, and important alterations made in the fiscal system,[1] railway concessions and subventions, now for the first time in Spain being made an element of Government finance, and it may be added, of Court jobbery.

In December, 1851, a girl child was born to the Queen. This time she was determined there should be no accident; and night and day the mother hardly ever lost sight of her child—who grew up to be the virtuous and estimable Infanta Isabel. On the 2nd of

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[1] Brabo Murillo's estimate of revenue for 1852 was eleven millions sterling, and his budget balanced. The effect of his new financial system was seen in the following year, when his estimated receipts were twelve millions and a quarter sterling. The Spanish Three Per Cent. Consols, which had been quoted as low as 19 in 1848, rose under Brabo Murillo to 35 in 1850, 38 in 1851, and to 46–47 in 1852, when the minister retired. From that point they declined to 44 in 1853, to 33 just prior to the revolution of 1854, and to 31 at the end of that year.

February, 1852, the Queen and a brilliant Court were to proceed, as usual in such cases, to present the newly-born princess to the Virgin of Atocha. All Madrid was alive to see the show, for now that there was an heiress to the crown the accession of the unpopular Montpensier seemed improbable, and Spain was overflowing with rejoicing and loyalty to the Queen. As the latter was leaving the royal chapel and about to enter her carriage at the foot of the palace staircase, an elderly priest approached her, and kneeling, handed her a petition. She stooped to take it, and the wretch stabbed her with a dagger in the breast. Fortunately some of the splendid bullion embroidery which covered her corsage broke the force of the blow, and the wound, though serious, was not dangerous. Before the Queen fainted from the shock she turned instinctively to where her baby was, and cried, "My child, care for my child"! as if she knew where danger might be apprehended. With characteristic generosity, she strove hard to save the life of the murderer, Martin Merino, whose motive was never fathomed, but he was publicly garotted a few days afterwards, his body burnt and his ashes cast to the winds.

In this, and in the punishment of various attempts at military revolt in the interests of Narvaez, the ministry of Brabo Murillo showed itself as fierce as the rude soldiers whose rule it supplanted; and, to her honour be it said, Isabel II. alone sought to temper its severity with mercy. The attempts on the Queen's life, and the loyal outburst to which it gave rise, together with the Napoleonic *coup d'état* in

France, afforded to Brabo Murillo's ministry an excuse for rendering the power of the Crown and executive still more absolute. The Cortes were suspended, the press was gagged, military disaffection was ruthlessly crushed, the progressives were powerless, and Brabo Murillo thought he was now strong enough to cut down the representative system to a vanishing point and practically destroy the Constitution.

The announcement of his intention caused a new grouping of parties. The "moderates" in the country still looked upon Narvaez as their leader; a majority of them were Constitutionists of a sort, and when Brabo Murillo summoned Parliament at the end of the year (1852) he found both chambers inclined to be restive. His immediate answer was the usual decree of dissolution. Men of all parties, except extreme absolutists, united in condemning this abuse of power. With shamelessly packed Parliaments, and dissolution at the first hint of criticism of the acts of the ministry, constitutional government was a fraudulent farce. Narvaez protested as loudly as Mendizabal; but meetings were sternly suppressed, newspaper comments prohibited, and even university lectures subject to rigid censorship: and Brabo Murillo's interim decree for a new Constitution was published, all open discussion of it being forbidden. By it practically all individual rights were taken away from the citizen; and the executive, and not the law, was supreme over life and property; whilst the Parliament was rendered powerless, the number of members being reduced from 349 to 161, the qualifications raised, and the Senate made mainly hereditary. This was too much; and though Narvaez was in exile, Brabo Murillo, seeing that the soldiers would overcome him, hurriedly resigned; and in the first days of the year 1853, once more a general, Federico Roncali, Count de Alcoy, became head of the government.

Apparently, however, yielding to Court pressure, the new ministry confirmed Narvaez's exile and refused to abrogate Brabo Murillo's tyrannical decree, on the absurd ground that, as the Queen had so recently sanctioned it, its abrogation would bring the royal prerogative into discredit. When the elections took place, therefore, all the "moderates," except the extreme wing, coalesced with the Liberals; but the coercion and corruption exercised by the Government over the electors, as usual, gave the ministry a vast majority. The decree had to be confirmed by the new Cortes, and a mere pretence was made of altering some of its more objectionable features, but the opposition, though small, was persistent. Generals Prim and O'Donnell threatened military revolts, General Concha openly accused the Government of trafficking corruptly in railway concessions, in union with Salamanca and Cristina's husband. Some accusations in this matter went higher still, and curious stories were afloat of how the concession-mongering business was carried on inside the palace itself; of the backstairs influence of shameful "favourites," and of sudden riches falling to menials who shared their plunder with their betters. In a rage at such talk the Government suspended the Cortes, and attempted to punish those members who opposed them. But they, too, had to disappear before the storm they could not allay (April, 1853), and were succeeded by a conciliatory ministry led by General Lersundi.

Brabo Murillo's financial plans were then mostly reversed, and the press censorship was lightened; but still some influence behind tied the hands of the ministry, and prevented, or hampered, effective action on the main points of the constitutional decree and the railway concessions. The Government soon fell out, and some of its members were changed more than once, but at last it signed its own death warrant, by confirming, by decree, all the railway concessions which had been granted without reference to Parliament, and about which such scandalous stories were told. It was clear that the ministry could not hold on long in the face of its general unpopularity; but it possessed the confidence of the sovereign until the Minister of Marine resigned rather than carry out a certain onerous concession for conveying coal to the Philippines. Then Isabel's smiles turned to pouts, and Lersundi's Government fell (September, 1853), being succeeded by an extraordinary agglomeration of men of all parties, but with no programme or the possibility of agreeing upon one, the Prime Minister being Sartorius, Count de San Luis, Narvaez's former henchman, who had begun life as a bookseller's shopman and still retained the manners of his old calling.

Affairs, indeed, had drifted into a state from which the only possible exit was by revolution. Ministers no longer represented public opinion, which had no legitimate expression; and Parliament itself could only exert its influence by the promotion of disturbance outside. The frequent changes in the financial system had thrown everything into confusion, the country at large was growing more and more restive at the loudly proclaimed scandals in high quarters. One nonentity after another had tried his 'prentice hand at governing the State, and Espartero and Narvaez, the only men who had a large following, were both in exile. Cristina and her husband were turning political influence to their concession-mongering ends and piling up riches. The futile King-consort, surrounded by a peddling little *camarilla* of priests, nuns, and compliant friends, was for ever planning absolutist treachery; whilst the Queen, swayed by all sorts of people, good, bad, and disgraceful, could never be depended upon to keep in the same mind for a week together.

San Luis fruitlessly endeavoured to conciliate the various sections of the "moderate" party. Narvaez was allowed to return from exile and the decrees granting railway concessions were cancelled, although the Cortes were asked to re-sanction the same concessions by parliamentary vote. But the trail of jobbery was over all, and the grossest accusations of corruption were made openly against the highest functionaries and ministers, not only in the matter of the railway contracts but also in the proposed conversion of the immense floating debt which had accumulated for the last five years.[1]

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[1] The unconverted floating debt reached six millions sterling, and it was now proposed to add it to the Consols. The estimates of revenue

At length, early in December, 1853, the ministry was defeated in the Cortes, and San Luis hastily suspended the sittings before the estimates had been voted; the unconstitutional course being adopted of promulgating supply by royal decree. This first step having been taken, San Luis made no attempt to govern legally. All the prominent opponents of the Government were banished or employed on distant stations. The brothers, Generals Concha and Generals O'Donnell, Serrano, Zabala, Infante, and many others, went into exile or hiding; the press was finally and effectually gagged, and a fresh parliamentary constitution was proposed, which would have had the result of merely cloaking the omnipotence of the executive with the pretence of democratic institutions.

As may be imagined, these measures only increased the intense unpopularity of San Luis, and the discontent, driven beneath the surface, became more active than ever. A terrible famine raged in Galicia, and the utmost poverty was observable all over the country, the amount of taxes recovered falling greatly short of the estimates, and a forced loan being levied to cover urgent needs.[1] To add to the

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for this year, 1854, reached £14,800,000, and was, as usual, supposed to be sufficient to cover the expenditure. These estimates show an increase of more than two millions sterling over those of the previous year, 1853.

[1] The scurrilous anonymous sheet called the *Murcialago* (the Bat) asserted that Cristina received £400,000 out of this forced loan of £1,800,000. It was believed that her Bourse speculations and concession and contract dealing at this period produced her an enormous fortune.

general distrust, a serious dispute, nearly leading to war, was progressing with the United States on the question of an attack upon American interests in Cuba. The United States minister in Madrid—Mr. Soulé—was strongly in favour of the annexation of the island, and actively aided the opposition to the Spanish Government in the hope of profiting by the disorder; his efforts culminating in an offer on the part of the United States to buy Cuba for the sum of 120 million dollars. The Government of Washington, however, declined to go quite so far as its agent and to threaten immediate intervention in the Antilles when the offer was not accepted; although they reserved their right to do so if insurrection broke out in the island.

The exiled and hidden generals in the meanwhile industriously intrigued for the overthrow of the hated San Luis, whilst the press and the people, for the first time, began to hint that honest constitutional government could only be hoped for by the sacrifice not only of the ministry but of the Queen herself. It was seen that she had never made any attempt to check the exercise of unconstitutional power by her ministers; that her prerogative had been used capriciously, foolishly and corruptly; that the wretched domestic squabbles which disgraced the palace, and the extraordinary character of her private life, rendered her untrustworthy as the head of a limited monarchy. So scandalised was the press, indeed, that when in January, 1854, the Queen gave birth to another child, which died soon afterwards, complete silence with regard to the event was maintained by the principal papers of the capital.

It must not be forgotten that the active preparation for revolution was confined almost entirely to the broader sections of the "moderate" party; the Liberals, persecuted and in exile, hopeless of effective parliamentary action, or of any satisfactory solution of the trouble under "moderate" auspices, standing aloof from the intrigues against the Government. The first outburst of military revolt took place in Zaragoza in February, 1854, but this was promptly suppressed, and San Luis, emboldened by the victory, recommenced the persecution of his opponents with redoubled severity. General Leopold O'Donnell was hidden in Madrid and had gained to the cause of the revolution General Dulce, the commander of the cavalry in the capital; the rising being arranged for the 13th of June, in a village near Madrid.

The Government, however, became suspicious of Dulce, and the plan was for a time frustrated; but when an order was given by the Government for several of the cavalry regiments in Madrid to proceed to distant parts of Spain, Dulce saw that he must act at once or fail. Before dawn on the morning of June 28th,[1] he mustered three regiments of cavalry, and marched them into the suburbs, where a battalion of infantry joined him, and O'Donnell himself took command; the other generals being

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[1] As an instance of the excited state of feeling in Madrid, the writer has often heard it related by members of his family who lived at the time in the same house as General Dulce (Calle de la Reina) that as he was going out on this occasion the general, by accident, dropped his sword clattering on to the stairs. The noise in the early morning aroused the whole house, and the news passed at once that "the revolution" was for that day.

Ros de Olano, Mesina, and Echagüe. Dulce and his friends at once published an address to the Queen demanding the dismissal of the ministry and the restoration of the constitutional *régime.*

Isabel was at La Granja, and on this occasion unquestionably saved her crown by her pluck and confidence. Without a moment's hesitation she hastened back to Madrid, and if she had not been restrained by her friends and ministers, would personally have gone and remonstrated with the revolted generals. With almost foolish bravado she drove herself through her discontented capital without escort, her poor little husband cowering by her side, sorely against his will; whilst from every part of the country came news of disaffection and anticipated revolt. Either from obstinacy or ineptitude, however, the Queen still clung to her unpopular ministers, and insisted upon using her partly recovered influence to prop up their impossible cause. On the 30th * of June O'Donnell and his force advanced upon the capital, and were met at Vicalvaro by the Minister of War, General Blaser, with what was left of the Madrid garrison; a brief combat ensuing without decisive result, the mutineers then retiring to Aranjuez, and Blaser's infantry returning to Madrid in disorder.

The Queen was overwhelmed with grief. "I will have no more bloodshed," she wept, "and my troops shall not fight with their own comrades. Why cannot Spaniards be friends one with another? for I love them all. I am aware that my throne is identified with liberal institutions, and I have no wish to weaken them. I am not ignorant of the rights of

Parliament, and am willing that Cortes should meet and discuss and arrange everything. Why should there be this conflict between brothers?"[1]

In the circumstances it would have been easy to have restored tranquillity if the San Luis ministry had had the patriotism to resign, or the Queen the good sense to dismiss them; but although they were both full of the professed desire to avoid further disturbance, neither took the only obvious step which would have secured peace.

In the meanwhile public feeling became daily more exasperated, and fresh regiments declared for the revolt. O'Donnell marched towards Andalusia, followed by Blaser with nearly all the Madrid garrison; and the obstinate San Luis in the capital violated all laws and humanity by his persecution of private citizens, and his more than mediæval tyranny. But still the Liberals held aloof from what was clearly a Conservative military rising, until O'Donnell and his friends, seeing the need for attracting them, suddenly issued a new manifesto from Manzanares[2] (July 7th) formulating the demands which had always been those of the progressive party. De-centralisation of local government, a free press, electoral reform, respect for the constitution, the throne without a shameful *camarilla* behind it, the organisation of a National Militia: these and similar demands immediately altered the aspect of affairs. This was a programme that the people themselves could understand, and the rising was no longer a military revolt to serve the ends of ambitious generals, but a popular revolution, in which the army aided the people to regain their citizen rights. Like a whirlwind the feeling swept over the country, and capital after capital in the provinces rallied to the movement.

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[1] General Cordoba relates the Queen's conversation with him in his "Memoria" of the events of July, 1854.

[2] This manifesto was drawn up by Antonio Canovas del Castillo, the afterwards famous minister, and it is asserted that the important change of policy was at first opposed by O'Donnell, who was always a Conservative, and mainly urged by Canovas and Serrano.

On the 17th of July news came to Madrid that Barcelona had joined the revolution, and San Luis at length bent before the storm and hurriedly resigned, General Cordoba being entrusted with the formation of a cabinet, of which, however, the Duke of Rivas was the nominal chief. Espartero was induced to leave his retirement at Logroño and entered Zaragoza in triumph; O'Donnell was invited by the Queen to come to Madrid, and the authorities hastened to appeal to the armed forces in revolt to maintain public order. But it was too late; San Luis had held on to power until the dogs of conflict had been let loose. On the night of the 17th of July the people of Madrid rose, and on the following day they beset the houses of the fallen ministers, of Salamanca, and of Queen Cristina. The troops in the capital were few, Cordoba was very unpopular, the officers were disaffected, and the infuriated populace worked their will almost unchecked. Burning, wrecking, and pillaging, the mob dominated the city during the day and ensuing night, though only after considerable bloodshed; especially in Cristina's palace. A revolutionary government was elected and installed under General San Miguel in the

Guildhall,[1] and a deputation of the rioters demanded an interview with the Queen, an immense multitude assembling before the palace, clamouring for the heads of the fallen ministers. General Cordoba tried to tranquillise them, but unsuccessfully; and the Queen was forced to receive the spokesmen of the revolt. She promised to "do her best to satisfy" them, but such a promise as this was powerless to dissolve the impromptu authorities which had assumed control of the Guildhall and the Civil Government offices. Ejected from these offices by Cordoba, the revolutionists assembled in the Plaza Mayor, and there a sanguinary conflict took place between the people and the troops.[2]

All next day (July 19th) the bloodshed in the streets continued, though General Cordoba's disposal of his troops prevented the mob from again approaching the palace. Barricades sprang up in the Puerta del Sol and the principal streets, and the long defensive line drawn transversely across the city by General Cordoba was repeatedly attacked throughout its length by the angry populace desirous of reaching the presence of the Queen. The latter, in tears, beside herself with grief, was ready to do anything to save further bloodshed: and in the afternoon of the 19th dismissed Cordoba's forty hours' ministry, and summoned Espartero to Madrid to take charge of the Government. This was a blow that the "moderates" had not expected, but the populace knew now that they had gained the victory. The troops were mostly withdrawn from the streets, and confined to quarters. But the people had been deceived too often to trust the Queen again until Espartero himself should appear: they raised fresh barricades, and, still standing to their arms, occupied all the strategic points. Soon the troops were caught by the popular enthusiasm and began to waver. San Miguel, by order of the Queen, assumed command of the capital, for Cordoba now was a mere shadow, all the revolted generals were restored to their ranks and honours, and the revolution was triumphant.

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[1] A rival revolutionary government of the dangerous classes was also set up in the poorer quarter under a popular bull-fighter, "Pucheta," which proved a source of much trouble.

[2] So critical was the situation at this time that, on Cordoba's advice, the Queen made all arrangements for flight, which was only prevented by the urgent prayers and warnings of wiser people. The King's sisters and his brother Fernando took refuge in the French Embassy, where the latter, who was weak-witted, died of the fright a day or two afterwards.

The throne of Isabel still trembled in the balance. Espartero, fully conscious that he alone could save it, dictated his terms to the Queen. His envoy was General Salazar, who, shocked at the levity of the sovereign, now that the immediate alarm was past, told her in scathing words what was thought of the reported irregularities of her life. Such boldness was new to Isabel, who turned upon him like a fury, but he held his ground, and told her her conduct was a disgrace to her sex and country. In her rage the Queen swore she would have no more to do with Espartero or a party who sent such an envoy as this. She would abdicate, and leave Spaniards to get on as best they might without her. But when it was pointed out to her that, if she went, she must leave her only daughter behind her, the reckless woman once more changed her mind, accepted Espartero's terms, and issued a proclamation in which she announced her full sympathy with the revolution, and, to crown all, accepted Salazar as one of her ministers.

Madrid, and Spain generally, once more gave way to mad and frantic rejoicing. All evils were to disappear, all wrongs to be righted, and poverty was to be a thing of the past. Oratory in an irresistible flood again swept over the land; from every flag-decked barricade, from every gaudy balcony, excited citizens with pompous verbosity, apostrophised portraits of Espartero, or indulged in roseate prophecies of imperishable glory for those who, like themselves, had aided the never-to-be-forgotten revolution.

Espartero's triumphal entry into the capital on the 28th of July was the culminating point of the enthusiasm. Through a populace ready to adore him almost as a demigod, the fortunate soldier, waving his sword and delivering inflated speeches, slowly made his way to the palace, once more, after eleven years, to receive from the hands of the Queen whose throne he had saved years before the government of the country from which her mother had driven him. But his speeches and those of his friends left no doubt that this time, if the Queen was to be allowed to retain her crown, all power must be taken from her, and the people made supreme.

On the following day O'Donnell made his entry, chagrined that he, the leader of the revolt, should be forced to play second fiddle to Espartero; but the two popular heroes theatrically embraced in public, though, as will be seen, their harmony was not of long duration.

The task of Espartero's ministry was extremely difficult. Anarchy had dominated Spain for over three weeks, and the host of revolutionary authorities which had installed themselves in provincial governments were hard to deal with. They had made lavish promises, appointed generals and important officers by the score, and had carried their assumed authority with a high hand. Shoals of clamorous newspapers, too, had sprung up side by side with excited oratorical clubs, formulating wild theories and extreme demands. The advanced Liberals, so long under a cloud, now lorded it over all, and claimed rewards for past persecutions beyond the possibility of satisfaction, whilst the "moderates," who had started the revolution, looked on with unconcealed disgust at the progress of events.

The principal popular irritation was against Cristina, whose position was gravely perilous. From her wrecked home she had sought refuge in her daughter's palace, and night and day there rang in her ears the curses of the people upon her. Cries for her imprisonment, for her death, and for the restoration of her illgotten plunder, were ceaselessly uttered in the press and the clubs, until the Government itself was forced to promise the people that she should not be allowed to escape until justice had been done. But though every exit from the palace and the town was jealously watched by the mob, the Queen-mother herself withstood all suggestions that she should fly in disguise from the fury that was lying in wait for her.

"I will leave this place as a queen," she said proudly, "or I will never leave it." But the scandal of such a position could not endure, and at daybreak, on the 28th of August, whilst Madrid was yet sleeping, Cristina, with a powerful escort, set out for Portugal. The fury of the populace when they heard that their prey had escaped knew no bounds.[1] Barricades again sprang up, and "Death to Espartero! down with the Government!" was now the cry; but the dictator had a firm grip, and soon crushed the disorder, whilst the talking-clubs were suppressed, and the more violent newspapers held in check.

From the seething mass of conflicting claims and warring interests Espartero, who was a man of no political sagacity, was powerless alone to extricate the country. Swayed from one side to the other by the demands of the two elements of his coalition Government, and by the strife of parties outside; he could only formulate his remedy in the invariable phrase: "Let the national will be fulfilled"; and in pursuance of this policy a constituent Cortes was summoned to be elected on the basis of the Constitution of 1837, in disregard of the various alterations in the code that subsequent ministers had made. Nothing was allowed to be prejudged or taken for granted—not even the continuance of the monarchy itself; the Cortes was to be supreme and

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[1] It is fair to say that subsequently a Parliamentary Committee held a minute inquiry into the accusations of malversation and peculation against Cristina, and, after six months' investigation, they declared that they had found no proofs of her guilt. Cristina lived for the rest of her life in France.

QUEEN CRISTINA DE BORBON AT THE TIME OF HER EXPULSION untrammelled in its choice of national institutions, and, for once even, the Government refrained to some extent from exerting pressure over the elections.

The opening of the Chamber by the Queen on the 8th of November, 1854, was a turning-point of her career. From July she had been merely a sovereign on sufferance, and the Cortes held itself free to proclaim a republic if it pleased. This was Isabel's first public reappearance after the revolution, and her popular manner and beautiful voice suddenly turned the wavering tide in her favour. After her speech from the throne the House burst into resounding cheers, and the Queen's crown was saved to her for another fourteen years. Whilst the parties of O'Donnell and Espartero only with great difficulty kept up even an appearance of union in the Cortes, the public effervescence in the country continued unchecked, especially amongst the disappointed advanced Liberals and the National Militia, who chafed at the coalition. Once more Carlism renewed its intrigues under the fostering care of the clergy, whilst the terrible scourge of cholera swept the country from end to end, to an extent that forced the Cortes to suspend its sittings in the summer of 1855. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that lassitude and discouragement fell upon the masses, who had hoped everything from the results of the revolution.

The fundamental bases of the new Constitution—agreed upon after infinite discussion—affirmed the sovereignty of the people, the monopoly of the Catholic Church, and the continuance of the Bourbon dynasty. The republican party were clamorous but small, only 23 members voting against the crown of Isabel; for Spain was yet far from ready for a republican form of government. There never has been, indeed, amongst Spaniards that jealousy and hatred between classes which in other countries has led to the overthrow of aristocratic domination. The high nobility is constantly recruited from rich plebeians and from active revolutionists, and a duke is just as likely to be a democrat as is a person of lower rank. The division of political parties by social layers, except perhaps in Cataluña, is, therefore, a danger which Spain has escaped, and this is still the most hopeful fact for the future regeneration of the country.

But though the monarchy was reaffirmed, and Isabel was as popular as ever so long as she consented to remain a cipher, no sooner did she attempt to express a political opinion of her own than her position became dangerous again. A new law for the disamortisation and sale of entailed lands and Church property was proposed, which met with her tearful and passionate protest.[1] She again threatened to abdicate rather than sanction its introduction, and only on the stern insistence of Espartero she gave way thus far. But during the discussion of the Bill the King-consort and his *camarilla* of bleeding nuns and mystic monks set all the ecclesiastical machinery to work to influence the Queen. Miraculous images sweated blood over the altars, the Pope's Nunico exhorted Isabel to keep faith with the Church of God at any cost, and the royal confessors whispered that this was the turning-point where the Queen must stand firm against impious aggression. The poor woman, at her wits' end, began by flatly refusing to sanction the Act, and the ministry decided to resign; the advanced Liberal members of the Cortes even proposed to declare the throne vacant; the Queen on her side entering into a palace plot to fly to the Basque provinces and there to issue a national manifesto. The intention was discovered, and she was obliged to yield to the pressure brought to bear upon her; but though she signed the Act she did it against her conscience, and with the intention of overthrowing at the earliest possible moment the men who had wrung her consent from her. Relations between Spain and the papacy were broken off, the bleeding nun was banished, and a clean sweep made of the priests and courtiers who had surrounded the Queen. The poor King-consort made an undignified little attempt at resistance to the removal of his servants. With a few halberdiers he stationed himself in front of his own apartments, and squeaked out his irrevocable determination of allowing the passage of the Government officers only over his own dead body. The tears and entreaties of his wife, however, melted his heart, and his terrible threat remained unfulfilled.

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[1] The amount of such property was still immense. It was proposed to apply the proceeds of the sale to the national uses, the payment of debt, promotion of public works, and the like, the clergy being given Consols to an amount equal to the value of the appropriated lands. It was calculated that the property in mortmain sold prior to this Act of the 1st of May, 1855, reached £57,000,000, and that even a larger amount then remained to be sold. Although much jobbery and mismanagement existed, it cannot be denied that the remarkable material advance of Spain in the following few years was largely owing to the vast amount of property thus let loose.

The interests attacked by Espartero were still powerful and vigorous. The clergy and the reactionaries left no weapon idle that could damage him, from the rising of Carlist bands to the stinging satires of "El Padre Cobos"; and Espartero, by his simple-minded boastfulness and theatrical attitudinising, laid himself especially open to the deadly arm of ridicule. There was no lack of well-founded discontent upon which to base these attacks. Ninety new Acts had been passed by the Cortes before the cholera suspended its sittings (July, 1855), but they had nearly all been of a partial or personal character at the expense of the nation, whilst the new electoral law was still in embryo, the Municipal Act of 1821 had only been restored provisionally, and the great deficit caused by the sudden alteration of the fiscal policy had to be filled up by forced loans, which caused uneasiness and distrust. Nearly everybody who had claimed to be a Liberal during the last eleven years of reaction, or who had suffered exile or persecution, was loaded with honours, pensions, and rewards; the officers of the army had been promoted *en masse*, and exemptions from service granted wholesale. All this was costly, and aroused jealous dissension.

As the ministry grew less and less popular, many of its members were consequently changed, until at last almost the only Liberal remaining in it was Espartero himself, who, tired of the ceaseless attacks, and disappointed at the greed of his followers, also talked of retiring. In the meanwhile the Queen constantly thwarted the Government, socialist and anarchist risings were rife in Barcelona, Valencia, and

Zaragoza, the Carlists were again in arms, and the National Militia was a source of alarm to peaceful citizens: blazing ricks and gutted factories everywhere telling the tale that the anti-social movement had now spread from turbulent Cataluña to Conservative Castile.

In this turmoil of discontent and disturbance, with simple, honest Espartero, a mere straw upon the torrent, the Cortes hotly and copiously discussed the details of the new Constitution, late in 1855, the great effort of the Liberal majority being to drive O'Donnell from the ministry, and leave Espartero supreme, which would have been easy but for the almost quixotic loyalty of the latter to his Conservative colleague. They were unsuccessful, but contrived, early in January, 1856, to infuse a new Liberal element into the ministry on the question of the punishment of a regiment of militia on duty at the Cortes, which had revolted abortively on a cry of "Viva la Republica!"

The new Constitution was voted in January, establishing an elective senate, a congress elected by direct vote in large constituencies, and a permanent committee with power of summons, to sit during the recess; but when it came to presenting it to the Queen for sanction and promulgation, differences arose as to the wisdom of doing so. The moment the fundamental Acts passed in the Constituent Cortes were sanctioned by the Crown, the Parliament became an ordinary one, and could be dissolved by the minister; for which reason the majority, desiring to prolong the existence of the

Constituent Cortes indefinitely, as a menace to the Crown, prevented the acts from being laid before the Queen. O'Donnell was rapidly reaching the limit of even his great patience, and with the tacit if not expressed co-operation of the Queen, determined to put an end to so abnormal a situation; and at the same time to destroy the revolution which he had been mainly instrumental in making. Dissensions broke out between Espartero and O'Donnell in the matter of repressive measures to be taken against the incendiary anarchists; and the Liberal leader was warned by his friends that the Queen and his colleagues were planning his downfall, some of them going to the length of advising him to anticipate O'Donnell's treachery by a *coup d'état*. But Espartero, vain and self-deceived as usual, thought he could bring the Queen to her knees by a threat of resignation. On the occasion of a midnight cabinet council before the Queen in July, 1856, Escosura, the Liberal Home Minister, announced that he would not remain in the same ministry with O'Donnell. It was agreed that both should resign, and Espartero, trusting to the Queen's word that she would never pardon O'Donnell for the rising of Vicalvaro, determined to stand by Escosura and resign also, in the belief that he could form a new government of Liberals, leaving out O'Donnell and the Conservatives. But a little comedy had been arranged between O'Donnell and the Queen; and as Espartero announced his resignation and was leaving the room, Isabel turned to O'Donnell and said: "I am sure you won't abandon me, will you?"

O'Donnell had no intention of doing so, for he had a list of new ministers in his pocket of which the Queen had approved, and the next day before dawn, 14th of July, he was sworn in as Prime Minister, to the dismay of the self-deceived Espartero and his friends.

The rage of the betrayed Liberals knew no bounds, and it was evident from the first moment that a combat was impending. Espartero's want of statecraft had brought matters to this pass, and his ineptitude continued the disaster. He was still so powerful that he might have appealed successfully to the people to prevent the work of the revolution from being destroyed; or, on the other hand, he might have accepted the reaction and have prevented bloodshed. But he did neither, and held his peace, allowing the citizens to fight O'Donnell's soldiers without the prestige of his leadership or the united aid of the militia. A hasty meeting of the Cortes was called on the same day, and passed a vote of censure on the new ministry, but before it could be handed to the Queen the battle was raging in the streets of Madrid, and the Cortes and the people were calling ineffectually upon Espartero to lead them.

All day on the 14th, and most of the 15th, the fighting went on, the Liberal rump of the Cortes remaining in permanent session. Serrano swept the streets with grapeshot, and bombs fell in the midst of the palace of the Congress,[1] until, at last, in the early afternoon of the 15th of July, further resistance was seen to be useless; the few regiments of militia in arms were without ammunition and abandoned the defence, the Constituent Cortes thus coming to a violent end. In two days O'Donnell had undone amidst bloodshed the work which he had inaugurated by violence at Vicalvaro two years before; and once more parliamentary liberties were crushed under the iron heel of the soldier. During those two days of battle Espartero might easily have turned the tide by leading out the militia, far more numerous than the troops, and the throne of Isabel II. would not have been worth two hours' purchase. But whilst he hesitated, the chance went by, and reaction was victorious before he attempted his lame justification. Isabel, who had shown from the first the utmost bravery, and herself encouraged the troops in front of the palace, thus gained a personal victory over the liberalism which, like her father, she hated and feared.

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[1] This was the new Parliament house shown in the illustration. It was inaugurated in 1850, the Senate still continuing to sit in the ancient Convent of Maria de Aragon, close to the royal palace, where the Cortes of Fernando VII. had met.

After Madrid, the provinces were soon dominated; and then O'Donnell set about his work of government, after declaring the country in a state of siege. The Cortes was dissolved and the National Militia disbanded; but violent reaction was no part of O'Donnell's scheme, and he showed great moderation to those whom he had overcome. The person, however, who had gained the real victory in the late change was the Queen, and she now made her influence felt. The new draft Constitution was dropped without much regret, and that of 1845 substituted;[1] but it cost O'Donnell a struggle to give way to Isabel's demands that the sale of the Church lands should be suspended and the embargo on Cristina's property removed. With tears, caresses, and professions of attachment to him, the Queen worked her will, but as he felt himself being led on the downward path of reaction, the truth came to him. The Queen had used him only as a tool to get rid of Espartero, and hated him still for Vicalvaro and her two years of humiliation. She was a real daughter of Fernando, and smiled whilst she betrayed. Suddenly Narvaez, the true Conservative leader, appeared in Madrid, was welcomed by Isabel with open arms, and O'Donnell received his dismissal on the 12th of October, 1856.

Spain had once more, by extravagance and lack of restraint after a successful revolution, fallen under the hands of the man with the gag and the stick, and Narvaez spared neither. With Candido Nocedal as Home Minister, reaction of the most tyrannical type was now paramount, and everything done by the revolution of 1854 was ruthlessly abrogated. The new Cortes met in May, 1857; the Congress, by the usual means, consisting mainly of the slavish servants of the ministry of the day, though the Senate, containing as it did most of the revolutionary generals of 1854, offered a bitter resistance to reaction and kept alive public irritation against the Government. The first task of the ministry, therefore, was to "reform" the Senate by re-introducing into it the important hereditary element; and when this was done and the press silenced, Parliament was suspended.

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[1] This was Narvaez's Constitution, abolishing the National Sovereignty, establishing an entirely nominated life-Senate, five years' Parliaments (instead of three years), destroying liberty of the press, and rendering illegal the National Militia.

Narvaez was a man of strange contradictions, sincerely believing himself to be a Liberal who was constantly being forced by circumstances into Conservative courses. This view was perhaps not altogether so absurd as it appears, though it was principally a violent and impatient temper that was his motive power. The administration of his Government, as apart from its legislation, was at this juncture enlightened and successful; and the encouragement extended by him to public works and agriculture inaugurated a period of comparative prosperity which the country enjoyed for some years afterwards. But in addition to his platonic leanings towards liberalism, which did not please the Queen, his overbearing manner now jarred upon her more than before; for her success in juggling away the revolutionary generals had given her a taste of personal power, and a higher notion of her own political ability.[1] She therefore conceived the idea of being her own Prime Minister, and freeing herself entirely from the tutelage of generals. Brabo Murillo, however, whom she privately consulted on the matter, extreme reac-

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[1] The Queen's friend, Don José de Arana (Duke of Baena), whose influence for several years had been supreme, had now given place to a young officer named Puig Moltó, whom it is said Narvaez treated with his usual haughty insolence. It was asserted that Isabel's desire to get rid of Narvaez arose partly from Puig Moltó's dislike of him.

tionist though he was, convinced her of the danger of such a course, and she then took the extraordinary step of appointing an almost Liberal ministry under General Armero. As there was no political reason for her action, and she had been for weeks wavering between a return to pure absolutism or the appointment of a minister even more reactionary than Narvaez, it will be seen that she acted on no fixed principle, but was swayed by the personal influences of the moment, which often rendered her conduct inexplicable.

An event happened on the 28th of November, 1857, which altered the appearance of the succession. The Queen's only living child had been the Princess of Asturias, heiress to the crown, but on the date just mentioned the little princess was displaced and lost her title by the birth of her brother Alfonso. The rejoicings were great, so far as official celebration could make them, but the birth of this child added another thong to the whip which the King-consort could hold over the Queen for his personal and political ends—and it also had the apparently incongruous effect of sending Captain Puig Moltó into exile.

When Parliament opened in January, 1858, the Government was defeated at the first vote, and the Queen in her anger at the "moderates" for voting against *her* Liberal ministry, was for dissolution at once. From this, however, she was dissuaded, and chose a Conservative ministry under her mother's old friend, Isturiz. But there was as much divergence of views between the "moderates" of the

O'Donnell type and those who followed Brabo Murillo as between separate parties, and the Government soon fell to pieces, the fickle Queen sending for O'Donnell once more on the 30th of June, and entrusting him with the formation of a ministry. Around O'Donnell and the revolutionists of Vicalvaro there had gathered a strong party in the country, consisting of the steady Liberals who were alarmed at the extravagances which Espartero always brought in his train, and of the Liberal-Conservatives who were opposed to reaction and absolutism. This party, which assumed the name of the "Liberal Union" under O'Donnell and was for several years to come to exercise great influence, confessedly stood between the extremes of Narvaez and Espartero.

O'Donnell was an ideal man for the leadership of such a party. His family and associations were Conservative, but his rising in 1854 had proved that he was receptive of Liberal ideas. The extreme Liberals hated him for crushing the revolution in 1856, whilst the thoroughgoing Conservatives utterly distrusted him for his rising at Vicalvaro; but he was a born leader, a cool, calculating tactician, with great self-control and a handsome, winning personality, so that men of temperate views belonging to all parties joined his new combination. By his side he had a man of great penetration, tenacity, and tact Posada Herrera, the Home Minister—who was the brain and organiser of the party, and by his advice such men as would rally from the extreme wings to the centre were satisfied with embassies or high administrative posts, whilst the elections for the new Cortes were so managed as to secure, as usual, an overwhelming majority for the ministry, and to gain for Posada Herrera the title of the "grand elector." This Cortes, which was to last the almost unprecedented length in modern times of its full life of five years, was notable for the great ability of many of its members; for the "grand elector" had given admission to all the most eminent of his opponents, the thirty irreconcilable Conservatives being led by Gonzales Brabo, and the twenty advanced Liberals by Salustiano de Olozaga; all the rest, being members of the Liberal Union, were obedient to the nod of Posada Herrera.

It will be readily understood that only by the most consummate tactical skill in setting the two extreme factions at variance, and the avoidance of legislation on questions of fundamental principle, could such a party as the "Union Liberal" retain power, as it did, for several years. It was perhaps fortunate that this was the case, as the Government was therefore able to devote its attention to the improvement in the material condition of the country. The rapid increase of wealth in Europe by the introduction of railways naturally produced its result, even in backward Spain; and O'Donnell's Government vigorously continued the more timid policy of his predecessors with regard to the promotion of public works and improved means of communication.

But such a policy needed abundance of ready money, and the abrogation of the Act for the sale of mortmain and clergy lands had deprived the

Government of the vast sums which were expected from that source. The angry Pope had been conciliated, and, on conditions favourable to the clergy, had absolved the persons who had bought Church property; but O'Donnell dared not go to the length of again openly attacking so powerful an interest. The mortmain property, however, not in Church hands was again ordered to be sold, and from the resources thus obtained a vast supplementary estimate was mainly covered for new forts, ships, public buildings, roads, and other national works.[1]

Spain, indeed, was awakening at last, and if the enlightenment and consequent material improvement had preceded the political enfranchisement in the natural way, all would have been well; but, as we have seen in the course of this history, the political advance always received its motive power from a few men in a hurry to endow their country with the political institutions which they had seen successfully at work amongst peoples who had enjoyed better opportunities of education and enlightenment than the Spaniards. But, withal, for the next few years very much was done by the nation at large to overtake the political advance; and if politicians had been content to let the process alone, without insisting on taking another political step forward before the people were ready, the subsequent disasters might have been avoided. From 1848 to 1858 about five hundred miles of railways had been opened, and for the succeeding ten years, to 1868, nearly three thousand miles more were inaugurated, whilst a most remarkable increase had taken place in similar periods in the bulk of the foreign trade;[1] and the population had increased from 12,162,872 in 1847, to 15,673,536 in 1860, at the rate of over a quarter of a million souls annually, although it is to be noted that only 19·97 per cent. of the citizens at the latter date were able to write.

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[1] The Government of Narvaez had been obliged, in 1856–7, to add seven millions sterling to the National Debt for the purpose of covering deficits, realising only three millions by the operation. The revenue for that financial year reached £15,700,000, but in 1858 this had increased to nearly £18,000,000, in addition to a supplementary estimate, public works, &c., of over two millions, which was to be covered by the sales of the mortmain lands. In the year with which we are now particularly occupied, 1859, the revenue and expenditure were about the same as in the previous year, with an extraordinary estimate of £2,600,000 for public works, &c., in addition to the great supplementary estimate of twenty-one millions sterling referred to above to be covered in eight years.

The O'Donnell Government were fortunate in thus being able for a time to direct public attention to national development and also to arouse interest in exterior politics ~~in a way which incre~~ased the cohesion of the people. As much patriotic capital as possible was made out of a quarrel with Mexico, and the refusal by Spain of another offer of the United States to buy Cuba; whilst the religious traditions of the country were flattered by the part taken by Spain during the Italian-Austrian struggle in 1859 to secure respect for the Holy See, in return for which the Pope finally gave his permission for the sale of the whole of the Church property in Spain.

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[1] The imports and exports in 1852 were respectively £7,531,671 and £5,667,834, or together, £13,199,505, whilst in 1862 they had increased to £16,793,127 and £11,105,322, making a total trade of £27,898,449, nearly double what it had been ten years before.

This was unquestionably a great triumph for O'Donnell, and provided him with the funds needed for his schemes; but his crowning good fortune was the successful war with Morocco, in which he played the part of the conquering hero. The dispute first arose out of the raids upon the Spanish settlements of Melilla and Ceuta by the Riff tribes, and was cleverly turned by O'Donnell into an opportunity for representing Spain as having been insulted by her ancient enemy, the Moor. Public fervour in Spain once again overleapt all the bounds of restraint or reticence. Party divisions were forgotten, Spaniards of all ranks, dominated by their national pride, cheerfully gave their substance without a murmur. Spain, they said, had indeed risen from her ashes, and could once more fight and conquer a foreign foe.

It was a third-rate little campaign and an easy victory over a barbarous foe, but it served its purpose. A new conscription of 50,000 men was voted by acclamation, fresh taxes, and discounts on all Government payments were welcomed, and hardly a town in Spain failed to offer voluntary contributions in money, men, or kind. All Spain, indeed, went crazy with patriotic extravagance, and it needed a cold douche from Lord John Russell to remind O'Donnell that, though England had no objection to see Morocco punished for her attacks on Spain, the English Government would not allow a war of conquest on the coast opposite Gibraltar. The popularity of O'Donnell himself surpassed even that of Espartero in his best days, and when the news came that the Spanish army under his command had entered Tetuan (February 6, 1860), he was made a grandee and Duke of Tetuan; Prim was created Marquis of Castillejos, after his first victory; Ros de Olano received the title of Marquis of Guad el Gelu, and promotions, grants, and decorations were scattered broadcast.

Again Great Britain was obliged to act the part of mar-feast, and forbade the Spaniards from permanently occupying Tangiers or dismembering the Moorish Empire, to the profound indignation and resentment of the people of the Peninsula. Whilst this question was still pending the Moors offered to submit. But the Spanish terms were too hard, and the war dragged on, Tangiers being subsequently approached (April 25th), and the great battle of Guad Ras fought with a loss of 3,000 Moors killed and wounded, and a heavy mortality on the part of the Spaniards. But still the mountain passes had to be won before Tangiers was entered, and on the day after Guad Ras a provisional treaty of peace was made; the limits of the Spanish settlements being somewhat extended, a new settlement granted on the west coast, which to this day has never been identified, an indemnity of four millions sterling promised to Spain and the future personal, religious, and commercial interests of Spanish subjects in Morocco safeguarded. The five months' campaign, in which sickness and neglect were more deadly enemies to the Spaniards than were the

MARSHAL LEOPOLDO O'DONNELL, DUKE OF TEUTAN.

Moors, raised O'Donnell and Prim to the apogee of their glory. Every man who had fought in the war was made a hero, and those who witnessed the entry of O'Donnell and the victorious army into Madrid saw a whole people literally delirious with joy, and drunk with national vanity.

Whilst the nation was in a state of patriotic exaltation which cemented all differences, the eldest son of the late Don Carlos, the Count de Montemolin, was ill advised enough to make an attempt to seize the crown. During the domination of Espartero, after the revolution of 1854, the King-consort had opened negotiations with the Count de Montemolin through his ultramontane friends, and it was practically agreed that the "common enemy"—the Liberals—should be frustrated by the recognition of Montemolin as King, on condition that his eldest son should marry the Princess Isabel, and that Charles VI., as he was to be called, should abdicate when his said son should reach the age of twenty-five, Isabel II. and her husband being still given the honorary titles of Queen and King. But this did not suit Cristina in Paris, and her friends managed to upset the reconciliation; and when the counter revolution of 1856 ensured the stability of Isabel the matter was dropped.

Montemolin then began to conspire, and by means of a great expenditure of money and a widespread organisation obtained important friends in every official centre, from Ministers of State downwards. This culminated in the landing on the Valencian coast of General Ortega, the Governor of the Balearic Isles, and his troops, simultaneously with the publication of a manifesto from Montemolin. who accompanied him, accepting a representative government. But the affair missed fire. A week's delay of the Prince at Cette, before he joined Ortega at Majorca, spoilt the combinations; after marching a short distance from the landing-place towards Tortosa, Ortega's troops refused to follow him, and he was captured. When he heard that all Spain had not risen, and the Queen had not abdicated, he exclaimed, "They have sold me!" Who had sold him was never known, for he was very shortly afterwards shot, and how far the "palace" was implicated in the affair is still a mystery. The prince and his brother Don Fernando were in hiding for some days, and were then captured. In fear for their lives, they signed a formal renunciation of all their rights to the crown, against which they protested as soon as they were safe out of Spain. But it was too late, for their other brother, Don Juan, the father of the present Don Carlos, solemnly asserted his right to the crown which his elder brother had renounced, and professed himself, curiously enough, in favour of advanced Liberal ideas. This split the Carlist party hopelessly, until death and abdications had left the present Don Carlos the only Pretender.

The fervid exaltation produced by the Moorish war and the Carlist fiasco was succeeded by the natural reaction when the heroics were over and the bill had to be paid. The Queen's two latest children, both daughters, had to be provided with incomes, the shifty Don Sebastian, a distant cousin of the Queen, had for the second time deserted Carlism and was richly rewarded for his doubtful loyalty. All this and the lavish scattering of largesse to the victorious army, meant additional taxation, and consequently produced bitterness and discontent; whilst disastrous inundations reduced large tracts of country and thousands of citizens to ruin. O'Donnell's policy continued, however, the same, namely, to divert public attention to foreign affairs and give employment abroad to possible rivals such as Narvaez, Serrano, and Prim. Little wars were undertaken in Cochin China, in Santo Domingo, where the Spanish half of the Negro Republic desired annexation to Spain, and in Mexico, where Prim, to the secret annoyance of O'Donnell, took the sensible course adopted by the English and withdrew when the Mexican Government gave redress for the grievances complained of; leaving Napoleon alone to carry out the fatal policy which ended in Queretaro.[1]

A much more serious war was that with the Republics of Chile and Peru in 1866, which began badly for Spain by the capture of the Corvette *Covadonga* and the suicide of the Spanish admiral, Pareja. His successor, Mendez Nuñez, retorted by bombarding the open port of Valparaiso; but the bellicose people and Government of Spain complained of his supposed want of energy and boldness. Thus spurred on, Mendez Nuñez performed one of those acts of rash heroism of which Spaniards have always been fond, but of which the practical results gained bear no proportion to the risk. The Spanish squadron consisted of one ironclad, the *Numancia*, and six wooden steamers. With this force Mendez Nuñez blockaded and bombarded Callao, the strongest port on the Pacific, protected as it was by excellent batteries and an armoured fort with two three-hundred-pounder Armstrong guns. The bombardment took place on May 2, 1866—a date calculated to arouse Spanish patriotism to fever-heat; and, as may be supposed, ended in much useless slaughter and the disabling of the Spanish fleet without entirely silencing the Peruvian batteries. The first discharge of the big Armstrongs nearly crippled the *Villa de Madrid* with a loss of forty men. The *Almansa* and the *Berenguela* were next disabled, whilst the *Blanca* and another ship had to retire for want of ammunition and Mendez Nuñez was wounded. Both sides loudly claimed the victory; but the fact remains that the Peruvian fire was not silenced, whilst the Spanish fleet was forced to abandon the struggle. The Spaniards have never ceased to sing the glories of Mendez Nuñez's valour in leading wooden ships into a point-blank combat with heavily-armed shore batteries, but if hostilities are to be judged by results it must be pronounced to have been a piece of useless bravado.

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[1] Isabel's methods and her love of peace were curiously exhibited at this juncture. Prim's action was very unpopular in Spain, where the war fever ran high, and O'Donnell carried to the Queen a decree for her signature, censuring him. She heard of his intention, and in order not to have to refuse to sign the document, she caused her husband to meet O'Donnell at the door. "Oh!" said the King, "you have come to congratulate us on Prim's splendid proceeding: the Queen is delighted." Thus warned, O'Donnell kept the decree in his pocket whilst the Queen praised Prim to the skies.

We have, however, somewhat anticipated events and now return to O'Donnell's Government. The Queen looked upon the personal omnipotence of O'Donnell and the extinction of party government with unconcealed dislike, and early in 1863 turned towards the advanced Liberals for advice. The only counsel they could give her was to choose a moderate Liberal ministry, not belonging to the Union Liberal, and so gradually to pave the way for a return to party government, in which the now monopolous "centre" might be disintegrated. She accordingly dismissed O'Donnell, and summoned a mild Liberal Government under Armero and Mon; but as they naturally demanded an immediate dissolution, which she refused, they only remained in office a few weeks, and in March, 1863, a ministry of pure conciliation, headed by the Marquis of Miraflores, was appointed. Their plan was not very far different from that of the Union Liberal; being, indeed, to govern non-politically by moderate men but without the overpowering personality of O'Donnell, which the Queen considered a menace to herself and the country. It looked a harmless ministry enough, but it took the first step which led to a new revolution.

A new Cortes was to be elected at the end of 1863, and in its manifesto the Government signified its intention of allowing a fair proportion of both parties to be elected and to return to the system of party government, which the Union Liberal had destroyed. But at the same time they forbade any but electors to attend political meetings. There was nothing very new in this, for it had been done before, but the advanced Liberals made it their excuse for retiring altogether from the contest, and abandoning open political action. This meant, sooner or later, a Liberal revolution, and so it proved. The advanced Liberals threw upon the Queen the odium of their retirement. She had, they said, refused to dissolve Parliament for a moderate Liberal Government, in order to discredit the party, and had dissolved Cortes without difficulty at the bidding of a ministry whose tendency was Conservative. It was clear then, they asserted, that whilst Isabel reigned no Liberal ministry would be allowed to govern, whatever professions of attachment she might make to them for her own objects.

The retirement of the Liberals deprived the elections of all interest, and the Government party of cohesion and authority ; the result being the accession of a more strongly Conservative ministry under Arrazola, which, however, fell after a few days on their demand for another dissolution ; when they were succeeded by a semi-Liberal combination headed by Mon and Canovas, whose programme was purity of election, loyalty to the Constitution (of 1845), and greater freedom of the press. But it was clear to all observers by this time that parliamentary government had broken down. The unblushing manipulation of elections, and the Queen's erratic exercise of her prerogative of dissolution, with the retirement of the Liberals, had turned the whole business into a discredited farce, of which all honest men were tired.

The impatience of the country was still further aroused by the meddling of the King-consort, who had gone to Paris to return the visit of the Empress

Eugénie, and on some inducement never understood, had entered into an undertaking with Louis Napoleon for the recognition of Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, and the return to Spain of the detested Cristina. This neither Isabel nor the Government could stand, and the latter retired; the Queen, at her wits' end, then consulting O'Donnell, who recommended the nomination of a purely Conservative ministry, to which he promised his support in order to hold democracy in check. This, of course, meant Narvaez, who formed a ministry with Gonzales Brabo at the Home Office, but refused O'Donnell's proffered co-operation.

The Liberals, now under the leadership of Prim, for old Espartero had finally retired, still stood aloof; and the cloud of coming revolution loomed blacker than ever. The sale of the mortmain properties, which had supplied O'Donnell with abundant funds for several years, had now nearly come to an end, and money was scarce again; the Queen surrendered three-quarters of the royal patrimony to meet national expenditure, but it was all in vain; for the Government grew more unpopular every day. Again Narvaez's favourite remedies, the gag and the stick, were used ruthlessly; Castelar was dismissed from his professorship, the Rector of Madrid University deprived of his post, peaceful citizens were trampled on and killed by soldiers,[1] elected town councils were arbitrarily dismissed and substituted by nominated bodies, and in the meanwhile underground conspiracy spread its fibres throughout Spain, Prim being the motive power of the coming revolt.

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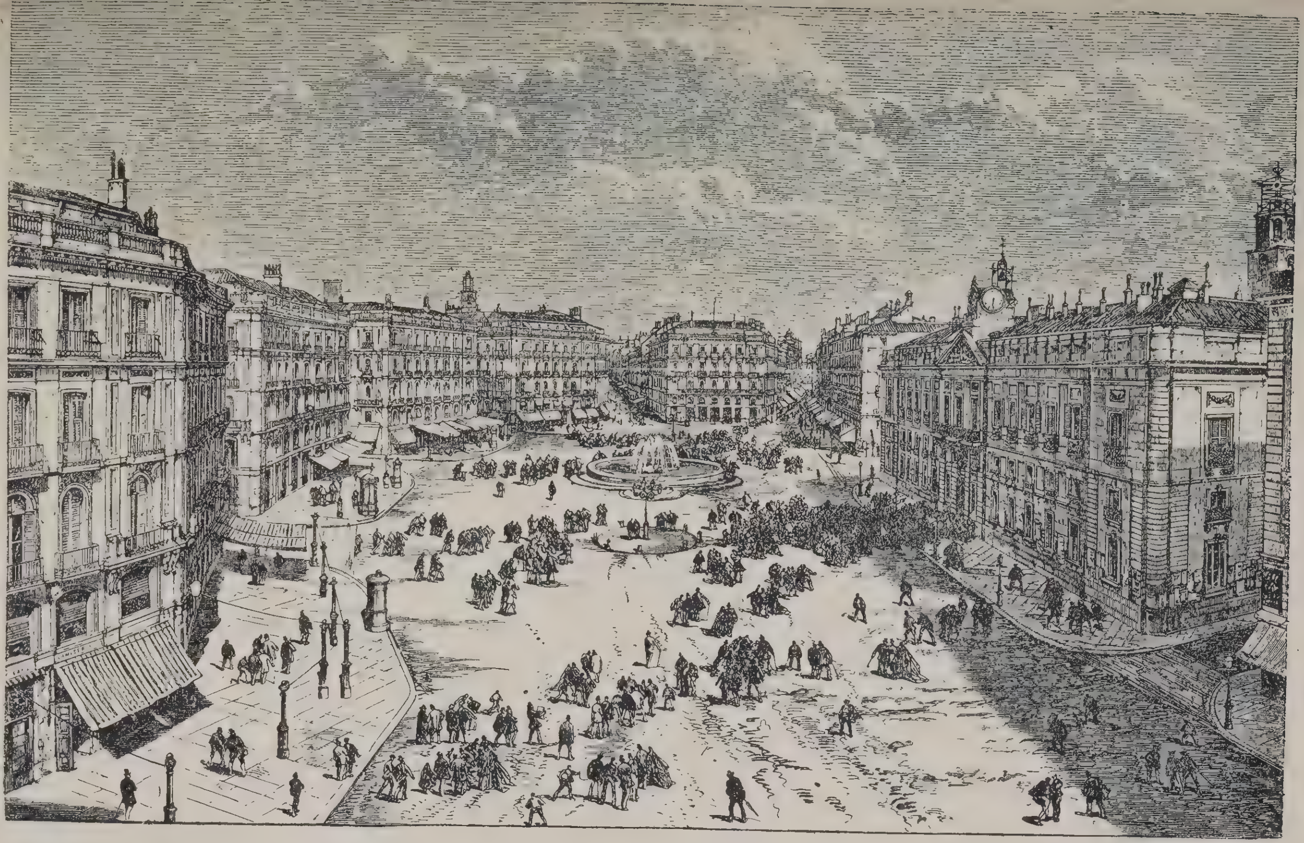
[1] The terrible scenes of slaughter and outrage upon inoffensive people for the simple purpose of infusing terror, on the night of the Saint Daniel, April 10, 1865, in Madrid, must be laid at the door of Gonzales Brabo alone. Narvaez was ill and failing, and was not at this juncture in favour of the iron tyranny of his colleague.

The Queen took fright and summoned O'Donnell in June, 1865, to try and win back the Liberals to parliamentary action, and he formed a government for the purpose, with Posada Herrera and Canovas as members. But Prim, Sagasta—editor of the *Iberia*—and the rest of the Liberals resisted all attempts to entice them into the net again. In vain a Liberal policy was followed; Italy was recognised, the reduction of the franchise and electoral purity promised, the bleeding nun, Sister Patrocinio, and the Queen's confessor, Father Claret, were once more banished; other personages even more objectionable were sent away from the palace, and Prim was ostentatiously courted, notwithstanding his known disaffection. But it was too late, for the Queen grew daily more divorced from her people as the scandals about her increased, for the Liberals, who were formerly her champions in this respect, were silent now.

All through the autumn of 1865 cholera raged in Madrid, and risings, small but significant, took place in various parts of the country, the Queen in the meanwhile resentfully remaining in retirement contrary to her usual custom when her people were in trouble. A military rising was planned by Prim for January, 1866, but the affair missed fire through ill-direction; and of the large force which promised aid only two regiments of cavalry joined him at Aranjuez. Followed by the Government troops he escaped to Portugal, and the failure of this widespread conspiracy, which was revolutionary like that of 1854, but not anti-dynastic, sealed the fate of Isabel's throne.

Prim continued to conspire from his exile in France, but he no longer shut his eyes to the fact that the success of a mere military revolt was not now possible, and if a popular movement accompanied it the result, to use his own words, would be "to throw the throne out of the window." He faced this possibility, and organised a great rising of troops, in union with the democrats and Liberal civilians, to start from Valladolid in May, and to spread along the whole line between Madrid and the French frontier, the principal active agents being the non-commissioned officers of the various regiments. After several false alarms and much disagreement, the artillery sergeants in the barrack of San Gil in Madrid revolted on the 22nd of June. They had not intended to kill their officers, but on the resistance of the latter they did so, and followed by 1,200 men with thirty pieces of artillery, posted themselves at strategic points of the city. The troops which remained loyal, however, under O'Donnell and Serrano, overcame the mutineers in the Puerta del Sol and at the barracks, with terrible slaughter, after ten hours' fighting. The civilians who held barricades were more easily defeated; and the simultaneous risings in Valladolid and elsewhere melted away when the disaster of Madrid was known. The slaughter of prisoners horrified humanity; the constitutional guarantees were suspended, and a reign of terror was established at the bidding of the palace



THE PUERTA DEL SOL. MADRID, IN 1868.

clique that disgusted even O'Donnell, grim old soldier though he was.[1]

For a time, thanks mainly to O'Donnell's energy, Isabel's inevitable fall had been delayed, but the besotted reactionaries who were dominant in the palace could not forgive the marshal for his insistence on the recognition of Italy and his coquetting with liberalism; and on July 10, 1866, he understood by the Queen's attitude towards him that his position was undermined, and for the last time he threw up his post. As he left the misguided woman, the last prop that sustained her throne crumbled. Swearing never to cross the threshold of the palace again whilst Isabel II. reigned, he turned his back on Spain to tread its soil no more, for before the end of the following year the descendant of the great Ulsterman, O'Donnell the Red, slept in his splendid tomb at the Atocha.

Narvaez and Gonzales Brabo came back again, but with somewhat chastened hearts. They promised oblivion and forgiveness, and the Liberals came out of their hiding; but the palace clique, with the Marquis of Orovio, General Calonge, and other extreme reactionaries, forced the hand even of Gonzales Brabo, who could only advise privately the betrayed Liberals to fly before it was too late. The result was an exodus of all those who had ever taken part in

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[1] He is said to have replied to a courtier who urged that more sergeants should be shot: "But does not this lady (*i.e.*, the Queen) understand that if we shoot all the soldiers we catch, the blood will rise up to her own chamber and drown her?" There were sixty-six executions, but it is difficult to believe the assertion that the Queen herself was not on the side of mercy.

Liberal movements, and the Government was irresistibly swept along the current of reaction until its decrees became such as would have shamed Fernando VII.

All legality was trampled under foot, all guarantees forgotten, all liberty crushed. Taxes were extorted in advance, municipalities dissolved, the electoral laws altered by decree, the press and speech, public and private, suppressed. Dismay, almost panic, reigned supreme: ruined shopkeepers put up their shutters in every town, merchants closed their counting-houses, money well-nigh disappeared from circulation—for it will be recollected that even in London at the time the Bank rate was 10 per cent.—and the great cities of Spain were like communities in mourning. The more moderate members of the Cortes attempted to petition the Queen for redress, but the Captain-General of Madrid trampled upon the rights of Parliament and shut the doors against the members; the president, Rios Rosas, and the permanent committee being banished. General Serrano, a duke and a grandee of Spain, the Queen's earliest friend, personally dared to remonstrate with her; and he, too, was driven into exile to join the conspirators who were already perfecting their plans in France, Belgium, and England.

Under these circumstances the new Cortes, meeting early in 1867, was a farce. Canovas del Castillo and a few other Conservatives vigorously opposed the insensate tyranny of the Government, but without effect; official senators who dared to vote against the Government were dismissed, and Gonzales Brabo, with a parliamentary ability which has rarely been equalled, made the worse appear the better reason, and obtained for himself, unpopular civilian though he was, a practical dictatorship.

In the meanwhile the exiles were not entirely united. The central direction of the revolution was in Brussels under Prim, but a republican organisation, with Pi y Margall and Castelar, met in Paris, whilst several friends of Prim were in London. From the first the difficulty was what could be devised to replace the present *régime.* "Down with the Bourbons!" was the popular cry; but Prim and Olozaga would not have the question prejudged: all must be left for the elected of the people to decide after the success of the revolution was attained. This was Olozaga's policy, and was no doubt considered wise in order to unite all the discontented under one banner; but it was a fatal mistake, as events proved, for it only delayed division to a time when division was destructive. Efforts were made to enlist the name of old Espartero in the coming revolution; but he had done with politics, and refused his countenance, and the extreme democratic party and the republicans were far from unanimous in aiding Prim without knowing what was to follow.

In these circumstances the latter could only look to his own friends for funds, and could barely collect enough for the humblest preparations. When, at length, in accordance with the plan agreed upon, he entered the port of Valencia from Marseilles in July of 1867, he found that his promise to abolish conscription had offended the officers upon whom he depended; and he had to return to France unsuccessful. Simultaneous risings took place in Cataluña, Aragon, Valencia, and Castile; but they all failed, for there was no united plan of proceeding, and no definite understanding as to the final object. Manifestoes and counter-manifestoes rained plentifully. The Government called the revolutionists perjured traitors, and these retorted with accusations of tyranny and oppression; but it was now evident that Prim alone had not command of sufficient resources or prestige to succeed, and it was necessary to form fresh combinations.

Don Carlos, ever on the look out for a chance, approached Sagasta and Prim, who was in London, and the former had a long interview with Cabrera; but though the Carlists were pliable, Prim put his foot down heavily, and the suggested fusion fell through. A more promising recruit was found in General Serrano; and with him a more powerful auxiliary still, who was able to provide what was required more than anything else—namely, money. The Duke of Montpensier, whose marriage with Isabel's sister had caused so much heartburning, had sunk into political insignificance with his father's dethronement and the rise of Louis Napoleon; but he had lived a peaceful, happy, and respectable life with his family, managing thriftily his wife's vast property in Andalusia. He was, however, like most of his family, a man of business; and when it became evident that his sister-in-law's throne was to go begging, he apparently thought that his wife and children's chance of obtaining it should not be neglected. He was excessively rich and could afford to risk something for such a prize; but he was frugal and undertook but grudgingly to finance the revolution.[1]

What conditions he made with Serrano and Admiral Topete and what pledges they gave him are still a mystery, but it is certain that Prim declined to bind himself beyond the overthrow of the existing state of things and the election of a Constituent Cortes. Out of this tacit, if not expressed, difference between the leaders of the revolution, the whole of the subsequent trouble arose. The nation, as we have seen in the course of this history, was not in a condition to be able to choose calmly and judiciously its own institutions, and it was the duty of those who overturned the old order of things to have another ready to replace it, with a strong hand, if necessary, to impose what they deemed best. Montpensier, it may be granted, was a foreigner and unpopular, but his wife was not; and they were both sensible and of good repute, and would have been, at all events, preferable to the chaos which followed the revolution.

Narvaez died in April, 1868, and Gonzales Brabo, Orovio, and Marfori[2] (Marquis of Loja), the Queen's great friend, formed a ministry pledged to utter reaction and undisguised tyranny. An attempt of the Cortes to meet in session was violently repressed, and all the leaders of opinion not favourable to the ministry were arrested and banished, amongst whom were Generals Serrano, Dulce, Cordoba, Zabala, Serrano-Bedoya, Caballero de Rodas, Hoyas and Letona, and Rios Rosas, the President of the Cortes, whilst the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier were deported to Lisbon.

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[1] Prim wanted from £40,000 to £60,000 for the revolution, and when Montpensier sent him £4,000 to London by Señor Mazo for the purpose, Prim refused to undertake a rising for such a sum. The duke subsequently contributed £4,000 more, so far as is known, but probably a much larger sum was provided secretly by him through other channels, especially for the rising of the fleet.

[2] This person had been an actor and was the son of an Italian cook. He was soon withdrawn from the ministry to take the place of superintendent of the royal household, a position which brought him into

In this critical situation the Government was unwise enough to allow the Queen and her family—accompanied by Marfori, chief of the palace—to go to Lequetio, on the Biscay coast, for sea-bathing, and whilst she was there, on the 19th of September, 1868, Rear-Admiral Topete, in command of the squadron in Cadiz Bay, raised the flag of revolt. He had long been distrusted by the local governor, and only shortly before his declaration many arrests had been made amongst the men in garrison in Cadiz ; but his cleverly worded manifesto, denouncing the tyranny of the Government and calling for a Constituent Cortes and a return to an honest parliamentary *régime*, fell like a bombshell in the ranks of reaction. This was the spark which all Spain was waiting for, and it caught fuel that blazed out irresistibly.

Prim, Sagasta, Paul y Angulo and others, had embarked at Southampton on the 12th in the steamer

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constant contact with the Queen, who was much attached to him. But for Isabel's indignant refusal to dismiss him from her side at the critical moment of the revolution, when her return to Madrid was contemplated, her crown might even yet have been saved.

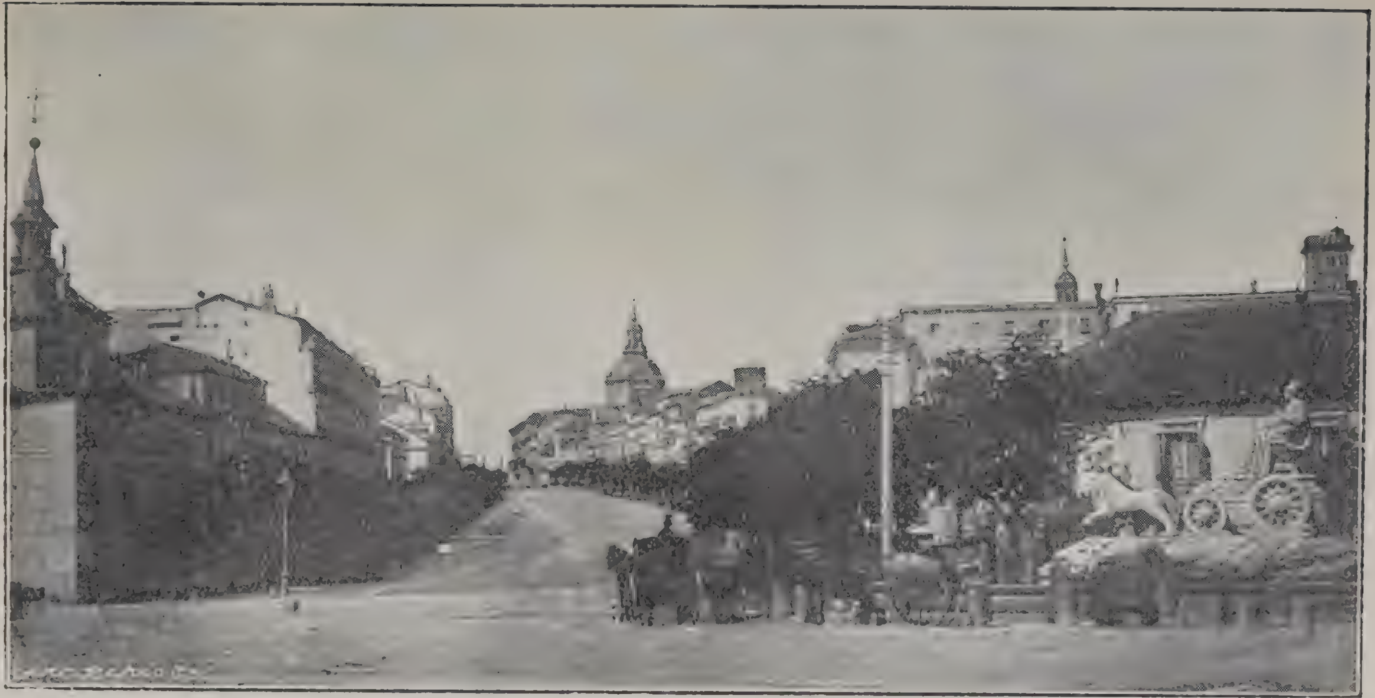
Delta, and had landed in disguise at Gibraltar on the 17th, sailing thence on a steam yacht belonging to Mr. Bland to join Topete at Cadiz. Prim found the admiral, whom he did not know, strongly in favour of the Duchess of Montpensier as constitutional Queen, with Serrano as leader of the rising. With regard to the latter, Prim easily agreed, for it was obvious that he was not powerful enough in the army to head a successful national revolt, but on the point of sovereignty he would not move from his principle of leaving everything to a Constituent Cortes; and with this Topete, who was no politician, had to be contented. As neither Serrano nor the exiled generals from the Canaries had yet arrived, however, and Topete dared no longer delay, Prim was appointed to the interim command; and the citizens of Cadiz were delighted, on the morning of the 19th of September, to see the ships of the squadrons dressed with flags, and to hear the cheers of the crews, the Hymn of Riego, and the thundering of the cannon, which announced the fall of the ancient Spanish dynasty. When Prim and Topete, followed by Serrano, landed in Cadiz, and the exiled generals from the Canaries joined them, there was no doubt of success. Cadiz went wild with joy; Seville followed suit: the telegraph carried the great news through Spain, and, as if by magic, the whole country rose.

To the last moment Gonzales Brabo, who was with the Queen on the north coast, had lived in a fool's paradise, scoffing at all warnings; and the successful revolution came upon him like a thunderclap. Whilst his colleagues in Madrid were praying him to come back, and proclaiming martial law, he could only desert the falling edifice, and recommend the Queen to appoint a military dictatorship under Manuel Concha, Marquis of Habana, who, collecting such forces as remained faithful, sent General Pavia, Marquis of Novaliches, to meet Serrano and the revolting army of Andalusia, which was advancing on Madrid; whilst other loyal generals were told off to hold in subjection the north and centre of Spain.

Serrano left Cordova on the 24th of September to meet Pavia, who stood in his way towards Madrid with 9,000 infantry, 1,300 cavalry, and 32 guns. The armies met on the plain of Alcolea, with the famous bridge, the scene of so many struggles, between them. From the first Pavia knew that success was hopeless, for the revolt had awakened the sleeping land like a bugle call, and Serrano's force was the larger; but he was the soul of loyalty, and sorrowfully resolved to fight to the last in a lost cause. The bridge had been seized by Serrano's general, Caballero de Rodas, and there the principal struggle took place. "Viva la Reina!" cried the Government soldiers, as they rushed to storm it; and "Viva la libertad!" was the reply of the defenders. Soon both detachments were firing from behind parapets of corpses, and on all sides across the plain the bitter conflict raged, abounding in instances of pitiful generosity and chivalry, as well as in brutal fury; whilst honest John Rutledge, the Northumbrian engineer, who had run down from Cordova on his engine by the line that overlooked the battlefield, worked like a beneficent giant helping the wounded and the dying. As night closed in both armies were exhausted, for 1,000 men had fallen, and Pavia himself had had his nether jaw shot away. It was clear that Serrano could not be beaten back, and during the night the Queen's troops retired—those who did not join the insurgents—and Serrano's road to Madrid was free.

In the meanwhile Gonzales Brabo had fled, and Concha's Government in Madrid was a prey to utter distraction; the Queen alone keeping a stout heart. She would go to Madrid and brave the rising; she would, indeed, at one time, have gone to Cadiz and have exerted her personal influence on the generals: but as news came day by day of fresh ships or regiments revolted, ominous whispers of abdication in favour of little Alfonso, with old Espartero for Regent, were rife. But these were counsels of despair: and the Queen would not listen to them. Again and again she was ready to start for Madrid with all her Court; but Concha, who knew where the danger lay, always stopped her with a telegram, insisting that if she came she must come *alone*, or accompanied only by her children. She knew—all the world knew—what *alone* meant, and with tears of rage, that any man should dare to dictate to her—a Queen—the choice of her servants, she would tear up the minister's telegrams and stamp them with fury beneath her feet; whilst the stout, coarse-looking man with the sallow face behind her, and the frail, gentle, little consort by her side could only bow to her imperious will.

On the 29th of September the news of the defeat of Alcolea reached her; and in quick succession,



THE CALLE DE ALCALÁ, MADRID, TAKEN FROM THE PRADO.

In the time of Isabel II.

the intelligence of the unanimous rising of Madrid, the deposition of the Bourbon dynasty, and the formation of a provisional government. All through that night the distracted Queen and Court discussed the next step to be taken, and a dozen times the train, with its engine towards France, was ready in San Sebastian station and again countermanded. But as the thunder peals of revolution drew nearer and nearer, and the French Cæsar, a few miles off at Biarritz, could offer nothing but sympathy and shelter, Isabel II. accepted the inevitable and went into exile.

With tears coursing down her fat, good-natured cheeks, but still with a proud port befitting a Queen, leaning on the arm of her husband, and with Marfori behind her, she entered the railway carriage which bore her over her frontier into France. A few weeping subjects blessed her and touched the hem of her garments as she passed, for the dregs of the great love the people had borne her still lingered; but her thoughts must have been gall and wormwood to her fond, proud heart: for in this very corner of her dominions hundreds had cheerfully laid down their lives for her. Even as her father had done before her, though not so wickedly, she had frittered away by her faults and caprices the ardent devotion of a loyal people, and lost the ancient crown which her ancestors had worn for well-nigh a thousand years. She went into exile with wounded pride, grief, and anger, contending for the mastery: and her last official words on her own soil to the local authorities who took leave of her as she crossed the frontier, were the bitter words, "*I thought I had struck deeper root in this land.*"[1]

The time has not yet come, nor is the material yet available, to form a final judgment on Isabel II.; but this much at least may be said; that those who lay upon her alone the blame for the disasters of her reign are unjust. Owing her crown at first to the Liberal parties, she nevertheless saw that whenever they were in power there was a growing tendency to reduce her to a cipher, and to destroy her prerogative. She was her father's daughter, the inheritress of great traditions, impulsive and imprudent, surrounded by evil influences, and was seduced into siding with the political party which defended what she considered to be her rights. That she did so unwisely is obvious from the result, but that she was a tyrant by nature, or wished to be one, is untrue. She was, indeed, but a weak, ignorant, intensely sympathetic woman, without a single honest friend near her, or a husband to whom she could look for support or counsel. All her life made a pawn and a tool to serve other interests than those of her country or herself, she was entangled in the meshes from which great wisdom alone would have kept her free, and she was as much sinned against as sinning.

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[1] She at first lodged at the ancient castle of Pau, whence she launched a passionate protest against her deposition; and afterwards resided for a time in the Pavillion de Rohan, an annexe of the Tuileries fronting on the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. During the winter of 1868–9 she bought the beautiful new house of a ruined Russian gambler, named Basilewski, in the Avenue de Roi de Rome (now the Avenue Kleber), which she re-named the Palace of Castile, and has lived there ever since.

X.

"FOR EVER FELL THE BASTARD RACE OF BOURBON" —A REVOLUTION SWAMPED BY REVOLUTIONISTS.

TOPETE, Prim, Serrano, and the generals returning from exile in the Canaries had successively issued magniloquent and vehement proclamations to the people varying considerably in their degree of revolutionary feeling, but agreeing in one thing—namely, that the existing state of affairs must be destroyed first, and that the nation itself must decide upon the new institutions. Naturally the people at large were not so reticent, and began to discount the future according to their party or personal predilections as soon as the success of the revolution was assured. Prim, the acknowledged head of the progressists, and as such supposed to be more advanced than Serrano and Topete, was the real hero of the hour. On the entry of the leaders of the revolt into Cadiz he had been greeted with frantic enthusiasm, whilst his nominal head, Serrano, had been less warmly acclaimed; and this feeling in favour of radical social and political change grew more apparent as the revolutionary juntas were formed in the various cities by a rough-

MARSHAL PRIM.

(From the painting by Regnault.)

and-ready mode of election to take the place of the overturned local institutions. Manifestoes and proclamations were issued *ad nauseam* by these improvised local authorities, all of whom went far beyond the programme of the revolution, and in many cases assumed sovereign powers, abolishing taxes wholesale, and decreeing fundamental changes in national affairs The junta of Seville, for instance, on the day it was formed, declared its adhesion to universal suffrage, absolute liberty of the press, of teaching, of religion, of traffic, and of trade, abolition of the death penalty; the inviolability of person, domicile, and correspondence, the adoption of the Radical constitution of 1856, the abolition of conscription for army and navy, the abolition of Government monopolies, and of octrois and excise, deposition of the Bourbon dynasty, and much else; whilst in some seaports the total abolition of customs dues was proclaimed; and in the towns of the west, particularly Barcelona, whither Prim proceeded from Cadiz when Serrano set out with the army towards Madrid, the most violent socialist and republican sentiment was paramount. Prim was a Catalan of Catalans, and was idolised by his fellow provincials; but even he became almost unpopular in Barcelona because he refused to prejudge the decision of the Constituent Cortes to the extent of stripping from his uniform the symbols of royalty with which it was ornamented.

In Madrid itself the tendency of the popular voice to anticipate the work of the sovereign Cortes was equally strong. At the first symptoms of the revolution a Junta was formed of advanced Liberals, headed by Rivero and Madoz, which, though its efforts were at first confined to exhorting the people not to precipitate a rising in the capital, and to preventing anarchy, as soon as the news of the triumph came proclaimed the National Sovereignty, the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty for ever, and declared that no member of the race should be eligible to the throne.

The news of Alcolea reached Madrid on the morning of the 29th, and the scene presented in the streets during the day was one never to be forgotten. Soldiers and civilians tore from their clothes the royal crown, of which, at one time, they had been so proud. Generals and high officials, who had for years paid court to the fallen Isabel, and had received favours and titles from her hand, trampled under foot the symbols of her sovereignty. From public buildings, from shop windows, and from ancient palaces, the hated crown was wrenched and splintered : once more fervid and excited oratory carried all before it, and from hundreds of balconies the pompous Castilian tongue rolled forth prophecies of coming glory and happiness for Spain and the Spaniards, now that the nightmare of the Bourbon monarchy had been banished.

But from the Babel of extravagance and vociferation which reigned supreme on the 29th of September and the following days, when there was no force to save the capital from anarchy and loot but the good instinct of the frenzied people themselves, there came out two clear utterances which became, so to speak, the mottoes of the revolt, and soon were scrawled on every blank wall and every public building, with endless eccentricities of caligraphy and etymology —"Pena de Muerte al Ladron!" ("Death to the thief!"), and the illiterate and ungrammatical, but unmistakable sentence, "Cayó para siempre la raza espurea de los Borbones; en justo castigo de su perversidad" ("For ever fell the bastard race of Bourbon in righteous punishment for its perversity").[1] Of that, in the mind of the Madrileños, there could be no mistake. No Bourbon should ever again rule in Spain; and as a beginning, the Madrid Junta, without even consulting the other great cities, declared its own supremacy, and appointed Serrano and Prim heads of a provisional government. All this was forcing the hands of Serrano and Topete, who had certainly contracted pledges towards the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier—both Bourbons—but they made the best of it; thinking, doubtless, that when popular effervescence had subsided they could manipulate the Cortes in the usual way, and gain their ends.

Serrano entered Madrid in triumph on the 3rd of

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[1] The popularity and longevity of this sentence was very remarkable. Successive governments ordered it to be erased from the walls; and during the Republic the official motto, "Libertad, Igualdad, Fraternidad," was painted on all public buildings by the authorities, who endeavoured to supersede the uncultured motto of the revolution. But no sooner was "Cayó para siempre" expunged than it was mysteriously replaced; and whenever turmoil occurred in the larger towns excited patriots might be seen mounted on ladders or scaffolds painting the phrase on the walls, high enough to be out of reach of those who might wish surreptitiously to erase it. It remained in many places until the eve of the restoration.

October, his handsome person[1] and popular words gaining for him a splendid welcome ; especially when, on the great balcony of the Home Office in the Puerta del Sol, before an immense multitude that filled the extensive space, he publicly embraced Rivero, the Radical chief. Behind Serrano there always went a dark-faced little man with a wide mobile mouth, fervent, fluent speech, and a subtle brain, who, with Olozaga and Zorilla, had been the principal intellectual force behind the revolution. This was Praxedes Mateo Sagasta, the ex-deputy to Cortes, and editor of the *Iberia*, who had been condemned to death under the *régime* of Gonzales Brabo. Upon him fell now the principal labour of organising the Government, of which he was appointed Home Minister.

Like star actors on a stage, each of the revolutionary leaders made his separate entrance, the successive receptions in gradually declining importance giving an excuse for prolonging the public rejoicing of a people never too fond of quiet work. Prim's welcome on the 9th of October marked the high tide of enthusiasm. Here, as elsewhere, he was accepted as the leader of the advanced and anti-dynastic party, who was determined to break with the past, and to allow no tampering with the national sovereignty. As he slowly made his way through the thronged thoroughfares, with garlands, arches, wreaths, and decorations all around him, the people kissing his stirrups and embracing even the steed that bore him, his hard, plebeian face, fixed and grim, so different from that of courtly Serrano, gave no sign of exultation; but all men could read in its firm lines that, though others might be bought or cajoled by favour or flattery, rough Juan Prim was incorruptible and immovable.

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[1] In the days of his early favour with the Queen, when she was a girl and he a young man, his nickname had been General Bonito—General Pretty.

The new Government, with Serrano at its head, Prim at the War Office, Topete at the Admiralty, and Sagasta at the Home Office, had a difficult task in reorganising the national administration pending the meeting of the Cortes; but by flattery and appeals to the pride of the nation they struggled hard to avoid the anarchy and disorder almost inevitable under such circumstances. The principal danger arose from the fatal mistake already indicated of having no solution ready to impose upon the country after the Queen's Government had been overturned. The Republican party was now active, and had drawn into its ranks a considerable number of advanced progressists and democrats. It had the great advantage over all other parties in possessing a clear programme, the monarchical parties being split into many sections advocating different claims; those of Iberian unity under a Portuguese monarch, the Duke or Duchess of Montpensier, Don Enrique, the brother of the King-consort, old Espartero, a favourite with the democrats, various German and Austrian princes, or a member of the House of Savoy. The attacks of the republicans on the Government were constant and damaging, and anarchy and confusion grew from day to day, notwithstanding

FRANCISCO SERRANO, DUKE DE LA TORRE.

Sagasta's warning to the local authorities that public excitement must cease. Like the National Militia of old times, the "Volunteers of Liberty," truculent ragamuffins who had seized arms at the first sound of revolution, were a terror and a menace to all decent folk, and were generally on the side of the extreme party. Once more history repeated itself, and, as in 1820, clubs and orators sprang up as if by magic at every street corner, making day and night alike vociferous, whilst all over the country misery and poverty stalked unchecked. Inflated talk was again supreme, work was stopped, confidence was destroyed, many of the better classes fled abroad, and, amidst scenes of bloodshed and confusion, republican revolts had to be forcibly suppressed in Cadiz, Malaga, Jerez, and elsewhere.

In the face of the growing danger, the monarchical parties patched up some sort of reconciliation, though there were still many extreme democrats who held aloof. A collective manifesto was issued, adopting a strictly limited constitutional monarchy as the aim of the party, but excluding all members of the fallen dynasty, whilst the Government endeavoured to gain friends by decreeing extremely liberal measures, such as the abolition of the excise, the organisation of the Volunteers of Liberty, freedom of the press and public meeting, popularly elected town councils, and the election of the Constituent Cortes on the democratic basis of the Constitution of 1856.

It will be seen that all this was a departure from the original programme, which was to leave everything to the Constituent Cortes, over which Serrano and Topete had anticipated that they could exercise sufficient influence to secure the election of Montpensier; but, in the face of the strong republican feeling, it was considered wise to thrust Montpensier somewhat in the background, much to his own annoyance and disappointment. Once, indeed, he made the bold move of clandestinely leaving his exile in Lisbon, and joining the troops who were operating against the republicans at Cadiz; but the *coup* failed, and he was hastily ordered by Serrano's Government to return to Portugal, which he did with a bad grace.

For once the elections were not largely corrupted by the Government, although mob-intimidation was conspicuous in many places, but the monarchical progressist party was in a considerable majority in the chamber, the republicans and absolutists forming common cause to combat the revolutionary Government.

In February, 1869, the Sovereign Cortes met and confirmed Serrano as head of the executive. The first demand made by the Government was for a fresh conscription of men to suppress the disorder in the country; and thus on the very threshold of its rule the promise of the revolution to suppress the blood-tax and depend upon a volunteer army was found impracticable. The great duty of the Constituent Cortes was to devise a new fundamental code for the government of the State. Individual liberty, inviolability of property, trial by jury, and the other well-worn formulas, were readily adopted, and the question of a second chamber elected by indirect voting was with some difficulty overcome; but when the questions of religious toleration and the disestablishment of the Church were tackled, all the blind bigotry of ancient Spain was aroused. How, said the democrats, can you concede the widest individual freedom, as you profess to do, unless you allow the citizen religious toleration? The more moderate Liberals were in favour of limiting full toleration to foreigners, with the concession of it only to those Spaniards who renounced Catholicism; and after much bitter discussion the democrats were forced to be content with this; although the republican orator Castelar exerted all his inspired eloquence in favour of complete religious liberty. In the discussion of the form of government and the person of the monarch also, Castelar rose to heights of oratory which have rarely, if ever, been surpassed; but again the republicans were beaten, and in June, 1869, the new Constitution of a democratic limited monarchy was promulgated, Francisco Serrano, Duke of La Torre, being elected Regent, pending the choice of a monarch.

This was the signal for letting loose the warring ambitions of rival candidates and parties. The present Don Carlos (son of Don Juan, who had renounced his claim, and grandson of the original Don Carlos) called his adherents to arms, and Carlist bands sprang up in all parts of Spain; socialist and separatist risings took place in Cataluña, Aragon, Andalusia and Valencia. Again the blood of Spaniards was shed by Spaniards in almost every great town before comparative order could be restored; and, in the meanwhile, intrigues without end, secret combinations and active propaganda at home and abroad, pushed the interests of rival candidates for the throne. Spain was flooded with lithographs representing variously Espartero, Don Carlos, King Ferdinand of Portugal, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, the Duke of Genoa, and a half-dozen others, in the regal trappings of the King of Castile and Leon; whilst in Paris Gonzales Brabo, Orovio, Marfori, and Isabel ceaselessly intrigued for a restoration of the fallen dynasy.[1] Anarchy reigned everywhere. Sagasta and Serrano, who was now Regent, were for reverting to strong repressive measures, especially against the Republicans, but, thanks to Prim's prudence and honesty, coupled with the good sense of Castelar, a large number of "unitarian" Republicans began to look askance at the excesses of their federalist colleagues and strengthened the party of order.

The union of the various monarchical sections, in the meanwhile, was strained almost to breaking-point, the only hope of keeping them together being to delay the choice of a candidate for the throne, and to avoid extreme measures of all sorts. This state of things, however, could not continue long. The country was more poverty-stricken than ever, indignant, impatient and disappointed that the fine promises made by the revolution had not been fulfilled; the Cortes, having passed the Constitution, and having no radical legislation proposed to them by the Government, had grown languid; and it was evident that a solution would have to be found promptly or all would be lost. Prim worked like a hero to heal discords and keep his restive team together, for he was ready to make any sacrifice to prevent reaction or a return to old Bourbon misrule.

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[1] It was assumed at the time and since that their object was to raise the child-prince Alfonso to the throne, but the writer has reason to know that this was not the case. In several conversations he had on the subject at the time with Gonzales Brabo the latter made this clear: suggested that "perhaps the prince might die of small-pox, &c.;" and Gonzales Brabo certainly left on the mind of the writer the distinct impression that he and the extreme "moderate" party then looked first to the Queen herself and then to the Princess Isabel—who had married the Count of Girgenti, the brother of the King of Naples. They anticipated an early restoration, and Alfonso with a revolutionary regency would not have suited them.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

(From a photograph.)

The candidate of the majority of the ministers was the young Thomas of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, nephew of Victor Emmanuel, but the moderate Liberals (Unionists) would not hear of a king from the Liberal anti-papal house, and were still strongly in favour of Montpensier. Attempts at reconciliation were made by proposing Ferdinand of Portugal, or young Alfonso with an advanced Liberal regency, but without avail, and seeing that the progressists and Prim were firmly supported by the country against Montpensier, the Unionists, with Topete and Silvela, retired in disgust from the ministry, although Topete was afterwards induced to return rather than jeopardise the work of his own revolution. Utter confusion reigned everywhere. The Federal Republicans were practically supreme in Cataluña and Valencia; Carlists bands still infested the provinces, reactionary conspiracy was busy, and brigandage was rife once more, whilst the Cortes, hopelessly divided and given up to petty intrigue, had lost all influence and initiative. The nation at large was in dismay, and for the last time the old name which had resounded so often before in days of trouble arose to almost every lip. Talk of Baldomero I. and "King Espartero" was heard everywhere, and the aged chief was again called by thousands to drag his country from the slough of despond. But he was weary of strife, ill, and childless, and turned a deaf ear to the addresses and petitions, to the deputations and resolutions, which poured upon him in his humble retirement at Logroño.[1]

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[1] At a later period, when most of the candidatures had failed, even the Montpensierists were in his favour, with the idea of securing the reversion of the crown after his death for their own candidate.

Thus, at the end of 1869, Spain found itself a kingdom without a king, with a nerveless regency, an effete Cortes, a Constitution disregarded, a ministry divided against itself, an empty treasury and a population irritated to the point of fury. Zorilla and Martos, the most advanced members of the Government, resigned when they found the Duke of Genoa was to be dropped, and that Prim was forced to trim his sails to please the Unionists; and the fusion between the various monarchical Liberal parties came down with a crash on the 19th of March, 1870. Prim had long been chafing at the sacrifice of his democratic principles, and on the night mentioned in a turbulent sitting of the Cortes he finally lost patience at the growing exactions of his "Unionist" colleagues. "Defend yourselves, Radicals!" he cried; "let those who love me follow me!" and thenceforward the patriot Prim, though he still strove to conciliate, was a man marked down for destruction by the parties who had no desire entirely to break with the past and by those who dreamed of a Utopian future.

More conscripts were needed, and fresh risings took place against the blood-tax; powers of suppression were hurriedly granted by Cortes which practically suspended the Constitution; murder, pillage, anarchy, and national decay had reached their apogee in the spring of 1870, when the question of the monarch had to be settled. The Montpensier party, seeing that Prim was their principal obstacle, endeavoured by an intrigue to overturn him, but ineffectually. The Duke of Genoa's candidature was at an end, for the Unionists as well as Republicans were against him ; Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern had accepted the candidature ; but was vetoed by France, to her own disaster, and Ferdinand of Portugal—a Coburg, and a cousin of Queen Victoria—finally refused the offer of the Spanish crown.[1] With the failure of each successive candidature the spirits of the reactionists rose. Isabel, to the disgust of Gonzales Brabo and the absolutists, abdicated her rights in favour of little Alfonso, in the hope that the Liberals might take him up as against Montpensier, whom she never forgave for his share in the revolution. It was seen by the monarchical revolutionists that, unless they reassembled the Cortes at once and regularised the position by electing a sovereign, either the "United States of Iberia" or Don Alfonso might be sprung upon them at any moment by an armed revolt. The Montpensiers were fuming and clamouring for the fulfilment of the promises made to them before the revolution, but every one in Spain saw that the time was past for the solution they desired.[2] It might have been possible if Topete had proclaimed the Duchess in his first manifesto in Cadiz Bay, but in the strife of parties Spain had got out of hand, and no Bourbon would be accepted now, unless he was imposed by a counter revolution. On the other hand, Prim was firmly determined that there should be no republic, for he knew that with the strong provincial feeling which dominated Spain, that would mean dismemberment.[1]

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[1] Ferdinand at first gave but a doubtful negative, and it is quite possible that affairs might have been arranged with him but for the violent opposition of Napoleon III., who had previously approved of his candidature, and subsequently pretended to do so again (May, 1870), but Ferdinand by this time had made up his mind not to be the king of a party only, and he had, moreover, recently contracted a morganatic marriage. Negotiations still continued for several weeks more, at Prim's instance, but without effect ; and by the end of July the matter came to an end with considerable ill-feeling on both sides.

[2] Montpensier had become doubly impossible now in consequence of his having killed the Infante Don Enrique in a duel (March, 1870, provoked by the latter. Don Enrique, it will be recollected, was the

All other candidatures having failed, Prim, almost in despair, again turned to the Duke of Aosta, the second son of Victor Emmanuel, who had declined the advances made to him earlier in the year. The King of Italy himself was in favour of his son's acceptance; and after sounding the cabinets of England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, of which the last only objected, the candidature of Amadeo of Savoy was presented to the Cortes for approval on the 3rd of November, 1870. Prim and the progressists, and the monarchical democrats, strained every nerve to gain a large majority for their candidate, whilst the Montpensierist Unionists and reactionary Alfonsists protested, and Republicans

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English and Liberal candidate for Isabel's hand, or that of her sister, and had been supplanted by French intrigue. He was turbulent and unwise, and aspired to play the part of a Spanish Egalité.

[1] Count Kératry was sent in October by Gambetta's Government to beg for Spanish aid against Prussia. In a remarkable interview, in which, with the consent of the Spanish republicans, he was authorised to guarantee to Prim the presidency of a Spanish republic, he indulged in threats to favour the Carlists unless Prim would make common cause with the French republic. Prim's reply was: "I choose to be a Monk rather than a Cromwell. There shall be no republic in Spain whilst I live. That is my last word."

AMADEO OF SAVOY, DUKE OF AOSTA.

(Sometime King of Spain.)

of all shades stormed and threatened. The result was that in a house of 311 members, 191 voted for the Duke of Aosta, who was at once proclaimed Amadeo I., King of Spain, amongst the frigid indifference or open discontent of his profoundly divided subjects.

Before relating the events of his short and troubled reign we must now glance briefly at the financial, material, social, and intellectual progress of the nation during the few preceding years. It has always been the vice of Spanish finance to ignore patent facts; and successive finance ministers who flitted across the scene have almost always grossly exaggerated probable national receipts and under-estimated expenditure; so that with wearying monotony a paper surplus turned into a real deficit, and every year the floating debt was swollen until it became unmanageable, when a portion of it was added to the consols at a ruinous rate.[1] A desperate attempt, not altogether unsuccessful, was made in the two years following O'Donnell's rising in 1854 to mend matters. Heavy discounts were deducted from all State payments and salaries, a half-hearted effort was made to establish a sinking fund to extinguish some of the floating debt, and for a time the price of Spanish stocks went up and the Government could borrow money at 7 per cent. instead of 9. But with the counter revolution of 1857 all changed. The old bad methods were again resorted to, and, notwithstanding the considerable growth of the wealth of the country and the exchequer receipts, the expenditure grew still greater in proportion. The sale of the mortmain lands, which had enabled O'Donnell to relieve the treasury and set on foot so many fine public works, was stopped; jobbery and peculation again became rampant, and the enormous floating debt, constantly added to, was now foisted upon the Government Banks and Savings Banks, in exchange for the cash deposits confided to them, a process, it may be added, which has been going on to the present day, until gold and silver currency has almost disappeared. When at length, in 1865, the Pope agreed that the Church property should be sold, an attempt was made to establish a Land Bank for the purpose of the gradual liquidation and the extinction of the floating debt with some of the proceeds, but jealousy and party rancour stood in the way and the affair fell through, most of the proceeds of the sales being jobbed and frittered away.

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[1] The annual deficits added to the debt from 1850 to 1864 amounted to £18,500,000.

By the eve of the revolution of 1868 the annual budget had grown to £27,000,000, but still showed a large deficit, and although successive conversions of floating debt into 3 per cent. consols at the ruinous price of 40–41 had been effected in 1856 and 1864, with the effect of adding £20,000,000 to the consolidated debt, the Government of Serrano was obliged to obtain permission from Cortes to raise a loan of £10,000,000, in 1869, to cover the pressing needs and meet the accumulated deficits of previous years. But though national finance had gone from bad to worse the general well-being of the country—apart from temporary distress caused by political disturbance—had certainly advanced rapidly with the introduction of railways and steamship lines, and the raised standard of modern comfort.[1] Madrid and Barcelona had, even before the revolution, began to extend their boundaries, and became in the next few years almost completely transformed, both in aspect and habits. Not only did the rural populations flock into the great towns, but Spaniards, enriched in the colonies and South America, built splendid houses in and around the capitals, and beautiful hotels and villas sprang up in the many Biscay watering-places, now that it had become the fashion of Spaniards to travel. The mining centres, like Rio Tinto, Pontevedra, Bilbao and others, also rose rapidly in wealth with the introduction of foreign capital. This process, and the material improvement in the condition of the people, was only temporarily checked during the revolutionary period, and in the *résumé* given in the next chapter it will be seen that the national development on the whole still continued, in spite of political trouble.

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[1] It cannot be too forcibly insisted upon that one of the chief reasons for the incurable extravagance of Spanish finance is the wasteful and unproductive expenditure on the public services. Each successive revolution or change of government means an entire change of the administrative staff from the prime minister to the doorkeeper through all departments of the State service and the payment of pensions to the outgoing staff, who thereupon become active intriguers all over the country for the return of their friends to power and themselves to full pay. This vicious system dooms thousands to idleness or worse, crushes enterprise, and paralyses effort. To this must be added the need for finding places and wholesale promotion for the supporters of each successive military revolt. No Government in Spain has ever dared to tackle this curse of bureaucracy.

The alternate repression and license of the press during the latter years of the reign of Isabel and the first two years of the revolution, did not tend to improve or exalt the condition of Spanish literature. The newspapers were shamefully corrupt and licentious, and party feeling was so universal and so bitter, that most men of letters were drawn into the vortex of political journalism. But even politics could not quite crush the fertility of Spanish imagination, and such statesmen as Canovas del Castillo and Lopez de Ayala could spare time from party polemics to write romances and historical sketches that will live; the great orator Castelar could produce literary, critical, and descriptive articles by the score, and journalists like Perez Galdos and Correa were already foreshadowing in their early work the fame which, in the next decade, was to be theirs as romancers. During the last ten years of Isabel's reign the picturesque-romantic schools of novels had become vulgarised by prolific writers of the second rank, such as Fernandez y Gonzales and Perez Escrich; but the finer spirits had followed the fashion in France and England in reverting to the more subtle and delicate naturalism of Balzac, of Thackeray, and of George Eliot. "Fernan Caballero," a lady of German birth whose name was Bohl de Fabre, commenced as early as 1847 to write her photographic scenes of rapidly vanishing life in Andalusia, in one of the best known of modern Spanish novels, "La Gaviota,"[1] and early in the period now under review produced some of her best work. Later, Pedro Antonio de Alarcon, in his charming "Sombrero de tres picos," and "Diario de un Testigo de la Guerra de Africa," proved that combined vigour and subtlety was as attainable in Spanish as in French. Above all, Juan Valera, diplomatist, statesman, courtier, and poet, with a style as pellucid as that of Anatole France, and a judgment as keen as that of Sainte Beuve, wrote "Pepita Jimenez," a masterpiece of novel writing, to be followed by even finer work in "Comendador de Mendoza," and other stories, which will remain classics as long as refined fancy and delicate irony can charm. In poetry, Campoamor still continued to write, when he could spare time from denouncing democracy, and the unfortunate Adolfo Becquer, up to 1870, poured forth his Heine-like dreamy fantasies in verse as well as prose. But, speaking generally, the period we are now considering did not show Spanish poetry at its best. Nor was the Spanish drama so brilliant as usual, for Echegaray had not yet produced his first work; but Manuel Tamayo wrote at least two fine plays, "La Locura del Amor" (1856) and "Un Drama Nuevo" (1867).

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[1] "La Gaviota" was translated into English by the Hon. Augusta Bethell and very widely read, but neither that nor Fernan Caballero's other famous novel, "La Clemencia," can compare with her Andalusian folk-tales and "Cuadros de Costumbres Populares" (1852).

We have seen that the crown which the revolution offered to Amadeo of Savoy was a thorny one, even if the national difficulties had been confined to the Peninsula. But such was very far from being the case. The need for providing for successive sets of successful revolutionary politicians, and the haste of the latter to enrich themselves in colonial offices before a fresh change of government cast them out to make way for another greedy horde, had exhausted the patience of the native-born colonists, especially in Cuba. In constant communication with the adjacent United States and Jamaica, it was impossible for them to avoid comparing the state of their own fertile land, a prey to the rapacity of the vultures that battened on it, with that of their neighbours; and the party of reform grew rapidly. Serrano and Dulce in succession had been Captains-General of the island in the few years before the flight of Isabel, and had gained considerable popularity there by their efforts to introduce a more enlightened state of things.

But the partial reforms granted were but a very small instalment of the complete autonomy or independence respectively demanded by the two sections of native Cubans, who became ever bolder and made each concession an excuse for further claims. Lersundi and Manzano then tried severity again, and the "military commissions" desolated whole villages by their heartless punishments; taxes being enormously increased, although it was impossible to collect a quarter of those already imposed. As usual, a large paper surplus for the colony turned into a huge deficit (1868), and, as the revolution in Spain approached, the Government officers in Cuba redoubled their extortions in order to fill their pockets before the threatened catastrophe occurred.[1]

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[1] The taxes were levied in Spain nominally in crowns, *i.e.*, silver crowns, worth 2½ francs, whilst the only crown current in Cuba was the gold crown worth 10 francs. The Spanish officials, taking advantage of the ignorance of the Cubans, insisted upon taxes, &c., being paid in gold crowns, and so collected four times the proper amount, of which they pocketed three-quarters.

Simultaneously with the revolution in Spain the rising took place in the West Indian Colonies. After some unsuccessful attempts both in Cuba and Porto Rico, a rich planter, Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, raised the cry of Cuban independence at Yara in October, and appealed to Cubans the world over to save their native land from tyranny and extortion; a provisional government being organised in the east part of the island. The movement spread like wildfire, and in a few days Cespedes had a force of 5,000 armed men under his command. The Spanish authorities, always indolent and inept, were unprepared and driven back at all points; and in an incredible short space of time the whole of the east and centre of Cuba, except the garrison towns, was in the hands of the insurgents. General Lersundi at first represented this formidable insurrection as a ridiculous riot, but when the truth became known, and reinforcements were sent, and Spanish volunteers raised in Cuba, the revolution was too firmly established to be easily overcome: aid and sympathy flocked to the insurgents from the United States, and Lersundi resigned in despair.

With the triumph of the revolution in Spain concessions to Cuba were demanded peremptorily by Spanish Republicans and democrats in the Cortes. Lopez de Ayala, the colonial minister, was beset by cries for the complete autonomy, and even the independence, of the island, for the immediate freeing of all the slaves, and much else; and when he pointed out the impossibility of granting all this, suddenly he was taunted with being a reactionist, and false to the principles of the revolution. The matter was, indeed, not so easy as the theorists thought, especially the question of slavery. The creole planters were glad of the co-operation of the negroes and half-breeds in their cry for independence from Spain; but the sudden emancipation of the slaves would not only have meant ruin to the planters themselves,[1] but would have placed Cuba in peril of a black domination similar to that which has reduced Hayti to savagery, or worse. The Cuban revolutionary manifesto issued by Cespedes promised gradual emancipation, which, to some extent, was, indeed, granted by Spain herself in the Moret Act of 1870, freeing all slaves above sixty years of age and children born after the passing of the Act. To have gone beyond this point at the time would have been madness, although the coloured men in arms, who formed at last the bulk of the revolutionary forces, naturally could not see it in that light. This divergence of objects between the white creoles and coloured Cubans was always the weak point of the demands for the independence of the island, and explains why all lovers of civilisation who understand the question are in favour of the control of Cuba by the strong and enlightened United States Government, rather than the country should sink to a second Santo Domingo under coloured rule.

Dulce, the new Captain-General, arrived at Habana in January, 1869, and the Spaniards there received him but sourly, for in his previous term of office he had been imprudently pro-Cuban in his utterances. But Dulce's revolutionary charming and his invitations to Cubans to send members to the Spanish Cortes came too late, and the new Captain-General pleased neither party. Separatist demonstrations took place even in Habana itself, and simultaneously with the promulgation of the new constitution for Cuba creoles and Spaniards were fighting to the death in the streets of the capital. Count Balmaseda, who commanded the Spaniards in the east of the island, followed the lead of his chief Dulce and insisted in his attempts at conciliation; but he was tricked into an ambush and defeated near Nuevitas, and Puerto Principe was surrounded and blockaded by the insurgents.

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[1] At the time of the revolution there were between 350,000 to 400,000 slaves in the island, and the value of them was very high, ranging for men between £50 and £300 per head. They were consequently treated usually with care as a valuable asset, if for no higher reason.

After that it was war to the knife. All the newly granted liberties were again suspended, the "councils of war" recommenced their fell work, and the Spanish "volunteers" wreaked their cruelty unchecked upon the "Mambises"; whilst the rebels incited the slaves to murder their Spanish masters, and Cespedes and his friends in New York wildly exaggerated their strength in order to persuade Grant to recognise the Cubans, at least as belligerents. The President, however, now firmly fixed in his new term of office, having no desire to strengthen the Democratic party by adding Cuba to the agricultural states, resolutely refused; and the help that was sent plentifully to the insurgents was sent unofficially. Of the heartless ferocity of the war, of the murderous fury of the volunteers and the inhuman reprisals of the "Mambises," there is no space here to speak.

Spain in the midst of her own throes sent the best and strongest of her young manhood to die by thousands in the manigua or to be killed in hopeless skirmishes with almost unseen foes. Dulce, wavering between the extremes of unwise conciliation and panic-stricken severity, was almost excelled in ineptitude by the home Government of Serrano, whose policy towards the colony was simply distraction; and at length the "volunteers" and the Spanish element in Habana hounded Dulce out of his office, and he was replaced by Caballero de Rodas, who arrived at Habana in June, 1869. He, however, in his turn fell under the displeasure of the ferocious "volunteers," and Prim in despair listened to the approaches of General Sickles, the United States minister in Madrid, for an arrangement with the insurgents.

Prim was willing to grant independence to the island if a plebiscite of Cubans proved in favour of it, and if the United States would guarantee the payment of a satisfactory equivalent to Spain; but the first condition was that the insurgents should lay down their arms, and this condition was fatal. Prim, upon that point, dared not give way, even if he had wished. Part of his own revolutionary plan had been to give to Cuba full autonomy, and if the unfortunate rising had not taken place at Yara when it did, the island would probably have gained independence peacefully through autonomy; but Prim, stubborn, as befitted a Catalan himself, was also the ruler of a proud and stiff-necked nation, and, cost what it might, he would grant no concessions to rebels in arms against the mother country. When, indeed, Prim's negotiations with Sickles became known in Spain there was a furious outcry of wounded pride that he had gone so far as he had done. All those—and especially the Catalans—who had property in the island took fright, and thenceforward Prim himself was powerless to carry the matter forward, and the cruel war of extermination still went on. Again and again Caballero de Rodas reported the insurrection to be at an end, in vain fresh concessions were made to the Cubans; the forces in the bush always reassembled, and fresh aid reached them from the Cuban Junta in New York; and by the time Amadeo mounted the throne there were no less than 30,000 armed men fighting for the independence of Cuba, and the Spanish tax-collector was powerless in the east and centre of the island outside the great towns.

Amadeo accepted the crown of Spain in the Pitti Palace at Florence from the deputation of the Cortes headed by the democrat Zorilla, and embarked for Cartagena in the Spanish ironclad *Numancia* in the last week of December, 1870, bravely determined to rule Spain constitutionally, like a gentleman and an honest man, a true son of the Ré Galantuomo. As we have seen, he was the King of Prim and the advanced Liberals; and all other political parties sulkily looked upon his coming as a defeat for themselves. Whether Prim believed in the permanence of a foreign king in Spain has often been incredulously questioned, for he knew his countrymen well, and many have asserted that he desired to exhaust possibilities in order at last to seize supreme power for himself. If this was the case he gave no sign of such a thought in his demeanour, for he struggled heroically to reconcile Spaniards to their new king, and to render the difficult task of the latter as easy as possible.

Whilst Amadeo was still at sea, and the Cortes was about to dissolve, on the night of the 27th of December, 1870, Prim was chatting in the lobby of the chamber prior to returning to the War Office. Jokingly he asked one of the Federal republican deputies whether he was going to Cartagena to greet the new king. A somewhat taunting reply was given, and Prim retorted in the same vein that he hoped there would be no nonsense, for if there was he "would strike with a heavy hand." "Every dog has his day," said the deputy as he turned away, and Prim, followed by his aides-de-camp, stepped into his brougham and drove through the dark, snowy winter's night towards his office. His road lay through a narrow street called the Calle del Turco, which runs from the back of the Cortes to the Calle de Alcalá, into which it debouches between two blank walls obliquely opposite to the War Office in the Buena-Vista Palace at the corner of the Prado.

For days past Prim had been denounced, insulted and threatened, especially by the extreme parties; but he was brave to a fault, and refused to take any precautions, for he was determined that reconciliation and harmony should mark the coming of the new King. As his carriage was rapidly driven through the narrow Calle del Turco a cab blocked the way into the main thoroughfare of Alcalá; and it was noticed that a few moments before Prim's brougham reached the obstacle a man on the side-walk struck a match, as if to light a cigarette. It was a signal, and out of the shadow there stepped six cloaked men armed with blunderbusses, three on each side, and simultaneously poured their fire through the windows into the breast of Prim. As soon as the deed was done the assassins and the impeding cab disappeared, and the mortally wounded general was driven at a gallop to the War Office nearly opposite. Sending for Topete, who, although he had always opposed the election of Amadeo, was the soul of honour and chivalry, Prim begged him to take his place, to go to Cartagena to receive the King and accompany him to Madrid; and on the very day (December 30, 1870) that Amadeo landed upon Spanish soil the man who alone had made him a king breathed his last, foully murdered by Spaniards: he the only really great Spaniard that the century has produced.

The time has not yet come for saying plainly who killed Prim and why the deed was done. The man who struck the light was well known as a hairbrained young political dreamer of advanced views, and one, at least, of the men who fired the dastard shots afterwards lived in London for years —and perhaps does so still—whilst others were said to have been shot long afterwards by the civil guard in an attempt to arrest them. Endless investigations and scores of arrests were made without definite result, and the blame was vaguely cast upon the socialistic republicans; but it is significant that the active agents were at the time not only allowed, but assisted, to escape by those in high station, who were certainly not republicans. Rumours grew to bold assertion that, though advanced fanatics may have been the tools, there were others behind who prompted them; and years afterwards, when Alfonso XII. sat upon the throne, the writer saw in the prison of the Saladero several men not belonging to the criminal classes, who had lingered without trial in jail since the crime, not because they were suspected of having had any part in it, but because they knew dangerously much and had opened their mouths too wide upon the subject. Two at least of the personages of high position who were cognisant of the intention to kill Prim still live—one of them a lady; but it is only fair to say that no one connected with the fallen royal family had anything to do with it, and that the crime was not organised or countenanced by any of the recognised political parties. It was, indeed, the most foolish crime imaginable, and really served no purpose whatever. It was isolated, and formed no part of a general plan: it could not stay Amadeo's coming, as it might have done if it had been committed six months before; and when this was pointed out to the men who were concerned in it, all they could say was, "Well, at least we have got him (Prim) out of the way." Prim, in fact, was sacrificed not by an organised political conspiracy, but by a few muddle-brained visionaries of one faction, pushed on by the vengeful spite of a smaller number still of the highly placed members of another.

When Amadeo entered his snow-clad capital on the 2nd of January, 1871, splendidly mounted in advance of his escort, his gallant bearing and his evident bravery wrung from unwilling spectators universal cheers of sympathy. Alone amidst strangers, many of them bitterly inimical, a mark for any stray murder-bolt, he never blenched ; there was no cringing or bidding for welcome, no sacrifice of dignity, but noble courtesy, candid honesty, and a determination, at any sacrifice to himself, to rule this people righteously and well. His first duty was to pray at the Atocha for help and guidance and to gaze for the first and last time upon the dead face of the man who had placed upon his head the crowns of Castile. Then he rode to the Cortes, where the Regent Serrano surrendered his powers, and the new sovereign swore to respect the Constitution.

Jealous eyes watched his every movement, scornful spirits ready to cast ridicule upon him waited critically for some foreign note to be struck that could be turned to his disadvantage ; and though Amadeo's manly simplicity and his difficult position might have disarmed cruelty itself, the eagerly sought-for opportunity of derision was soon discovered. The King had simply to lay his hand upon the Gospels and pronounce the words "*Yo juro*" ("I swear") ; but alas ! the hard guttural J in Spanish is a crucial test for Italian tongues, and Amadeo gave to the rough "*jota*" the sound of the soft Italian G. The Spanish language has no such sound, and soon there spread

MARSHAL PRIM.

(From the painting by Regnault.)

through the streets and through the land mocking attempts to reproduce the outlandish soft sound. Amadeo was a foreigner, and that was a crime that no Spániard could forgive.

Of the treatment extended by Spaniards to Amadeo and his wife, Maria Victoria della Cisterna, who joined him in the spring, it is difficult for an eye-witness to write with restraint and patience. The much-vaunted chivalry of Spain must blush and hide its head at the mere recollection of the mean insults, the dastardly outrages, daily committed upon these young monarchs whose only fault was they were honestly striving to do their duty. Instead of squandering all his time in his own pleasure or caprice, as other Spanish sovereigns had done, and turning night into day, Amadeo was at work long before his dissipated capital was out of bed. The slipshod splendour and prodigal promiscuousness of Isabel's Court gave place to order, economy, and decency. The only lavishness now was in judicious and organised charity. There was no more indiscriminate squandering; no more haphazard familiarity and impulsive bounty to unworthy objects. "What a King!" grumbled the tradespeople; "he expects to pay no more than other folks for what he buys." "What a King!" echoed the courtiers, whose ideas of regal magnificence consisted in their being allowed the opportunity of turning the palace into a warren where prolific hordes were fed and kept at the public expense. "What a King!" cried the vulgar mob, "to walk about unattended, and drive without an escort like an ordinary person." "What a King!"

sneered Isabel in Paris, "to live in only one corner of my palace for economy's sake." "What a King!" said the officials; "he expects us to live on our salaries and to keep our accounts in order as if we were common hucksters." And so, when Amadeo and his wife were seen in the street, the cultured Spaniards turned their backs upon them or stared rudely in their faces without a sign of recognition[1]: talk about "Italian pastry-cooks" and ridiculous efforts to pronounce the Italian soft G, being ostentatiously indulged in the while. Maria Victoria, though not of royal blood, was as virtuous and charitable as her husband was honest and brave; but it was all of no avail, for Amadeo and his wife were foreigners and they were impossible from the first. Peoples, it has been said, always have the rulers they deserve. The Spaniards did not deserve Amadeo and did not keep him.

Amadeo's first cabinet under Serrano was a coalition of Liberals ranging from the Unionist premier to the extreme democrat Zorilla, the progressist Sagasta remaining at the Home Office; and it was at once opposed by the union of all the anti-dynastic parties, from Carlists to Red Republicans, and from atheists to Catholic bigots, determined to spare no means, however foul, to overturn the King. In the new Cortes, although the Government gained a majority, the Carlists held the balance of parties, and Serrano's coalition cabinet soon fell to pieces by the retirement in disgust of its radical members, at the impossibility of carrying the reforms they considered necessary. Already the Liberals themselves were profoundly divided; jealousy and self-seeking were supreme, and Serrano tried in vain to form a new moderate Liberal Government.

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[1] On one occasion the writer saw the King and Queen (who was then in a delicate state of health) enter an open-air concert unannounced. There were scores of men occupying chairs, but not one offered a seat to the Queen, who had to stand until a chair was brought specially for her. On the occasion of the Carnival, a worse outrage still was perpetrated. The Queen thought to please the people by wearing the beautiful old Spanish garment, the white lace mantilla. Some aristocratic young ruffians thereupon dressed the loose women of the capital in white lace mantillas and sent them into the Prado in carriages, whilst all the ladies in society by common consent wore black.

When he had failed Zorilla succeeded, and at last the extreme radicals had a chance of carrying into effect the patriotic principles with which they were animated. Amadeo frankly seconded their efforts; the Cortes were not in session to hamper them, and the hope began to reign amongst the people at large that, perhaps, after all, the foreign King might be tolerated. Amadeo made a successful progress through Aragon, Cataluña, and Valencia, dispensing charity and pardons, and giving complete political amnesties on his way, whilst previously unheard-of economies were made in the public expenditure, and a successful loan of £6,000,000 proved that the financial world looked with sympathy upon the new order of affairs. But on the very first day of the meeting of the Cortes (1871) the hopeful prospect vanished. The two ministers Zorilla and Sagasta quarrelled, and the Liberal government broke up; another was formed and was defeated in the Cortes, and from this moment the crumbling of Amadeo's throne was inevitable. The Carlists and Republicans were intent on making all government impossible; and even with a homogeneous Liberal party to confront, this was not difficult. Now that the Liberals were split by political and personal differences into at least three factions, the position was hopeless. Desperate attempts were made to effect a reconciliation, but without success, in a large measure owing to Sagasta's exigencies; and Amadeo, with considerable hesitation, consented to a dissolution, after appointing Sagasta Prime Minister with a less advanced Liberal cabinet. Before the new Cortes could be elected dissensions broke out in this cabinet also, and it had to be reconstituted with infinite difficulty before it could meet the newly elected parliament (April, 1872).

The monstrous coalition of extreme parties was again repeated, and Sagasta fell amidst great conflict and confusion before the accusation that he had employed £80,000 of the Colonial funds to influence the elections. A more moderate ministry still was then appointed under Serrano and Topete. This exasperated the more advanced democrats, who coalesced with the Republicans and planned an appeal to arms; whereupon Zorilla, their leader, retired into private life in despair. The third Carlist war, to which reference will be made presently, was raging in the north, and the threatened rising of Federal Republicans and democrats convinced Serrano's ministry that the attempt to govern Spain constitutionally must be abandoned if anarchy and dismemberment were to be avoided. The Government proposed a suspension of the Constitution, and other strong measures to Amadeo but he resisted. Badly advised, or ill-informed as to the real condition of the country, he decided to stand by his oath—although it had been pronounced in bad Spanish—and the ministry retired (June, 1872). The King appealed once more to Espartero to take the helm, but in vain, and he then turned to Zorilla and the Radicals. Zorilla refused all advances, until a great mass of his friends brought him to Madrid almost by force, and against his own will and convictions he formed a new Radical Government with Martos and Cordoba as colleagues.

The first thing was to suspend the sessions of Cortes, in which they could hope for no majority, although the estimates for the year had not been adopted. Both Houses protested to the King and declared the collection of taxes illegal. The Government, full of good intentions and flattering promises, sought to gain the country to its side, and again dissolved the Cortes (July, 1872). A desperate attempt to assassinate the King was made in Madrid at this period, and confusion and party rancour reached their height. When the Radical ministry met the new Cortes in September, obstruction and irrelevancy made all progress impossible in Parliament, whilst a serious Federal Republican conspiracy to seize the arsenal of Ferrol, which was only suppressed with much bloodshed, proved that the opposition factions would stop at nothing. In Madrid, Malaga, and elsewhere, the Republicans also appealed to arms, notwithstanding the exhortations of Castelar, and other parliamentary leaders, begging that the Radical Government should at least be allowed a chance, whilst already active intrigues were being carried on in favour of the restoration in the person of Alfonso, the only son of Isabel, under the regency of Montpensier.

In this state of complete distraction the Cortes reassembled on January 15, 1873, and Zorilla's Government, to please the extreme democrats and Republicans, proposed, amongst other Radical measures, the abolition of the conscription. The corps of artillery has always been the aristocratic branch of the Spanish service, and its officers were strongly opposed to Zorilla's Government. Their excuse was a command which the Government had conferred upon an officer (General Hidalgo) obnoxious to them ; and notwithstanding the efforts of General Cordoba to placate them, their mutinous spirit culminated in collective resignation, although the Carlists were still in arms in the north. The indignant Government were for accepting the resignations and reorganising the corps under the sergeants, but this Amadeo refused to allow until the ministry repeated their decision supported by a vote of confidence from both Houses of Parliament. The oppositions were willing to help the Government in this, for they foresaw that Amadeo, driven in a corner, might abdicate, and it is difficult to understand how Zorilla himself can have failed to perceive this. The decree raising the sergeants to commissioned rank was presented to the King on the 8th of February, and, true to his Constitutional oath, he signed it.

If he had chosen to pronounce it, a single word from him would have ranged on his side all the elements of force, and he might have ruled Spain by the army as others had done. But he was sick of the hopeless struggle. His wife, assailed by fears for his safety, and unhappy at the insults constantly offered to her by the nobility, seconded his resolve to be made a sacrifice rather than to rule by force; and Amadeo, in a dignified address to the Spanish people, which should have made the most hardened blush with shame, surrendered into their hands the crown which, whilst he had worn it at least, had suffered no dishonour The next morning (February 12, 1873), Amadeo of Savoy —now Duke of Aosta again—gladly turned his back upon his ungrateful people: the only man who had come out of this sordid scramble an upright gentleman without stain and without reproach.

Before relating the events which followed the abdication of Amadeo it will be necessary for us to go back a little, in order to describe the renewed civil war which the Carlists had commenced. Soon after the abortive attempt of the Count de Montemolin both he and his brother Fernando had died, and the Radical Don Juan, the only remaining son of the original Don Carlos, made great efforts to reconcile himself with Isabel and return to his position as a Spanish Infante; and although he did not succeed, the Carlist party completely disavowed him and adopted his son, the young Don Carlos as their chief. Just before the fall of Isabel the Pretender and his friends held an important meeting in London. Don Juan was persuaded to transfer such rights as he possessed to his son, who held his mimic court in Paris, funds were collected, arms and uniforms bought, and in the summer of 1869 several small risings took place simultaneously, most of which were rapidly dispersed. The main conspiracy was to seize Pamplona, the capital of Navarre, in July, but this too was frustrated—Cabrera had obstinately refused to leave his English retirement, but now he was at last induced to take the political direction of affairs, in the hope that he might guide Carlism into the more reasonable and modern spirit which his English experience had taught him was necessary. But the Spanish Carlists were as benighted as ever. They wanted to force the "sacristy," as Cabrera called it, upon Spain at the point of the bayonet; and the old leader soon threw up the thankless cause in disgust. Elio then assumed the chief direction of the party under Don Carlos himself, but after several partial risings, always successfully crushed by Prim's Government, disunion became general amongst the Carlists, and by the time Amadeo arrived in Madrid Don Carlos acknowledged his failure and suspended operations.

But the Carlist juntas all over Spain, and especially in Cataluña, were straining in the leash, and Gonzales Brabo, who had now deserted Isabel,[1] was urging the Pretender on to war. Candido Nocedal, the leader of the Carlists in the Cortes, remonstrated in vain against an appeal to arms. "Only let us, who hold the balance," he said, "overthrow Amadeo, and the extravagancies of the Red Republicans will soon lead all Spaniards to welcome Don Carlos as a saviour of society." This difference of opinion caused long and bitter contention in the Carlist ranks, and the pretender himself wavered from day to day, until at length his hand was forced by the war party. On April 14, 1872, he wrote from Geneva to his commander-in-chief, Rada: "At length the solemn moment has arrived. Good Spaniards are calling for their legitimate King, and the King cannot turn a deaf ear to the summons of his country. I order a general rising all over Spain for the 21st instant, to the cry of 'Down with the foreigner! Long live Spain!'—CARLOS." Nocedal protested, and resigned; but the militant Carlists were confident and eager, and soon all the north and east of Spain was astir with partially armed and undrilled peasants, ready to fight once more for King and "fueros." Serrano at once took the field at Tudela and Tafalla, whilst General Moriones operated with an insufficient force in the mountains of Navarre. Don Carlos himself crossed the frontier on foot almost alone on May 2, 1872, and set up his headquarters at Vera. "God, Fatherland, and King!" was his battle-cry, and the Navarrese acclaimed the Pretender as their heaven-sent sovereign with superstitious reverence. Pursued constantly by Serrano and Moriones, dispersing at one point only to reassemble at once in another, the Carlists carried on the exhausting guerrilla warfare which the conformation of the country and the universal sympathy of the people made easy for them. Moriones managed to surprise a large body once at Oroquieta, and killed or captured nearly 1,000 of them; but, as in the

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[1] As has been already mentioned, the writer has reason to know that Gonzales Brabo and the "moderates" were not in favour of Alfonso, who they knew could only reign under constitutional auspices. Most of them deserted her when she abdicated in favour of her son.

DON CARLOS DE BORBON, DUKE OF MADRID.
(From an etching.)

previous Carlist war, the important fortresses, Bilbao Pamplona and San Sebastian, stood firm for the Liberal cause, and the struggle was mainly rural and mountain warfare.

Don Carlos, ostentatious and pleasure-loving, was a poor figure-head morally, although his appearance was splendid in the extreme. Money soon ran short, the organisation and combination were wretched, and the Carlists of Biscay, without direction, discipline, food, or resources, despaired after a thirty days' campaign, and accepted from Serrano what was called the treaty of Amorevieta, by which a complete amnesty was given to Carlists in arms; officers and men who had deserted the regular army for the Carlists might return to their ranks, and promises were given that the autonomy of the provinces should not be disturbed. This greatly weakened the Carlist cause, but the Navarrese still stood out; and especially in Cataluña, where Don Carlos' brother, Don Alfonso, was in command, the insurrection gained strength and organisation, thanks to the constant hankering of rich Cataluña for separation from poor Castile.

This was the condition of affairs when Amadeo abdicated, and the period of confusion which succeeded enormously aided the Carlist cause. The violent changes in Madrid, the disaffection of the army, and the dread of red republicanism, made thousands of Spaniards Carlists who had hitherto held aloof; and in the summer of 1873, when distracted civilian theorists were squabbling for power, Don Carlos had on his side 50,000 men, fairly organised and armed. This was the Pretender's chance, and on several occasions he would have been welcomed with open arms by a majority of Spaniards if he had possessed the wit and daring to take fortune at its flood, and had assumed the position of defender of authority and property against the looming anarchy which threatened.

Immediately Amadeo disappeared the two Chambers of Cortes sat together, in entire disregard of the Constitution, and by 258 votes against 32 proclaimed the Republic, with Figueras as president, and Castelar as minister of State. Madrid was filled with alarm, Barcelona and Malaga for a time were in the hands of a turbulent mob and a revolted garrison, whilst the Cortes which had illegally assumed constituent powers, abolished the conscription with a stroke of the pen, and in mortal fear of extremists, surrounded itself with the bayonets of the civil guard. The ministry was very soon obliged to resign hurriedly to prevent a battle in the streets, so incensed were the Federalist mob that some democratic ex-ministers of Amadeo had entered the Republican Government. An attempt on the part of Martos, the Radical president of the Cortes, to assert authority by force of arms, was frustrated by Pi y Margall, one of the ministers, and anarchy became general, successive Federalist Republican ministries rising and falling in competition with the Cortes, of which the majority consisted of Democratic Radicals. Barcelona declared Cataluña a separate State. Socialism, division of property, and the profanation of the churches were decreed by several of the revolutionary juntas, whilst the army was completely disorganised. "The Volunteers of liberty," skulking ruffians, consisting in most places of a majority of anarchists, infused terror into peaceful citizens; and the phantasmagoria of governments in Madrid were almost powerless, in mortal dread of their own supporters.

The Cortes had been dissolved, but its permanent committee still competed with the ministers for rule, and such soldiers as were in Madrid under General Pavia were on the side of the assembly. Everything was prepared for an armed struggle. The ministry stationed their police and civil guard at strategic points in the streets, the "Volunteers of Liberty" were mustered in the Bull-ring, and Federalist Republican generals were placed in command of the various barracks. On the other hand, Pavia with his regiments stood ready, but the Radical civilian leaders, instead of backing him, spent the time in interminable florid speeches and personal recrimination. At length Pavia, in disgust, resigned and went home, and the flood-gates being thus removed, the Federal Republican and Socialist mob stormed the palace of the Cortes in search of members to kill, Castelar himself with difficulty escaped with his life in his efforts to save others; the President, Figueras, was arrested by the populace, and Madrid was in the hands of the anarchists, the only restraining influence being the most advanced member of the ministry, Pi y Margall.

The new Cortes, the first Republican chamber that ever sat in Spain, met on June 1, 1873, and at once proclaimed the Federal Republic under the presidency of Pi y Margall. Ministers changed daily, the decencies of debate were forgotten, though Pi y Margall strove hard to keep order, in and out of the Chamber, and begged for union in the face of civil war and the deplorable condition of the country. Castelar, Salmeron, and Figueras, the responsible Republican leaders, stood aloof, and the latter in despair fled the country. Barcelona, Alcoy, Seville, and Malaga became a prey to a murderous revolted soldiery and a savage mob, the excesses of which Pi y Margall refused to punish ; and without waiting for a new Federal Constitution to be devised, the towns erected themselves into independent cantons at their own good pleasure. When the ministry at last endeavoured to organise a force to restore order, the cantonalists, in defiance of the Government, had taken possession of the great arsenal of Cartagena, and the bulk of the Spanish fleet under General Contreras. Pi y Margall was then forced, even by the Republican Cortes, to give place to Salmeron, who promised greater energy against the insurrection. The newborn energy soon produced results. Pavia captured Seville with great slaughter, and then dominated the rest of Andalusia, the volunteers of Malaga being disarmed, but Salmeron soon took fright at the military element, and dissolved Pavia's army without allowing him to finish the task he had begun.

In the meanwhile Serrano and many other monarchists were negotiating in France with Isabel's friends for the constitutional restoration of young Alfonso, but for the time the affair came to nothing. Castelar succeeded Salmeron as president in the autumn of 1873, and under his rule the republic lost much of its terrors. He had been in favour of a Federal system, but he was not a faddist or a fanatic, and he saw that the first duty of any government was to maintain security and order. He at once set about re-organising the army. General Lopez Dominguez was furnished with sufficient forces to besiege and capture Cartagena from the cantonalists, which he did with dreadful destruction; General Jovellar was sent to crush the lingering insurrection in Cuba; a levy of 100,000 men was called into the ranks in Spain; the Carlists were allowed no truce, and once more Spain breathed again, when the Cortes suspended their sittings (September 30), leaving Castelar dictator. But still it was evident that affairs could not continue long in this way. The treasury had incurred a new floating debt of nearly seventeen millions sterling,[1] the estimates of expenditure of the year (twenty-four millions) had been largely exceeded; the fiscal system was entirely disorganised, and bankruptcy stared Spain in the face, whilst conspiracy, civil war, and anarchy, were almost general.

The Cortes were to meet again on January 2, 1874, and the defeat of Castelar was certain, for the Red Republicans already looked upon him as a renegade, and the awful devastation at Cartagena enraged them, but he refused General Pavia's advice to continue his dictatorship illegally. In these circumstances Pavia (Governor-General of Madrid) decided to act the part of a Cromwell himself, and save his country from continued anarchy. In accord with all the elements of order, but depending entirely upon the few trustworthy troops in garrison, he prepared his men on the day for the opening of Parliament. Castelar defended himself in the Cortes as usual with splendid eloquence from the bitter attacks and taunts of the angry members, and after a stormy, all-night sitting the Government were defeated at five o'clock in the morning of January 3rd. A new President, Palanca, was elected on the spot, but, suddenly, a bugle call rang out before the Chamber, and the indignant members found themselves surrounded by troops. The Minister of War angrily ordered Pavia to return to barracks, and the reply of the general was to give the members only a few minutes to evacuate the building. Resistance was useless, and at the point of the sword the deputies were forced into the street. Then Pavia summoned a meeting of notables, which Castelar in protest refused to attend. Some were for Alfonso, others for a united Republic, whilst Pavia thought of seizing power for himself. But Pavia was a small man, and as a compromise General Serrano was appointed head of the executive, with Sagasta, Topete, and Zabala as colleagues. This Government was a strong one, and would stand no nonsense. The constitutional guarantees were suspended, a heavy hand was laid on malefactors ; and Republicans of all sorts now saw that the Republic had been wrecked beyond redemption by the excesses of its so-called friends.

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[1] On the breaking out of the revolution (1868) the treasury debt was £26,000,000, mostly taken from bank deposits, and there was an extra deficit in the next year of ten millions. Most of this, however, had now been funded.

In February the news came that Moriones and Primo de Rivera had been defeated by the Carlists in an attempt to raise the siege of Bilbao. Panic fell again upon Madrid, and Serrano himself hurried to the front with reinforcements, which brought up his army to 30,000 men. On March 25th he attacked the enemy at Somorrostro with only partial success, but on May 2nd Lopez Dominguez and Concha relieved Bilbao,[1] and Serrano was able to return to Madrid in triumph. On June 27th Marshal Concha struck at Estella, Don Carlos's capital, but he fell mortally wounded in the fighting, and his men with terrible loss were obliged to fall back. New armies were raised; Pavia, Zabala, Lopez Dominguez, and Martinez Campos worked like giants, and gradually Cataluña and the centre of Spain were cleared of Carlists in arms. In Navarre and Guipuzcoa the Pretender still stood firm and supreme except in the fortresses, and once more, at the end of 1874, Serrano found himself at the head of 100,000 men in the north, determined to beat Carlism in its strongholds.

In the meanwhile the Alfonsists were busily intriguing. It was plain to every one that the Republic had failed, and most public men were endeavouring to set themselves right with the *régime* that they saw was coming. The Government was perfectly aware that Alfonsist committees were formed in every town, and that hardly a regiment in the service was not prepared to proclaim the new king. Some half-hearted measures they naturally took against disaffection, but not many. Mild remonstrances, gentle threats, hollow denunciation, and the deportation of a few active agents were considered sufficient by Sagasta, the Home Minister, to save the situation. General Balmaseda twice attempted unsuccessfully to raise the cry of "Viva Alfonso!"; but Canovas del Castillo and the best advisers of the young prince had no desire to seat him on the throne by means of a military revolt. It was plain that Alfonso was inevitable, and would come in due course by constitutional action and common consent, without the aid of reactionary soldiers.

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[1] The terrible siege of 125 days will for ever remain memorable. 10,000 projectiles were discharged from the walls, and famine had reached such a height in the town that a hen cost 28s. and an egg 1s. 3d.

At the end of 1874 the young prince, then a cadet at Sandhurst, and for some time past separated from his mother, signed a modest and sympathetic address to his adherents in Spain in which he invoked constitutional rights and made no appeal to violence. But the generals and the Conservatives were in a hurry, and on the 29th of December, 1874, General Martinez Campos, at the head of a brigade at Sagunto commanded by General Daban, proclaimed Alfonso XII. The bulk of the army was in the north and promptly accepted the King; the Captain-General of Madrid, Primo de Rivera, declared for the revolt; the Government had no forces, even if they had the will, to resist; and Sagasta, though still strongly protesting, did not attempt to stay the triumphant revolution, but made way for Canovas del Castillo, who entered Madrid and assumed the post of Prime Minister and head of the Regency on the last day of the year 1874 by virtue of a decree signed by Alfonso in the previous year.

There was no bloodshed, though the mob would have fought if they could for the Republic, especially in Cataluña. But Serrano by a bold stroke had already disarmed the "Volunteers of Liberty"; the army was in favour of the change, and turbulent Cataluña was held in check by Martinez Campos, the new Captain-General, as Madrid was by Primo de Rivera; whilst Serrano himself made no protest, but remained provisionally at the head of the army in the north. Decent people of all ranks were utterly tired of experiments and eccentric vagaries, and were ready to welcome any reasonable *régime* that offered stability and security.

The restoration was not a reactionary triumph. Alfonso was guided by men of moderate liberal ideas who had welcomed the deposition of his mother and who brought the young King back, not as a revengeful conqueror over revolution, but as the best instrument for uniting Spaniards, and ensuring the domination of law and liberty. Benighted absolutists like Gonzales Brabo had rightly gone over to the Carlists; and though the supporters of the new monarch ranged from advanced Democrats to timid Conservatives, they and most reasonable people were agreed upon one point—that Spain must be governed as a limited constitutional monarchy, and that despotism at last was dead.

Thus, after infinite suffering and contest, the nation had taken one great step in advance; and whatever oscillations might in future afflict her they would hardly again reach the extreme points of anarchy on the one side, or tyranny on the other. "Cayó para siempre la raza espurea de los Borbones," disappeared from the walls at last, and for good. This and other additions which intemperance and impatience had added to the programme of the revolution of 1868, had to be unlearnt, but the net result of the "revolt of disgust" was sound and good, for it had finally purged Spain of the baleful old traditions of capricious personal rule; and though a bright young lad, with a clean record, became the figure-head of the ship of State, the helm was gripped firmly by able and comparatively honest men, who would tolerate no tampering with the compass or deviation from the course.

XI.

RESTORATION WITHOUT RETROGRESSION—A LAST ATONEMENT.

THE advisers of the young King were wise in introducing him to his new subjects in the boisterous separatist city of Barcelona. Amidst the booming of cannon, the waving of myriads of red and yellow flags, and the hearty cheers of the immense populace, Alfonso XII. proceeded in state through the Catalan capital on the 10th of January, 1875. He came with the Pope's blessing and with the good wishes of all Europe, but he won most hearts by his bright, boyish eagerness to please, his ready smile, and his winning frankness of manner. His facile tact of word and deed were conspicuous from the first moment. Conciliation, and never triumph over adversaries, was the note he struck. "I wish to be the King of all Spaniards," were his first words to his countrymen in Paris; and to the deputation of Catalans, who came to meet him at sea, he would only talk of their commerce and industry, and his pride at being Count of Barcelona rather than King of Spain, whilst to Barcelonese manufacturers the highest aspirations he

ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

could express was to "make all Spain a Barcelona," and so on with every interest and locality.

The reception in Madrid was as hearty as at Barcelona and Valencia, but the young King was not allowed to rest in idleness. In a week he was taken to the army of the north to witness the final extinction of Carlism. The Basques and Navarrese were already becoming hopeless of final success, for no great town had fallen into their hands, and the struggle was still strictly local. Large numbers of them continued to accept the pardon and amnesty offered by Alfonso, and, most important of all, Ramon Cabrera—the old "tiger of Morella"—sick of the fanaticism and extravagance that surrounded the Pretender, took the oath of allegiance to Isabel's son, and was confirmed in all his titles and honours by the new King.

But in the meanwhile Sagasta and the Liberals had held aloof. Serrano had seen the King and accepted the situation, many of the old Unionist Liberals following his lead: but for the more advanced wing the transition was difficult from being a Conservative party, as they were under the Red Republic, to a democratic opposition under the new order of things. The great difficulty was the wide difference of opinion as to a new Constitution. The Conservatives still looked upon the code of 1845 as the *non plus ultra* of political wisdom, whereas nothing short of the extremely Radical Constitution of 1869 would satisfy Sagasta and his friends. The ministry itself was divided as to the extent to which Liberal institutions should be adopted and broke up in September, Canovas temporarily retiring and General Jovellar being appointed premier with a transition cabinet from which Orovio and the extreme Conservatives were excluded, but which enjoyed the support of Canovas, the late Prime Minister. The electoral law of 1870 was therefore utilised for the new elections, and this was a distinct gain for the Liberal party,[1] which now under Sagasta entered openly into the political struggle (November, 1875), and acknowledged the restoration. This point being settled, Canovas again became Prime Minister, and General Jovellar took command of the army of the north in the Basque provinces, a position which he very shortly afterwards surrendered to General Quesada; and himself proceeded to Cuba as Captain-General.

With the beginning of the year 1876 the strategic movements in the north which were to finish the war commenced, and simultaneously Spain was excited from end to end by the election of the Constituent Cortes which should devise one more paper constitution. The Republican party, although discredited and silenced for a time, was not by any means dead. To the patriotism and good sense of Castelar is due the fact that instead of being conspirators, the more moderate of them now became a parliamentary party. The danger, indeed, for the moment arose not from the Liberal elements, but from the ceaseless attempts of the reactionists to capture the situation, which Canovas was determined not to allow; and thanks in a great measure to his efforts, a large majority of moderate Liberals, more advanced than his own ministry, was elected in the new Cortes. The King opened his first Parliament in state on the 15th of February, and the next day again started to join the army of the north, where a brilliant campaign under Quesada, Primo de Rivera, and Martinez Campos had succeeded in reducing Carlism to its last ditch. Large sums of money, as well as warlike prowess, had been employed to aid in this happy result; and by the end of February Don Carlos threw up the attempt in despair and abandoned Spanish territory.

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[1] This law gave universal manhood suffrage.

It has been the writer's lot to witness all the great celebrations in Spain for many years: as will have been seen in the course of this history the nation is an impressionable one and apt to carry its enthusiasm of the moment into extravagance; but never has popular rejoicing assumed so spontaneous and sincere a character in the writer's personal experience, as in the festivals to celebrate the pacification of Spain and the return of the King and army of the north to Madrid; whilst the places which the horrors of the war had touched more closely rejoiced, if less riotously, quite as earnestly as the capital at their liberation from the scourge.

As may be imagined, after such a period of civil war, anarchy, and confusion the financial condition of the country was truly deplorable. Salaverria, the Finance Minister, laid before the Cortes a plain statement of the financial situation which struck the country with dismay. The floating debt had now reached the terrible total of sixty millions sterling, in addition to the consolidated debt of over three hundred and sixty millions, and the public funds had fallen to 16[1]; the revolutionary governments (until Señor Camacho took the Ministry of Finance in 1874) having simply lived from hand to mouth on loans and bank balances. It was now necessary to face the situation and re-impose taxation in order to obtain an approach to a financial equilibrium, and cover an expenditure of nearly twenty-seven millions sterling, increasing in the following year (1877) to twenty-nine millions, of which no less than ten millions was for the service of the debt. The country, however, was rapidly increasing in wealth, and with prudent administration there was no doubt that it could meet the demands of its Government if peace were secured to it.

In the meanwhile, thanks largely to the conciliatory yet firm guidance of Canovas, the burning political questions were gradually being settled, not without much bad blood and bitter dissension, for Sagasta and the Liberals had withdrawn from the Cortes again, but generally by a workable compromise. The Conservatives who called for complete reaction were partially mollified by decrees restraining somewhat the liberty of the press and the closing of republican clubs, by the limitation even of the modified religious liberty granted by the code of 1869, by the almost complete suppression of civil marriage and the abolition of universal suffrage; whilst the more moderate Liberals were kept from breaking away by the abolition of the autonomous privileges of the Basque provinces, by the restoration of the constitutional guarantees, and by the recognition at least of the principle of popular election in municipalities and for Parliaments, though hampered by indirect voting and a property qualification.

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[1] In February of the following year, 1877, Spanish Consols fell to below 11.

The young King won golden opinions everywhere. Through his many progresses in the provinces he had identified himself with the interests and aspirations of his subjects with a tact and fulness of information surprising in one so young. He had, indeed, been well and wisely brought up, and was naturally of a bright and joyous disposition, with a positive gift of graceful and winning speech and ready sympathy, which, though reminiscent of his mother, was generally controlled by discretion and dignity. He was, moreover, fortunate in having at his side in these critical early years his widowed elder sister Isabel, the presumptive heiress to the crown, who had learnt wisdom in the hard school of sorrow, and ruled his household with care and diplomacy. Alfonso, for all his amiability, had a will of his own, and though apparently acquiescent to advice, usually followed his own course in the end. That he should insist upon doing so in the matter of his marriage threw his ministers and his family into dismay. Several princesses were proposed to him, who it was thought might serve to conciliate interests in Spain, but as a boy the King had fallen in love with his first cousin Mercedes, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, and her alone he declared he would marry. Queen Isabel in Paris was furious,[1] and the Conservatives and clericals in Spain were equally so, for Montpensier's money and ambition had promoted the Revolution of 1868, whilst on the other hand the Liberals and the country at large hated him for a foreigner, and one who, like his father and grandfather, had been false to his own order. But Alfonso had made up his mind and was determined to marry his beautiful cousin in spite of all. His courtship was short in the bright winter sun of Seville, and before the wedding took place in Madrid, the dark beauty of the bride, and the romantic story of the boy King's love, had touched the hearts of the impressionable people who were not politicians.

On the 23rd of January, 1878, Madrid again donned its festal garb and all Spain came to the capital to see such a show as even that impulsive city has rarely afforded. The antique glories of the royal house were brought out after a generation of darkness; priceless tapestries, ancestral embroideries, wonders of old art, were taken from hiding-places in ancient palaces to grace the wedding procession of the King. All that love, loyalty, and lavishness could devise was spent upon this splendid pageant. Flags, music, national dances, royal bullfights with nobles for toreros, religious magnificence and secular enthusiasm, all gloriously flaunted under a sapphire sky, greeted Alfonso's wedding with Mercedes. Through the cheering populace to the church of the Atocha the procession made its way. Old Cristina, with her glistening black eyes and her hard mouth, had come to Madrid again, after so many years of absence, though she was too infirm to attend the wedding,[1] but poor Don Francisco, the 'King Father," long since separated from his wife, shrank, a little wizened figure, in the depths of a mighty, swaying tortoise-shell coach; and other members of the royal family, some dignified and rich, some squalid and poor, did their best to add distinction to the scene. Isabel was sulking, praying, some said, far away in Paris, for this was the day of her enemy's triumph, and the real hero of this grand festival was not the bright, smiling, alert young King, but the stout, elderly Frenchman with the pointed grey beard, the *gabacho* "King Father-in-law," as the mocking crowd called him, the Duke of Montpensier. After all these years the cunning plots of Louis Philippe and Guizot were to succeed, and the descendants of the house of Orleans were to sit upon the throne of Castile.

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[1] Isabel had returned to Spain for a short time after Alfonso's restoration, on conditions strictly laid down by Canovas, but she was soon offended and returned to Paris in high dudgeon. She was then imprudent enough to become ostentatiously familiar with the wife of Don Carlos, and to enter into a friendly correspondence with the Pretender himself, then in arms against her son. This produced for her great unpopularity in Spain, which she repaid by making for a time the task of Alfonso's ministers as difficult as possible.

Alas! the story is not told until the last chapter. Before the spring had turned to summer the beautiful Mercedes was in her grave, the last hope of the "King Father-in-law" had passed away, and Alfonso, still not much more than a boy in years, was a broken-hearted man with all zest for life crushed out of him by the weight of his sorrow, thenceforward himself overshadowed by his own coming doom. But, withal, Alfonso was stout-hearted. He was never the same bright, merry fellow that he had been before, and it was painful to see the effort with which he forced himself to appear interested with what went on around him, but he never wavered in his duty, and bore his burden bravely to the last.

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[1] She died a few months afterwards at her house near Havre.

Every day that passed made Alfonso more beloved. His sorrow, his bravery, his obvious good intentions, his strict observance of the Constitution, and his personal attraction, had gathered around him the real affection of most of his subjects who were not irretrievably pledged to Carlism or the Republic. An attempt was made on his life in Madrid by a socialist Catalan in October, 1878, which gave rise to an imposing national demonstration of attachment to him. He well deserved it; for the Conservatives of all grades, his mother, the Carlists and the clericals, tried their hardest to turn the attempt into an excuse for drawing him into a reactionary policy, but without success. Alfonso almost quarrelled even with Canovas and his ministers because they forbade the royal clemency being extended to the murderer.[1]

By the spring of 1879, when the elections for the new Cortes were to take place, the various political parties had assumed the positions which they were to occupy for many years to come. For the purpose of opposition and parliamentary campaign the constitutional Liberals, the moderate democrats and the possibilists, or Castelar republicans,[1] coalesced under Señor Sagasta, demanding at least a return to the Constitution of 1869, with purity of elections and a further decentralisation of local government; whilst the clericals and reactionists, apprehensive of this strong new combination, constantly exerted themselves to drive the Conservative party into extreme courses, and attempted, though with but little success, to use underhand court influence to this end. Canovas, though ostensibly the leader of the Conservative party, was on the side of moderation, and resisted both advance and retrogression. But, in fact, there was not then, and has never been since, any sincerity or reality in the pretended antagonism of the political parties. There is no doubt that the new Liberal combination under Sagasta consented to return to regular Parliamentary opposition on the tacit, if not expressed, understanding, that both parties were to alternate in power, and that in turn the supporters of both were to have a fair share of the national loaves and fishes.

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[1] Although the ministers would not allow the King to pardon his assailant, Alfonso pensioned the daughter of the man. On the 30th of December following (1879), a still more desperate attempt was made to shoot the King, who with his new bride had a very narrow escape.

This state of things has existed ever since, and the bewildering changes of government without any apparent reason, which so much puzzle foreigners, are thus explained. In opposition the Sagastinos declaim against the open and flagrant falsification of election returns by their opponents, and demand purity of administration as well as democratic reform; but when their spell of office comes, though appearances are kept up by some slight concessions in the way of legislation, all the old dishonesty of practice, wasteful and corrupt expenditure, and vicious administration are continued without a break. No attempt is made—or indeed can be made under present circumstances—to trample out the evil that is sapping Spain's vigour, "empleomania:" no bold politician dares to look facts in the face and speak the whole truth. And so the evil circle is complete; dishonest governments are faced in sham battle by dishonest oppositions, and parliamentary institutions, instead of being a public check upon abuses, are simply a mask behind which a large number of politicians may carry on their nefarious trade with impunity. Under these circumstances, therefore, the changes of ministry have little significance or influence on the national life, and need not henceforward be minutely described as they have hitherto been.

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[1] Zorilla, who had retired to Paris in disgust, refused to take any part in parliamentary opposition, which he looked upon as a sham, and Pi y Margall and the Federal Republicans also stood aloof.

Queen Mercedes had died childless, and it was considered necessary, if possible, to ensure the succession to the Crown in the male line, as it was known that the King was consumptive. Alfonso still clung to the memory of his dead wife, but recognised the national desire that he should marry again, and his choice fell upon the Archduchess Maria Cristina of Austria, whom he had known in Vienna. In the autumn of 1879 the Archduchess and her mother were staying at Arcachon near

Bordeaux, and thither went Alfonso to meet her. The wooing was a sad one, for the King was in deep mourning for his beloved sister Pilar, who had died a few weeks before, and he himself had just suffered a bad accident which partially disabled him. But yet as they walked in the sandy pinewoods of Arcachon they were a not unattractive couple. The lady with her long fair Austrian face and somewhat cold and haughty expression, had nevertheless a sweet, sincere directness of regard and speech which carried conviction both of honesty and strength, and her slight, graceful figure was as tall as that of the King who chatted by her side. He was pale, and traces of suffering were already stamped deeply on his face, but he had grown into a handsome, virile man; and his quick intelligence, voluble speech, and mobile, smiling features, made him a delightful companion.

He needed all his courage and high spirits, for calamity continued to assail his country. Famine had afflicted Spain for months, and the poorer classes were suffering much, while politicians were wrangling interminably over the nostrums of Free Trade or Protection[1]; but a still greater catastrophe hurried the King almost direct from his short courtship to witness scenes of desolation which have rarely been exceeded even in Spain. In October of 1879 a terrible inundation desolated vast tracts of the most fertile part of Spain, the kingdom of Murcia; villages were swept away, whole populations drowned, and important cities ruined. The heart of Europe was touched with the appalling story, and aid was sent in plenty to the thousands of homeless and destitute folk; but though the material succour assuaged some of the suffering, the presence and personal efforts of the young King were a greater moral stimulus still. Alfonso did not spare himself. Night and day, sometimes up to his knees in the mud and slime of the flooded streets, he worked heroically, directing and consoling. Alfonso had always been popular with his people but after his conduct in the Murcia floods he became, and remained, beloved as he had never been before.

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[1] This in Spain is mainly a provincial question. The Catalans being a manufacturing people, rich, industrious, enterprising, and well organised, insist upon protection for their industries; whereas the Castilians and other agricultural populations clamour for free trade, in order that their needs may be cheaply supplied. It is needless to say that Spain does not depend upon foreign countries for its food supply.

His second marriage was celebrated in the last days of the year (1879); this time with the full approval and presence of Isabel, and on the whole was not an unhappy one. Maria Cristina's name was against her, for it recalled that greedy old Maria Cristina, now dead, who had misgoverned Spain in Isabel's infancy; and the cool inexpansiveness and seclusion of the new Queen did not please a people so long accustomed to take part in the daily life of their sovereigns as the Madrileños had: but though they never loved the "Austrian," for she was a foreigner, they soon learnt at least to respect her for her rectitude, her virtue, and her practical wisdom. Poor, impulsive, light-hearted Alfonso, moreover, was but a wayward husband to her at first, surrounded as he was by gay companions and trying to forget the past; but he, too, ended by revering his devoted wife and the mother of his two daughters, the eldest of whom he called by the name of his unforgotten Mercedes; whilst the Queen never faltered in her care and tenderness for the husband whom she could not from the first hope to retain for many years.

The revolution in Cuba lingered in the centre of the island until February, 1878, when Marshal Martinez Campos, the Captain-General, finally ended it by means of a lavish expenditure in bribes and promises of autonomous reforms. The struggle had cost Spain nearly 100,000 men and forty millions sterling, and pacification had become an absolute necessity, unless the mother country was to be drained of the last drop of her sorely needed resources. But the promises made by Martinez Campos to the rebels were bitterly resented by the Conservative party in Spain, to which he belonged; and prudent Canovas, anxious to retain his hold over the party, promptly resigned and made way for the marshal as Prime Minister when it became necessary to present to the Cortes in the spring of 1879 a Bill for gradually abolishing slavery in Cuba (as had already been done in Porto Rico) and otherwise making a show of keeping faith with the Cubans.

The Government Bill for the abolition of slavery provided for no compensation to owners of slaves, but bound the latter to serve their old masters at a wage for eight years. The extreme Liberals were in favour of immediate manumission, whilst many Conservatives considered the Government proposals unfair to the slave-owners. Martinez Campos, on the other hand, refused to alter a line of the Bill and resigned (December 1879), and was succeeded by Canovas del Castillo, the Government proposals being then promptly pushed through the Cortes in the absence of the extreme parties on both sides, who withdrew from the Chamber in company with the representatives of Cuba. This, however, did not by any means settle the Cuban questions. Bitter discussions and recriminations took place in the Cortes with regard to the important financial and administrative reforms promised to the Cubans; and the rebels, finding that political parties in the mother country were not disposed to endorse the marshal's promises, once again raised the flag of revolt. Martinez Campos, who was no genius, was made the scapegoat, as doubtless Canovas intended from the first, the mass of the Conservative party practically disavowing him and his promises, although the Liberals and soldiers like Concha, Jovellar, and Pavia, who were acquainted personally with the conditions of Cuba, sided with him. The result was that the promises were not kept and the state of the unhappy island became worse than ever. The cost of the war was saddled upon Cuba, whose debt was thereby increased to fifteen millions sterling. In the face of a decline in the prosperity of the sugar industry fresh taxes were piled upon the already half-ruined people, who thenceforward were pillaged and wronged almost without restraint by those who were anxious to sweep in their ill-gotten wealth before the inevitable tornado came which should sweep them out of the land.

The persistence of Canovas in power by throwing over Martinez Campos and sacrificing Cuban reforms drove all the opposition elements into fusion under Sagasta, now aided by "the generals," who understood the critical condition of the colony. "The generals," too, began to hint at a military revolt like that of 1854, unless the Conservatives gave the other side a turn of office, and Alfonso himself sought to redress matters by smiling upon the opposition. In February, 1881, therefore, Canovas resigned the premiership, and was succeeded by Sagasta and a Liberal government, which for the first time in the modern parliamentary history of Spain attained office by peaceful constitutional means. Naturally a party which had reached power by such means and promises as those used by Sagasta was unable to satisfy all its elements, and soon a discontented democratic left, under Serrano, split off, whilst protectionist Cataluña, and manufacturers generally, rebelled against the supposed free-trade tendencies of the Government. Socialist agitation, especially in the south and east of Spain, assumed alarming proportions as a result of the disappointment felt by the advanced Liberals, and the same cause was the pretext for a revolt of the garrison of Badajoz (August 4, 1883), which, however, was soon suppressed by the activity of Martinez Campos, who was acting temporarily as Prime Minister during Sagasta's absence.[1]

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[1] There is no doubt that this was intended to be part of a widely organised rising in favour of the Republic under Salmeron and Zorilla, with the Constitution of 1869, and many small partial attempts were made simultaneously, but, mainly owing to Martinez Campos' vigour, none of them succeeded.

The ministry made heroic attempts to regain some of its lost prestige. Alfonso was taken all over the country reviewing troops and making pleasant speeches; but, unfortunately, was also allowed to pay an ostentatious round of visits to Germany and Austria. Although the Marquis de Vega Armijo, the Foreign Minister, took the responsibility of this step, it doubtless originated with Alfonso himself, who wished to visit the great German army manœuvres, and possibly also had an idea of international combinations. In any case, Canovas and the Conservatives were strongly opposed to the King's voyage, and events proved that they were right. The German court was, for political reasons, somewhat demonstrative in its welcome to the Spanish King, who was appointed an honorary colonel of Uhlans; and during Alfonso's return, on his way through Paris (September 29, 1883), he was grossly insulted by the irrepressible scum of the French capital. "Down with the Uhlan King!" "Down with Alfonso!" was the best welcome that the courtesy of Paris could extend to a foreign monarch with whom France was at peace; and the Government of Jules Ferry, though full of polite expressions, made no attempt either to repress or punish the outrage. The insult added, if possible, to Alfonso's popularity with his own people, but it left much ill blood behind it, and further weakened a Government which had acquiesced, if it had not prompted, the King's voyage.

Sagasta at length perceived that the time was arriving when the Conservatives must again be allowed to have their turn of office, and he suddenly became strongly Liberal again. Did the democratic left wish for universal suffrage? Certainly; they should have it. The full constitution of 1869? Don Praxedes Mateo Sagasta had no objection at all. But it was too late for him to avoid his own fall, although a coalition ministry of more advanced Liberals for a short time followed him, under Posada Herrera, most of the members being pledged to the introduction of universal suffrage and the revision of the Constitution, in a Radical sense. A term of opposition, however, was necessary to knit together again the Liberal web, and Canovas returned to office in January, 1884,[1] with a decree for the dissolution of Parliament. A dissolution was necessary in any case, and Alfonso has been somewhat unjustly blamed for not allowing the Liberals to dissolve instead of the Conservatives, but all such discussion is empty and academic, in face of the tacit understanding that each party was to have its share of office; and the Liberals were so

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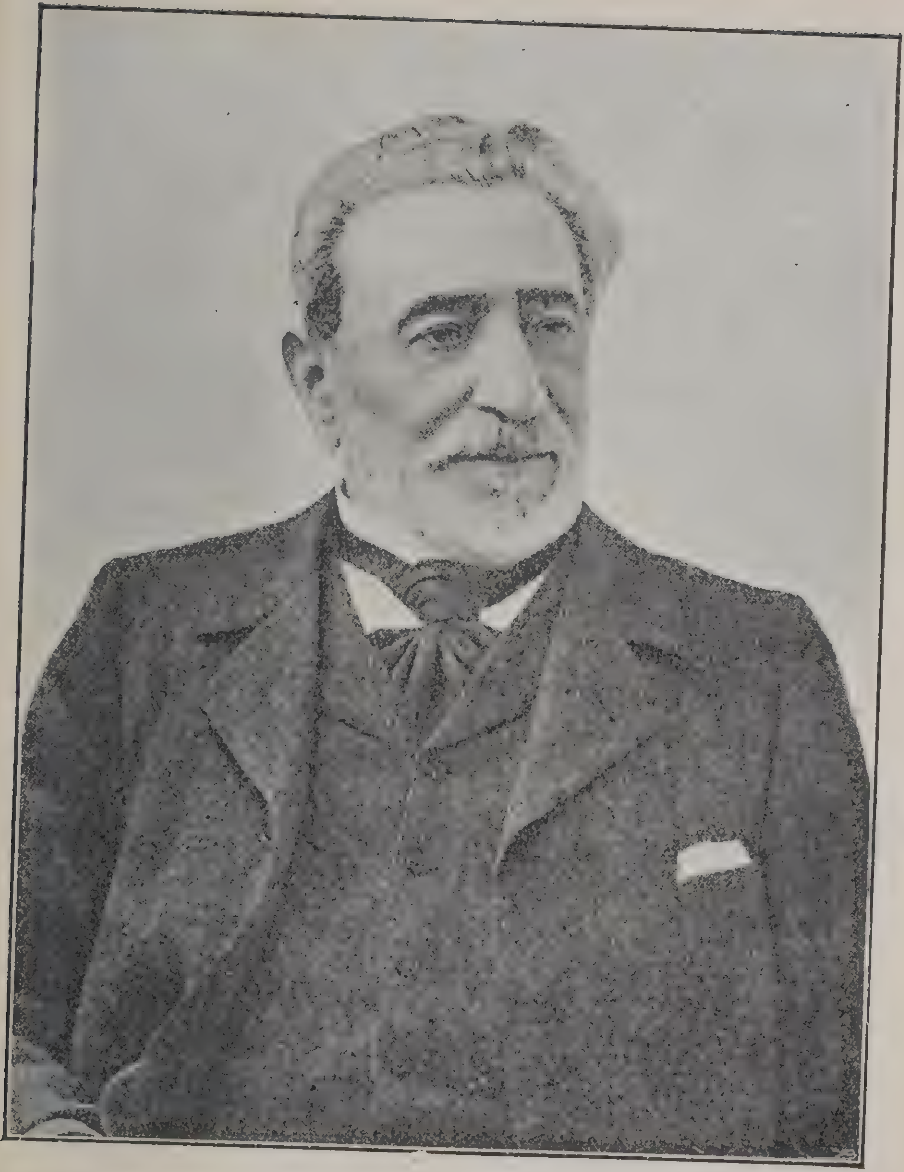
[1] Of the many promises made by the Liberals in opposition, almost the only one fulfilled was that to promote trade by treaties of commerce. Those with France and Germany were passed, against bitter Catalan opposition, but that with England was so unpopular as to be impossible. In the following year (March, 1885), when Canovas' ministry was attempting to arrive at a *modus vivendi* with England on the basis of the admission of Spanish wines up to 30 per cent. alcoholic strength at the shilling a gallon duty, Alfonso committed a grave imprudence. A deputation of Catalans addressed him against the project, and the King in reply made a violent protectionist speech, which the Government were obliged to cover with their responsibility, but which practically condemned their own action; and the arrangement with England fell through. Alfonso's impulsive sympathy not infrequently led him into mistakes of this sort.



PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA.

(*Liberal Prime Minister.*)

profoundly divided that, whatever section of them formed a government or controlled the Cortes, they were certain to be faced by a coalition of dissentients and Conservatives, which would render another dissolution necessary, and government would become impossible.

In the spring and summer of 1885 an appalling visitation of Asiatic cholera descended upon Spain, beginning in Valencia and Murcia, and soon reaching Madrid. The King and his wife refused to abandon the capital for a place of immunity, whatever happened[1]; and great as was the dismay, the decision of the royal family added much to Alfonso's popularity. By the middle of the summer, however, the epidemic was committing awful devastation in the south-east of Spain, and the stout-hearted little King saw that Madrid, bad as it was, was not the place of greatest danger, and consequently not the place of greatest honour. He begged hard of Canovas to be allowed to go to the plague-stricken districts, but the Government absolutely refused to take such a responsibility, and threatened to resign if the King persisted, Sagasta and the Liberals being of the same opinion. Alfonso gave way, as his manner was, and apparently abandoned the project. At the end of June between 500 and 600 fatal cases a day were recorded, and one of the worst centres of the epidemic was the village surrounding the palace of Aranjuez, about twenty-seven miles from Madrid. On July 2nd the King went ostensibly for a walk in the Retiro gardens, attended by only one gentleman, and without notice to any one, suddenly entered a train about to depart and slipped away to plague-stricken Aranjuez, where he visited the hospitals and patients, encouraged the officials, offered his palace for the shelter of convalescents, and provided succour for the necessitous. Soon the news reached Madrid: the unconstitutional act of the King was forgotten in its generosity, and when Alfonso returned at night all the capital greeted him as he had rarely been welcomed before.

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[1] It will be recollected that Isabel II. had incurred much unpopularity for having stayed away from Madrid during the previous visitation in 1865.

Through the autumn of 1885 Spain was in a fever of excitement with regard to the attempt of Germany to take possession of the Caroline Islands, which Spain had always claimed but never effectively occupied. The populace of Madrid, especially, lost all sense of restraint and proportion, and were for immediate war, without counting the cost. Thanks, however, entirely to the coolness of the German Government, who acted with great prudence throughout, the question at issue was referred to the Pope, who eventually (early in 1886) awarded to Spain the Carolines proper, whilst refusing her claim to the Gilbert, Marshall, and Mulgrave groups, as also to the Palaos and Maleotas, between the Philippines and the Carolines.

But amidst these warlike demonstrations ominous rumours began to circulate about the King's health. A slight cold neglected, said the doctors at first; but it was noticed that Alfonso had grown thin and listless, and he rarely appeared in public. The officials and courtiers, too, overdid the talk of his robustness, and proclaimed with suspicious vociferation every movement of the King outside his chamber, as if the performance of his ceremonial duties was something to be wondered at. Then early in October there came talk of his going to a milder climate for the winter, in place of cruel Madrid ;[1] but even this had to be abandoned, and at the end of the month the King was carried to the suburban palace of the Pardo ; though it was said that on the approaching marriage of his sister Eulalia with Montpensier's son, Antonio, he would go and pass a few weeks amongst the orange groves of San Lucar. Through it all, to the last, the officials and the Government insisted that Alfonso was in perfect health ; and he himself scoffed at the idea of his being ill, and resented the least suggestion that he was an invalid. His jokes and funny stories, of which he was so fond, became more frequent than ever, but the racking cough and hectic flush that accompanied them made the hearers weep tears of pity behind their courtier smiles. On November 22nd his mother and his wife, with the Duchess of Montpensier, visited him at the Pardo, and drove into the country. A close carriage had been ordered ; but Alfonso hated close carriages,[1] and though his family and friends prayed him to follow the physicians' recommendation and use a closed vehicle, and, as usual, he appeared to agree with them, an open carriage was at the door when the time came. The air of the mountains was cold and raw, and when the party returned the King stood laughing and chatting with his mother, wife, and aunt before a great wood fire. The Duchess of Montpensier reminded him that the 28th was his birthday, and promised to come and dine with him on that day. Suddenly he became grave, a cloud passed over his face, and as if musing he murmured —"A nice way to spend my twenty-eighth birthday!" It was indeed, for he passed it in his coffin! If he was aware of his condition when he used the expression is uncertain, but these were the only words that ever passed his lips indicating any such knowledge. From that day the King was stricken for death, and three days afterwards, on November 25th, Alfonso de Bourbon breathed his last. His devoted wife had been induced to leave his bedside for a time to take some rest. Several times during the night and early morning she approached him silently to watch his progress; and on the last occasion, at eight o'clock in the morning, she tiptoed to the side of the sleeping King alone. Suddenly something in his appearance alarmed her, and she cried aloud, heartbroken, "Alfonso! Alfonso! He is dying!" And she guessed aright, for in a few minutes she was a widow and the mother of a King as yet unborn.

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[1] The Madrileños have a proverb that the air of Madrid is so penetrating that it will kill a man and not put out a candle. It is particularly dangerous to persons of consumptive or bronchial tendency.

[2] When he was well he nearly always used a high-hooded gig or cabriolet, with a tandem team.

It is too early yet to pass judgment upon Alfonso XII. as a king, but at least it may be honestly asserted that he never meant evil. He had many of his mother's qualities, though with an infinitely stronger will, but he had been better trained than she, and had learned in adversity the lessons which she needed to make her a good queen. The circumstances of his country, moreover, were more favourable; his subjects had advanced considerably in capacity for representative government, and the sovereign's task was a much easier one than that which had fallen either to Fernando VII. or to Isabel II. His death left Spain in a perfect panic of sorrow and apprehension for the future; but pity, chivalry, and patriotism on the part of the governed, and, for once, wisdom and moderation on the part of the governors, enabled the nation to pass through a trying interregnum without disturbance, and to prove to the world that Spain, although slowly, was profiting by her hard experience.

Before proceeding to sketch briefly the events of the present reign a glance backward at the progress of the country under the restoration may be interesting. Spanish finance still retained its invariable character of improvident optimism. First on the programme of all political parties, and most eloquently proclaimed in all political speeches, was the principle of financial integrity and economy; but the estimates, however roseate when presented, always resulted in a heavy deficit which had to be added to the floating debt, and the collection and expenditure were as incurably corrupt as ever; whilst the taxation still weighed heavily upon the people in the form of excise on necessary articles of food. But the advance in wealth of the rest of the world acted to some extent upon Spain, and though the people were, and are still, sorely burdened, the standard of living had been considerably raised; houses were more comfortable, manners were softened, and the respectable classes in towns were distinctly better off than they had been.

The amount of annual revenue collected at the period of Alfonso's death fluctuated between thirty and thirty-two millions sterling, and the conversion, reduction, and reorganisation of the various national debts had considerably relieved the exchequer; the new Spanish consolidated 4 per cent. being quoted at about 60, so that the credit of the country stood higher than it had done for many years. This was partly owing to the fact that Spain had apparently shaken from her politics the yoke of militarism, and that the days of *pronunciamientos* were over. The trade of the country also had enormously increased, the imports being in 1882 worth £32,666,676, and the exports £30,615,043: whereas in 1862 they had only been respectively worth £16,793,127 and £11,105,322, the value of trade having therefore much more than doubled in twenty years. The principal items of increase of exports were wine, minerals, and oranges, of which France and England were the best customers, as the following figures will prove:—

	FRANCE.		ENGLAND.	
	1862.	1882.	1862.	1882.
Imports from	£6,253,007	£8,835,132	£4,198,424	£6,834,055
Exports to	2,534,143	12,391,267	3,086,209	9,407,659
Totals	£8,787,150	£21,226,399	£7,284,633	£16,241,714

whereas the great increase between Spain and Germany in the same period had been almost entirely in goods imported into Spain, which had risen from £16,616 in 1862, to £3,309,661 in 1882.[1]

The movement of shipping had been also remarkable, the amount of tonnage entering Spanish ports having been in 1862, 2,836,966 tons; and in 1882, 18,310,608 tons, of which nearly one-third was English, notwithstanding the heavy differential dues in favour of Spanish ships. The protection of Catalan textiles and the jealousy of manufacturers almost closes the door against English goods, and our principal exports to Spain are coal, coke, pig-iron, and machinery, whilst we mostly receive from her minerals, fine wines, and fruit; the main produce of Spain sent to France being common red wine for the purpose of turning into French claret.

In other ways, too, the country had advanced. A great increase had been made in the mileage of the splendid State high-roads; and, thanks to foreign capital—mainly French and Belgian—railways and irrigation works had been augmented to some extent. The population had now risen to seventeen and a half million souls, of whom 28 per cent. could read and write in 1885, as against 20 per cent. twenty years before, notwithstanding the wretched school system, compulsory only in name, which left the national schoolmasters unpaid, and considered sufficient one school for every 560 of the population.[1]

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[1] The falling off of English exports into Spain is continuous, having fallen to £3,330,747 in 1897, whereas the Spanish produce received in England for the same year had risen to £13,125,000.

The artistic and literary movements in the period now under review had been very marked, annual exhibitions of pictures in Madrid and Barcelona, and the support of chosen students by the State, greatly adding to the artistic production. In 1878 the world-famous picture by Pradilla, one of the State students, was exhibited, representing the "Crazy" Queen Jane jealously watching the coffin of her husband in an open field on a snowy night, rather than allow it to enter a convent of nuns. Ribera, Gisbert, Degrain, Villegas (painter of the famous "Baptism"), Madrazo, and Rosales, also produced notable works during the reign of Alfonso: whilst in Paris and Rome at the same time Spanish artists were following in the school of the famous Fortuny, and producing characteristic Spanish work of the highest class.

The final triumph of the limited monarchy and parliamentary government of a sort had at least freed the expression of thought from trammels, and Spanish letters now took a wider flight. It is true that during the reign of Alfonso the famous, if somewhat gloomy and overrated, romantic tragedies of Echegaray were produced: "En el puño de la Espada," "La Esposa del Vengador," "El Gran Galeoto," &c., and a large number of lighter theatrical pieces by less well-known men, but generally speaking the larger sphere now opened to writers turned some of the best pens to other than dramatic work. The most popular of all Spanish writers was—and still is—Benito Perez Galdos, with his twenty volumes of patriotic novels called "Episodios Nacionales," beginning with incidents of the reign of Charles IV., and bringing the story of Spanish politics and society in fiction down to our own times. Though not so popular as Galdos José Maria Pereda, who at this period produced some of his best work, is in many respects far superior, as in his novels, "Pedro Sanchez," "Sotileza," and others, treating of the Biscay life he knows and loves so well. Juan Valera was still writing, and the poet-politician Ayala died only shortly before Alfonso; but some entirely new writers of genius were now heard of for the first time. Leopold Alas (Clarín), a great literary critic, but a far greater novelist, had just written (1884) his fine analytical romance, "La Regenta"; and Armando Palacio Valdés had commenced his career with "Marta y Maria," and "La Hermana de San Sulpicio." Their greatest contemporary rival, the most famous Spanish woman writer of this century, is Emilia Pardo Bazan, whose novels of her native province, Galicia, are photographic in their fidelity to life, although her best work, "Los Pazos de Ulloa," "De mi tierra" and "La Madre Naturaleza," were not written until after the death of Alfonso.

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[1] There were in 1885 24,529 public elementary schools and 5,576 private schools in Spain, the number of scholars on the books being 1,843,183.

Apart from writers of fiction, the Spaniard who attracted most attention as an author during Alfonso's reign and since was Marcelino Menendez y Pelayo, whose extraordinary learning and keen

MARIA CRISTINA OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

critical faculty were shown in his "Ciencia española," and "Historia de los Heterodoxos espanoles" (1881), although his more famous "Historia de las ideas esteticas en España" did not appear until later. He is indeed, although still comparatively young, the head of a profound but somewhat heavy school of Spanish historical writing, of which the laborious Father Fidel Fita, Captain Fernandez Duro, and Señor Azcarate are the most distinguished members.

Alfonso's elder daughter, Mercedes, succeeded temporarily as Queen, with her mother as Regent, pending the birth of the expected child of the latter. It was a period of suspense, during which, to the honour of all parties, controversy was hushed. In order to give the opposition no excuse for agitation, Canovas, with true patriotism, recommended the grief-stricken Regent in the early days of her widowhood to entrust the government to his opponents, the Liberals under Sagasta, and to the latter fell the duty of proclaiming to the waiting nation the birth of Alfonso XIII. on the 17th of May, 1886.

It has already been remarked that the Regent was unfortunate in her name and nationality, for of the two Queen Regents of Spain during the minority of the sovereigns, their children, one had been a Cristina and the other an Austrian, and both had been bad. Many a grave head shook at the ominous conjunction of the two, and doubt grew into alarmed conviction amongst the superstitious people when the Queen insisted upon calling her child after his father, Alfonso, for the number he would have to bear in history was the THIRTEENTH, and surely this, they said, was inviting disaster! But the Regent, though a Cristina and an Austrian, walked straight and steadfastly, living a blameless life; self-restrained and wary, devoted to her children and honest towards her adopted country, she tried to banish the evil omens that surrounded the prospects of her baby son. Whether she will have succeeded remains yet to be seen; but those who have read this history will admit that it has been indeed a great achievement to have kept the throne of her son safe and firm, and the country free from civil war, during the thirteen years of her regency.

The political parties alternate in office with as little reason or profit to the country as before; the old abuses of "empleomania" and administrative corruption go on without great change; the rural classes are still crushed with fiscal burdens so great as, in many cases, to make their arid unirrigated land not worth tilling; but the nation lives its life, and progresses independently of its politics, only asking to be allowed to work in peace, and to keep some portion of the product of its labour for its own sustenance. We have seen how rough has been the awakening on every occasion that impatient reformers have sought prematurely to raise the nation politically more rapidly than its development in other respects warranted. It may now be safely asserted that during the last thirty years the people themselves have with much painful effort almost reached the level of their present political institutions, and if left to work out their own social salvation without fresh convulsions will make vast strides in enlightenment and prosperity in the next few years.

Only by this process, and not by the impatient efforts of politicians, can the deeply-rooted evils which have ruined Spain be cast out. With a raised standard of comfort for all classes and a consequent greater need for money, the crowding into the wretchedly paid State service will give way to more profitable industry; with the spread of education and wealth the advantages of a stable earned income over the precarious windfalls of corruption will be apparent. In the case of Spain, as with other countries, the social, moral, and intellectual uprising should precede, or at least go hand in hand with the full enjoyment of popular government, in order that the benefit of the latter may be felt by the nation at large. The misfortune of Spain has been that the opposite course was followed by well-meaning men, who thought to remedy in a year the evils imposed by centuries of serfdom; and this history has been mainly concerned in relating how the plant of Spain civilisation has gradually in the course of a century pushed its way through the stones that politicians have piled upon the land.

It was 1890 before the Liberal promises made in opposition were partially fulfilled with regard to the reform of the "restoration" Constitution of 1876, but some of the clauses to which advanced democrats most objected were wisely still allowed to stand. The power of making laws remained as before, "invested in the Cortes with the King"; the Senate continued to consist of three classes, namely: grandees, bishops, and high officers of State, sitting by right, with 100 members nominated by the Crown, and 180 elected by Provincial Councils, Universities, and other Corporations, one-half of the elected Senators being elected every five years: but the popular chamber is now elected by indirect vote on a residential manhood suffrage. There are 431 members, of whom 88 are elected in 26 large districts with several members each, and the rest by equal single-member electoral districts of 50,000 inhabitants each. Every province has now its provincial elected council, which has charge of the local government; and each Commune has its district council with control over the local taxation of the town or district, so that the Radical cry for decentralisation has also been met. Unfortunately, however, official jobbery and administrative corruption continue to tamper disastrously with elections, local and parliamentary, and, perfect as the machinery appears on paper, the apathy of the population still allows a few party wire-pullers, who in Spanish political slang are called "caciques," to control almost everything.

Canovas and the Conservatives returned to power in 1890, after the reform of the Constitution, but made way for Sagasta again two years later. It was during Sagasta's term of office early in 1895 that the Cuban question again became acute. Since Spain had broken the promises made for her by Martinez Campos at Zanjon in 1878, the Cubans had been organising in the United States a supreme struggle for their national independence, and the first successful movement was made from Santo Domingo in March, 1895, the chief organisers being José Marti, who fell early in the struggle, and Maximo Gomez, the most active leaders being the mulatto brothers Maceo, who landed at Baracoa on March 31st, to be followed by Marti and Gomez a fortnight later at Maisi. There were only 19,000 Spanish soldiers in Cuba, less than half of whom were in the eastern part of the island where rebellion was strong. The Captain-General, Isasi, proclaimed martial law at Matanzas and Santiago, and troops were brought from Porto Rico, but the home government had no desire to fight, if affairs could be settled by concession or money, and Martinez Campos was sent hurriedly by Sagasta to carry out a policy of conciliation combined with force.

The Cubans at first were divided into two well-defined parties, one in favour of complete independence, and the other promising to be content with autonomy under the Spanish flag. It was Martinez Campos' task to divide these two parties and dominate them separately, the one by arms and the other by promises; but events marched rapidly. The rebels increased largely in numbers, resources reached them readily from Santo Domingo, Jamaica, and the States; and on September 13, 1895, the first Constituent Cuban Assembly met at Jimaguaya and formally proclaimed the Cuban Republic, of which the revered Salvador Cisneros was elected President with a regularly constituted administration, and with Maximo Gomez and Antonio Maceo the generals to command the forces.

The natives in arms were greatly favoured by the

From Photo by] [*Fernando Debas, Madrid.*

ANTONIO CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO.

(*The late Conservative Prime Minister.*)

mountains and thickly wooded country in which they fought, and time after time the Spaniards fell into ambush and were slaughtered. The malarious fever worked havoc in the ranks of poorly fed lads who formed the Spanish rank and file, and it was seen that once more Spain must strain every nerve or lose the "pearl of the Antilles." The line of blockhouses and entrenched fences across the island, separating the loyal from the rebel territory, was reconstructed, and by the end of the year 1895 Martinez Campos had 80,000 Spanish soldiers to face the insurrection. But in the broken jungle and rugged mountains large bodies were almost useless. The rebels in small bands crept through the lines by thousands to Cienfuegos and Espiritu Santo. Everywhere they eluded large bodies and destroyed small ones, and soon Martinez Campos found that almost within sight of Havana a rebel force of 12,000 men could muster with impunity. The people of the country outside the reach of Spanish bayonets were persuaded or coerced to join the insurrection and cut off Spanish supplies; and even in the extreme west of the island beyond Havana, in the province of Pinar del Rio, Maceo with 4,000 men defied the armies of Spain. The Spaniards in Havana and at home soon lost patience at the failure of Martinez Campos, for whilst he was unable to beat the rebels in the field, no one would listen to his talk of concession and conciliation. With the return of Canovas and the Conservatives to power a fatal new policy towards Cuba was adopted. There was to be no conciliation until the rebellion had been utterly crushed, and the man chosen for the fell work was Valeriano Weyler, Marquis of Tenerife, who arrived in the island early in 1896. He had shown Cubans in the previous war the stuff of which he was made, and came with all the terror surrounding his name, for the avowed purpose of drowning in blood the hopes of Cuban independence.

His plan was to cause the wretched country people in the districts occupied by the rebels to be concentrated in fixed places under Spanish guard, and then to set forth on a regular systematic campaign of extirpation of person and property within the provinces from which these "pacific" people had been cleared. All through the summer of 1896 the work of devastation went on with savagery worthy of the first Spanish conquerors, the miserable "pacificos" dying by thousands of starvation and fever, for the Spaniards themselves were hungry and sick, and these unhappy people were in still worse case. Gomez and the Maceos with their forces were ubiquitous, and as savage in their reprisals as was Weyler in his attack. Many Cuban leaders fell, amongst them Jose Maceo, but the worst disaster was the loss of his brother Antonio Maceo, the second in command, who was caught and killed by the Spaniards in the autumn. Discouragement fell upon the rebel forces, and Gomez abandoned the west part of the island, whilst Weyler gradually pushed ever further eastward his zone of destruction. Santiago, Manzanillo, Holguin, and the other large towns in the east were in Spanish hands, but the open country was still held by the Cubans, and here with ruthless ferocity the guerrilla war of extermination was carried on.

But civilisation was growing sick of this savage slaughter, especially in the United States, where a great number of Cubans were resident; and in Spain itself Liberals and Democrats were crying shame and reproach upon such warfare. At this point, in August, 1897, the Spanish Premier, Canovas del Castillo, was murdered by an Italian anarchist in a northern watering-place; and, after a short transition ministry under General Azcarraga, Sagasta and the Liberals came into office. A sudden change in Cuban policy was the result, and General Blanco was sent out to pacify the island with offers of autonomy. Blanco arrived in Cuba in November, 1897, and at once commenced his merciful commission. Some of the starving "pacificos" were sent back to their ruined homes, and an attempt made to save them from utter extinction by famine and pestilence: the Cuban home-rule measure was put into effect, and an island parliament assembled, but matters had already gone too far. The blood wantonly spilt could not be forgotten by either side, and, with the exception of Spaniards and a few town-dwellers of Cuban birth, no one was in favour now of home-rule under the Spanish flag; though Blanco struggled manfully to win the people to his side. The Cubans in arms and their United States sympathisers could not forget how Martinez Campos' promises had been broken and would trust Spain no more. The Republican Government now under President Masso, with Gomez and Calisto Garcia as generals, held firmly to its demand for complete independence, and "Cuba libre!" was the only cry that reached Cuban hearts.

The United States Government could not fail to be deeply moved at these events passing at its own doors and in a country where the interests of its citizens were so large. President Cleveland in his message to Congress of December, 1896, had warned the Spanish Government that the patience of the United States was nearly at an end, and a year later President McKinley had repeated the warning. In the meanwhile the "volunteers" and other Spanish friends of the old abuses in Havana were acting towards Blanco as outrageously as years before they had done towards Dulce. The turbulence and rioting in the city threatened United States interests, and the *Maine*, U.S. battleship, was sent to Havana Harbour to watch events. On the night of the 15th of February, 1898, a terrible explosion shook the city, and the *Maine* was destroyed with awful loss of life. Already the relations of the countries were strained, for the horrors of Weyler's campaign, and the appeals of the Cubans in arms, had touched the imagination of the United States citizens, and this explosion was sufficient to fire their indignation beyond control. That the *Maine* was destroyed by a submarine mine is certain, but whether discharged purposely from the shore, or accidentally, is still in dispute. If so hideous a crime was committed it was positively not with the connivance of any responsible Spanish authority or government, for it was the most untoward event that could have happened for the afflicted country, and for those who were now striving honestly to grant to Cubans full autonomy under the old flag.

On the 19th of April the United States legislature adopted a joint resolution to the effect that the Cubans "are, and of right ought to be, free and independent," and demanded the withdrawal of Spanish forces and authority from the island. Spain was poor and unprepared, but she was anxiously desirous at last to do justice to Cuba, and was proudly indignant at the peremptory demand of the American Republic. Her honour was touched, she dared not give way, and by the end of April the Cuban ports were blockaded by American cruisers, and unhappy Spain was again sending the flower of her youth and her sorely-needed resources to be sunk into the bottomless gulf which the ineptitude and bad faith of her own rulers had opened. Once more picturesque patriotism over-rode all other considerations. Eloquent declamation, fervid demands for any sacrifice but that of honour, blessing of banners, rogations at shrines, solemn dedication of lives to death or victory; beautiful, romantic, and touching, but, alas! what was lacking was business-like prior preparation. Devoted sacrifice and impracticable professions were useless with the enemy at the door, the Spanish ships foul and unready, the guns obsolete, and the ammunition short. America was unready too, but with unlimited resources, a near base, and the Cubans on her side, her unreadiness was more easily remedied.

The war was a little one, so far as land operations were concerned. The sinking of the Spanish squadron at Manila proved how utterly unprepared was the naval force of Spain, upon which the last hope of rescuing the Antilles depended. The main Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera left the Cape de Verde islands at the end of April, and evaded the American squadron for some time in the neighbourhood of Cuba, entering the harbour of Santiago on the 19th of May, where it was promptly blockaded by Admiral Sampson and the United States fleet. A futile bombardment of the land forts was attempted by the American ships, and an attempt made by sinking the *Merrimac* in the mouth of the harbour to bar Cervera's escape; but finally a regular attack in force on the town from the land side had to be made by a United States army corps; and when the place was thus closely beleaguered by land and sea, the only escape for the Spanish fleet was to run the gauntlet and force a passage from the harbour in which, with incredible ineptitude, it had allowed itself to be caught like a rat in a trap. It was heroic, hopeless, and useless. The ships were outclassed by the Americans, they were in wretched condition, the guns were obsolete and badly served and the ammunition short. On the 3rd of July four Spanish cruisers and two torpedo destroyers sallied from Santiago Harbour, in face of the American fleet, and attempted to escape. They were pursued by the big battleships and sunk or driven ashore as they ran with fearful carnage, and thus, for the fourth time in her history, Spain temporarily disappeared as a naval power. Santiago promptly surrendered, and the preliminaries of peace were agreed to in Washington on the 12th of August, by which exhausted Spain was forced to renounce all her rights over Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

The fate of Cuba and the Philippines still trembles in the balance as we write, and Porto Rico, which had sought no change, is now an American possession; but whatever may become of these tropical lands, at least they will return no more to the dominion whose nerveless hand has let them go, and they have for ever ceased to belong to the future history of Spain. Pity, as we must, the pathetic helplessness of a brave and ardent nation which thus, almost without an effort, sees the last shred of its great trans-Atlantic empire torn from it, we can only bend our heads to the inexorable law that tells us, "Surely your sin shall find you out." Cruelty, rapine, and injustice had marked Spanish rule both at home and in the Colonies; but just at the hour when brighter days were dawning, and the sound-hearted people of Spain were entering the circle of enlightened self-governing nations, the sins of their fathers are visited upon them, and the payment for past evil is exacted to the full.

The sacrifice was inevitable, and yet one set of politicians after another have sought to make capital out of it for themselves, and have ended by casting upon the woman who strove hardest for peace, Queen Cristina, the onus of the calamitous result for which every person in Spain is more responsible than she. Sagasta has made way for Canovas' successor, Silvela; Liberals and Conservatives have sought to shift upon each other, and have finally agreed to shift upon the Queen Regent, the act of surrender; whilst patriotic Don Carlos has been threatening to revive his hopeless cause and fill the cup of the nation's sorrow when the sacrifice was complete.

The fate of the child-King Alfonso XIII. and of his nation rests upon the knees of the gods, but one thing may be safely predicted, namely, that Carlism as a political system is dead in Spain. A new generation of prosperous Basques has sprung up, who are contented with things as they are; absolutism, upon which Carlism depended outside of the Basque provinces, is past revival, and a popular constitutional government, republic or monarchy, is alone possible in Spain, the most naturally democratic country in Europe.

The story we have had to tell has been a pitiable one in many respects; a story of almost unbroken calamity and trouble for over a century: but it has in it the germ of consolation, that through all the wickedness and folly which have marked the progress of governments, the tendency of the people has been mainly upward. "Hurrah for chains!" will be heard no more, and a return to the days of Fernando, or even of Isabel II., is as impossible now as a return to the despotism of the Philips. Spain's greatness and Spain's ultimate misery arose from the same cause, namely, the extension of her interests and dominions beyond the power of control possessed by her own nation. It may be that the loss of her vast possessions will prove a blessing in disguise to the Niobe of nations, and that fate will be satisfied with this last great atonement, and will bring to an end the long tale of Spain's tribulations with a wise, happy, and prosperous reign for Alfonso XIII.

XII.

A FRESH START UPHILL.

The loss of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies and the Philippines naturally produced an enormous reaction in Spain. A wave of pessimism swept over the country, which is specially reflected in the literature of the period. A demand for reforms in administration was loudly raised, and in many quarters the loss of the colonies was looked upon as a not unmixed evil, if its result were to be the turning of the attention of the country to home problems. Looking back on the period which has elapsed since the fateful year, one sees signs of a continuous effort being made towards the political, social and economical regeneration of the country, but the climb out of the abyss has been an arduous one, with not a few falls backward. Here an attempt can only be made to indicate some of the main features of the struggle which all lovers of Spain have watched with sympathy.

It will be impossible to follow the frequent changes of Government. The system of rotation of parties has gone on practically unchanged, though the manœuvres have been complicated by the rise of the Regionalist and Socialist forces. Both main parties, Liberal and Conservative, have from time to time been rent by dissensions, and on occasion resort has been had to a coalition ministry. The position of the monarch under these circumstances has not been an easy one. From his accession in 1902, Alfonso XIII. showed every sign of wishing to continue the policy inaugurated by his father, that of acting as a strictly constitutional ruler. He early manifested an interest in the general life of the people, and did a great deal to break through the rigidity of traditional court ceremonial. His marriage in 1906 to an English Princess was a triumph for those who placed their hopes for the welfare of Spain in an approximation to the Western in preference to the Central group of European Powers. A series of visits to the various countries has evinced the personal popularity of Alfonso XIII. abroad, whilst his striking courage on more than one occasion when his life has been in danger from assassins has awakened fervent admiration in a people, one of whose characteristics has always been personal bravery. If in latter years there has been a growing feeling that the King has been influenced by a Court camarilla and a military clique, some explanation may perhaps be found in the bewildering succession of political advisers which the constant changes of ministry have afforded him, with the possible effect of forcing him to look elsewhere for steady advice and support.

The long reigns, turn and turn about, of the Conservative, Cánovas del Castillo, and the Liberal, Sagasta, during the regency of Queen Cristina had the effect of increasing the indifference of the people to matters political. These two leaders were supreme in their respective parties, and shared power between themselves with a perfect good grace. After their deaths an entirely different state of affairs set in. No one politician on either side was strong enough to claim the entire succession, and subsequent political history shows a series of party splits, with consequent instability of ministries. It is possible here to mention only a few of the outstanding names. On the Conservative side the most prominent leader in the earlier stages was Silvela. A well-intentioned man, he unsuccessfully attempted several reforms, seconded by his lieutenants—Dato, in social, and Villaverde, in financial matters. In subsequent years, Dato reached a high position in the party, and was several times Prime Minister, notably at the outbreak of the European War. But most will admit that a more representative Conservative figure during this period has been Don Antonio Maura. Though looked upon by many as a reactionary, he has, during his long political career, never ceased to preach reform. In the presence of the growth of Republican and Socialist sentiment in the country, he sees, as the only possible means of salvation, a "revolution from above." The death of Sagasta brought forward three aspirants to the Liberal succession—Montero Ríos, Canalejas, and Moret. The last-named, for a time, seemed to be establishing himself in power, but he was finally outstripped by Canalejas, who represented the more Radical tendencies of the party. He succeeded, by skilful compromises, in maintaining himself in power for considerable periods, but thereby weakened the possibility of carrying into effect his promises of reform. His career was brought to a tragic close in 1912, when he fell by the hand of an assassin. Since then the most prominent figure on the Liberal side has been the Conde de Romanones, whose advent to power seemed to mark a reunion of Liberal forces, which has, however, never lasted for any considerable length of time.

Among what may be called the anti-dynastic groups are ranged the Carlists, the Regionalists, the Republicans, and the Socialists. The first-named seem to be suffering from a distinct loss of vitality. After the last civil war, Don Carlos refused to interfere on occasions such as the Spanish–American War, which might have tempted an effort to regain the throne. His son, Don Jaime, has not given much opportunity to learn his plans. In later years there has been a tendency to develop the social side of the movement, largely supported by the strong religious feeling of the northern provinces, which has also made itself heard on the question of the relations between Church and State. The "integrists" of the party, as they style themselves, take their stand on the supremacy of the Catholic religion and on the Divine right of Kings. The Republican party, which in theory draws its inspiration from the former heads of the short-lived Republic, has had its influence lessened by internal dissensions and by the fact that most of its suggested reforms have become law at the hands of the Liberals and the Moderate Conservatives. Its outstanding representatives have been Melquíades Alvarez and Lerroux. In recent years, the former seems to have wavered in his faith, and prefers to be known as a Reformista. There have always been close relations between the Republican party and the Regionalist movement. Finally, the return to Parliament in 1909 of Pablo Iglesias marked the first entry of Socialism into political life. Here, as elsewhere in Europe, the issues involved are economical rather than political.

The internal political movement of supreme importance which has developed in recent years in Spain is that known as Regionalism. Though the tendency has shown itself strong in the Basque Provinces, in Galicia, and even in Valencia, its most marked manifestations have been in Catalonia. The cultural beginnings of the movement in the last century soon took on a political aspect. Memories of the former independence of Catalonia were stirred up, and in particular, stress was laid on what was held to be the superiority of the ancient civil law of the Duchy of Barcelona as compared with the modern Spanish code. The upheaval of 1898 gave a new impulse to these ideals, and inspired a determination to lift Catalonia out of the rut into which the country as a whole had fallen. In 1901, a definite organisation, known as the Lliga Regionalista, was formed, and by 1907 no less than forty Regionalist deputies were returned to the Cortes. A recent statement (1916) of the aspirations of Catalan nationalism contains the following programme:

1. An autonomous Catalan State, sovereign as to internal government.
2. Catalan parliament responsible only to people of Catalonia.
3. Executive responsible only to Catalan parliament.
4. Catalan code of law to be enforced.
5. Local judicial power, with a Supreme Court of Appeal for Catalan cases.
6. Official character of the Catalan language.
7. Federal Union of Spain, with a central power to take charge of foreign affairs, inter-federal relations, army and navy, communications, coinage, etc.

Some idea of the mixture of parties in the Spanish parliament may be obtained by the following allocation of seats after a recent general election (1918).

Moderate Conservatives	119
Extreme Conservatives	27
Liberals	165
Regionalists	35
Carlists	9
Radicals	9
Republicans	15
Socialists	6
Independents	20

With regard to the share taken by the country in general in politics, the introduction of universal suffrage into Spain did little to change the electoral conditions. Practically it only meant the manipulation of a larger quantity of votes by the Government which had the "making" of the elections, and by the *caciques* who worked under their orders, or were themselves able to hold out conditions, and to obtain terms from the rival parties. But in recent years the power of the *cacique* has been challenged by an important rival, the *duro*. The elector has begun to realise that his vote has a definite market value. As a modern writer, Gómez de Baquero, has picturesquely put it, in the eyes of the elector the dazzling power of the gilt ball on the Ministerio de Gobernación in the Puerta del Sol, has been outstripped by that of the massive figures on some of the banks in the Calle de Alcalá. At the same time, there are encouraging signs of electoral independence in some of the larger towns. Madrid returns a majority of members who do not belong to either of the traditional parties.

A disturbing element in the internal political life of the country within the last few years has been the formation of the military Juntas de Defensa. These defence committees were originally started to formulate grievances, some of which, notably those referring to promotion, were admittedly justified. But they soon developed into formidable political instruments. Repressive measures were first tried against them, and afterwards withdrawn. Realising the weakness and divisions of political parties they were able, for a time, to dictate their own terms, but public opinion was at last aroused, and they were finally suppressed.

To turn now to external political affairs, the question of Morocco has dragged its slow length along practically the whole of the period under review, and its recurring problems have prevented Spain from turning much needed attention to home affairs. There is probably no question on which public opinion is more divided in Spain. It may be pointed out, however, that the movement towards Morocco represents not so much a continuation of a consistent Spanish policy as the revival of a long dormant one, inspired by a different class of interests. The traditionalists still keep harping on the testament of Isabel the Catholic in its references to Africa, but they seem to forget the fact that for several centuries the eyes of Spain were turned from the lands at her feet to the immense possessions at the other side of the globe. The impulse to return to the consideration of her African interests would appear, in effect, to have come from without. When the Fashoda incident between France and England had been settled, and the former was left with a free hand in Northern Africa, it became necessary to settle respective "zones of influence" between her and Spain. In 1902 a treaty was drawn up but remained unsigned. Its principal point of interest was that it included the important town of Fez within the Spanish zone. In 1904 a Franco-British declaration fixed the bases for future action in Morocco between these two countries, and recognised the interests of Spain. This arrangement was soon followed in the same year by a definite agreement between France and

Spain by which a line of demarcation was fixed, leaving Fez outside of the Spanish zone, and establishing an international regime in Tangier.

These arrangements were not regarded by Germany with a kindly eye. The Kaiser, with much pomp and circumstance, paid a visit to Tangier, and German diplomacy made a determined effort to separate Spain from France and England. The fall of Delcassé paved the way for the entry of Germany into the discussions on the Morocco question at the Conference of Algeciras in 1906. The first meeting of the Conference was held in January, and the sessions lasted some ten weeks. After a discussion in the Spanish parliament the formal exchange of ratifications took place in Madrid in December. The main effect of the Convention was to recognise the special interests of Spain and France in Morocco. A native police force was to be officered by Spanish and French instructors, and both countries were to be jointly responsible for the enforcement of customs regulations. The final article stipulated that all previous treaties and conventions between signatory Powers and Morocco would remain in force unless their terms were in opposition to the Convention. The importance of this Conference for Spain lay, more than in the actual benefits of the arrangement, in the fact that it meant the reappearance of Spain in the councils of Europe. After a long period of isolation, the country began to take its place once more as a factor of political importance.

The situation in Morocco remained fairly satisfactory until 1909, when trouble broke out in the environs of Melilla owing to the attacks of the Rif tribesmen on Spanish workmen engaged in railway construction. So serious did the situation become that the ordinary army forces were considered insufficient and the reserves were called out. The rising was not put down until after much bloodshed the following year, when an indemnity of 65 million pesetas was paid by Morocco. A number of questions still remained to be settled between France and Spain when Germany decided to enter the field once more by the spectacular dispatch of a gunboat to Agadir. When the storm raised by this action had subsided, a new Franco–Spanish treaty was signed in 1912, which included a fresh delimitation of spheres of influence. The result of this was received with mixed feelings in Spain, especially as Tangier was still kept out of the Spanish zone. However, the danger of encirclement by other European Powers on the African shores had been stopped, and the way was open to Spain to develop her material interests in the new protectorate. Unfortunately she seems to have had no very clear idea of the policy to be adopted, and instead of civil administration, military rule was set up with disastrous results, which have not yet been successfully handled.

The second outstanding feature in Spain's foreign relations in late years has, of course, been her attitude in presence of the great European conflict. This is not a matter in which the combatant parties could be expected to judge impartially, but some notion of the state of public opinion in Spain may be gained from the utterances and actions of political leaders of different types. A moderate Conservative party was in power under Dato at the outbreak of war, and a formal declaration of neutrality was promptly issued. After sixteen months of warfare, the Prime Minister was able to express his satisfaction that no complaint had come from any one of the belligerent Powers as to the attitude of Spain. When a Liberal Government under Romanones assumed office, its leader declared: "In the actual circumstances only one course is laid down for us, absolute neutrality. This is what the whole country demands, and this is what I intend to maintain with all my strength." The German submarine campaign made him change, somewhat, his point of view, but he recognised that the general opinion of the country was not with him and he resigned. He was succeeded by the leader of the Democratic party, García Prieto, who likewise made no attempt to change the policy adopted by Spain. To take political leaders not in office at the time, Maura's opinion may be summed up in his words: "We have neither the duty, the power, nor the will to go to war." Vázquez de Mella, the Carlist representative, preached support of Germany largely as a protest against English imperialism (Gibraltar), and French Jacobinism (the Church question). The "Reformista" leader, Melquíades Alvarez, advocated a benevolent neutrality in favour of the western allies: "Rather with France and England in defeat than by Germany's side in triumph."

Finally, the Republican leader, Lerroux, proposed a "dynamic neutrality," by which Spain would allow the use of her ports and Mediterranean fleet to the Allies. Round all these politicians public opinion gathered in varying shades, influenced by sympathies of creed, class and profession. But if Spain withheld from armed intervention on either side, she took an active part in humanitarian efforts to mitigate the horrors of war everywhere. Under the immediate auspices of King Alfonso, an office was established in the Royal Palace of Madrid which did splendid service in putting wounded and prisoners in enemy countries into communication with their families. Similarly, the Spanish representatives at the various capitals worked unceasingly on behalf of the interests of subjects of Powers at war with the countries to which they were attached.

We may now turn our attention more particularly to the internal affairs of the country. The social problem in Spain, in spite of various well-meant efforts, has become more and more acute. Strikes and disputes are almost chronic. The great industrial districts of Catalonia and Biscaya, with their centres at Barcelona and Bilbao, are continually exposed to disorders, whilst the large stretches of land owned by a few proprietors in the agricultural districts of Andalusia are a constant source of dissatisfaction to the rural populations. Unfortunately these labour disturbances are seldom unaccompanied by violence. In Barcelona the conditions of unrest are intensified by the presence of a large cosmopolitan element in close touch with centres of extreme thought throughout Europe. This city was the scene of the revolutionary outbreak of 1909, which brought into prominence the name of Ferrer, and it gave the signal for the general railway strike in 1912. This was only averted by the Government making use of the expedient found convenient in other countries of calling the men to the colours. Some attempt has been made to find remedies for the prevailing unrest by the foundation of the Institute of Social Reforms in 1904, which has been followed by a succession of legislative measures. Indeed, if legislation, pure and simple, could ameliorate the lot of the working classes, most of the abuses would long since have been removed. There has been a steady flow of enactments dealing with hours of labour, savings banks, child and women workers, apprenticeship, night work, Sunday rest, etc., but in a great number of cases the regulations have remained a dead letter, through administrative difficulties, and the lack of a strong public opinion to support the enforcement of the law. The unrest in the agricultural districts translates itself in a fashion equally disastrous for the nation. Wholesale emigration from a countryside frequently takes place, and of the enormous total of 200,000 annual emigrants, nearly the half is drawn from rural districts.

The vast proportion of the emigration is, of course, to South America, and this may be a suitable place to mention that considerable attention has been given in recent years to the question of the relations between Spain and the South

American Republics. There have been many signs of a desire on the part of the latter to enter into closer economic and cultural connection with the mother-country. But in both aspects there is a great deal of lost ground to be recovered. Economically, South America tends to become more and more a market for the United States, while culturally her spiritual home has been France. Spanish–American congresses and exhibitions, interchange of university professors, special missions of members of the Royal Family, exclusive postal facilities, subvention of steamship lines ; these are some of the means that have been employed to foster the connection. Recent developments in aviation have opened up the possibility of greatly reducing the space separating the two continents, and the establishment at least of an aerial post is receiving special attention. When one remembers that the Spanish language is spoken by some eighty millions of people in various parts of the globe, of whom the Peninsula claims only a quarter, it can easily be realised what a power for world civilisation is implied by the strengthening of the bonds that unite the different Spanish-speaking nations.

If we turn to the consideration of agricultural, industrial and commercial development during the period under review, we shall see that although there has been progress, it has been excessively slow. One may say that each of these three branches of national activity has had its special obstacles to overcome. Agriculture is faced by the lack of the necessary irrigation, and the existence of large, undeveloped estates, industry by the poverty of communications and lack of capital, and commerce by the faulty customs system and the fluctuations of the exchange. Hardly a year has passed without legislation being introduced directed towards the alleviation of one or other of these evils, but in the whirligig of politics, but a small portion has been carried into effect. A fair amount of progress has been made in the development of irrigation schemes. The canalisation of the Ebro and the Duoro is rendering increasing services to the regions of Catalonia, Aragon and Old Castile. The mining industry has likewise undergone a certain amount of development, and the foundations of a shipbuilding industry have been laid. But a large proportion of industrial concerns are financed by foreign capital, and their profits lost to the country. In respect to the needs of the country, the development of railway communication is still very deficient. The engineering difficulties in a land so crossed by mountain chains must be taken into consideration, but allowing for this, the gaps in the railway system are still very serious. Such an important town as Valencia has no direct communication with Madrid, and the distance between the latter and Corunna, 630 kilometres by road, reaches to 831 kilometres by rail.

The European war brought a sudden wave of prosperity to Spain. The prices of products it had been in the habit of exporting rose to phenomenal heights, and new industries were set on foot. The peseta attained to a foremost position among European exchanges. But this prosperity could not in the nature of things last, and it was limited in extent to a comparatively small number. The bulk of the people were greatly affected by the all-round dearness of articles of first necessity. Advantage was not taken of the opportunity to stabilise Spanish financial credit. A succession of strikes, accompanied at times by public disorder, has also prevented a steady advance in material progress. Finally, the recent Morocco campaign has plunged the country into debt which will hamper her advance for a considerable time to come.

The relations between Church and State in Spain have several times been strained during the present century. Besides the extreme political parties who are frankly anti-religious in tendency, there is a body of Liberal opinion which is anti-clerical only in the sense that it considers the influence of the Church in certain public matters to be excessive. The three main points round which the conflict has raged have been: the increased toleration of other than Catholic forms of worship; the removal of education from Church inspection and influence; and most fiercely debated of all, the question of the religious orders. Toleration of non-Catholic religions has been extended to permission to display outward signs on places of worship. A certain number of "free" schools, i.e. not conforming to the religion of the State, were established by various educationalists. The question of the religious orders reached a crisis as a result of a large influx of new congregations due to the working of the Law of Associations in France. There was an existing arrangement with the Vatican under the Concordat of 1851, renewed in 1876, but one of the clauses as to the number of religious orders to be allowed to settle in Spain was not clearly defined, and its application gave rise to prolonged discussions. At one point the minister in power, Canalejas, withdrew the Spanish representative at the Vatican, and though diplomatic relations were shortly afterwards resumed, the question has not been settled to the satisfaction of both parties. The Church has uniformly had the support of the Conservatives and Moderate Liberals in these discussions, and the Catholic religion continues to hold its place in the hearts of the vast majority of Spaniards.

The Instituto de Libre Enseñanza of Giner de los Ríos marked the first stage in an attempt to develop education on lines other than those laid down by the State schools. In 1907 a body was formed which, though in theory a section of the Ministry of Public Instruction, was practically autonomous. It is known as the Junta para Ampliación de Estudios (Board for Development of Studies), and has continued to do very practical work within the limits of its opportunities. One of its first activities was to establish burses for studies in foreign universities, thus preparing a body of teachers trained in modern methods. In 1910 it created the Centro de Estudios Históricos, and in connection with it the Spanish School of Studies in Rome, which has done excellent research work in the Archives of the Embassy there. But perhaps its most important achievement has been the establishment in the same year of the Residencia de Estudiantes, a hostel for university students in Madrid, which is an attempt to incorporate some of the features of English university life, especially the tutorial system. Included in the activities of both these bodies are the publication of research work and the preparation of textbooks on modern lines. The outstanding figure in the band of scholars who carry on this work is Menéndez Pidal, and among his more prominent helpers are Castillejo, Castro and Navarro Tomás. These and others have also contributed to the formation of the excellent series of critical editions of the Spanish classics published by "La Lectura."

One of the most striking manifestations in Spain of the effects of the Cuban War was the repercussion on literature. "The generation of '98" still serves as a formula to describe the writers of the period. The line of thought they adopted had indeed made its appearance before the war, particularly in Ganivet's *Idearium Español,* but the disastrous issue of the struggle gave it renewed life. Among the outstanding figures of the movement were Costa, Baroja, Unamuno, "Azorín," and Maeztú. Though they differed in many points of detail, the main line of their thought emphasized the necessity of Spain withdrawing from external adventures to concentrate upon the crying needs of home affairs. At the same time an effort was to be made to bring Spain within the circle of modern European thought. Costa, in fact, summed up his idea of the needs of Spain by coining the word *europeización.* Of the course of literary effort since those days only a summary notion can be given here by mentioning two or three names under the various forms of production.

In the novel, the great work of Galdós was continued down to his death in 1916. The period saw the rise of new men. Baroja excels in his pictures of a life of adventure and action, in his own Basque country, amongst the "picaresque" quarters of Madrid, and in revolutionary types in various European countries. Leopoldo Alas ("Clarín"), though perhaps better known as a critic, has written a novel, *La Regenta,* which some place in the foremost rank. Palacio Valdés, after describing life on the northern coasts, was caught by the fascination of Andalusia. There is much more of the "real Spain" to be found in him than in the much boomed Blasco Ibáñez, whom English readers seem to have accepted on the strength of America's imprimatur. Students of style will be interested in Valle-Inclán and Ricardo León. Among the younger generation, Gómez de la Serna and Pérez de Ayala have attracted much attention.

Three names may be chosen as illustrative of the modern Spanish stage. Benavente has attained to a world-wide fame, as indicated by the bestowal on him of a Nobel prize for literature. Translations of Martínez Sierra, mainly dealing with middle-class Madrid life, have found favour with English-speaking audiences. The Brothers Quintero have excelled in the portrayal of scenes from their native Andalusia. All these dramatists are characterised by a bewildering activity of production which recalls the golden age of Spanish drama, with its scores of pieces to a single author's name. The novel and the drama are perhaps the literary forms which present most interest to the foreign reader. A hasty glance at other branches will have to suffice. The great movement in modern Spanish poetry came from the other side of the Atlantic. The name of the Nicaraguan, Rubén Darío, is writ large across the period. His originality of themes and metrical experiments have found many disciples—Villaespesa, the Brothers Machado, Gabriel y Galán—though Jiménez seems to have resisted his influence.

Under the vague heading of essayists we may group together a number of prose-writers whose works take different forms. Chief of them is Unamuno, a scholar and sometime Rector of Salamanca, a militant social and political reformer, a Cervantist, though he would scorn the term, in his *Vida de Don Quijote* and a philosopher in his *Sentimiento Trágico de la Vida*. Among critical writers two stand out—Alas and Martínez Ruiz—who are much better known by their pen-names of "Clarín" and "Azorín." The latter's *Lecturas Castellanas* forms an excellent short introduction to Spanish life and letters. Maeztú and Araquistain have chosen the press as the principal medium for the propagation of their ideals, while Ortega y Gasset in his university lectures is an exponent of modern philosophic thought. Finally, in the more specialised fields of scholarship, the revival of learning inaugurated by Menéndez y Pelayo is being carried on by Menéndez Pidal, in philology, by Rodríguez Marín, in Cervantist studies, and by Altamira in historical research.

Though little reference can here be made to modern Spanish artists, it is pleasant to be able to record that several exhibitions of painting and sculpture have been held with great success in various European capitals, and that the works of modern Spanish composers are being increasingly appreciated abroad. It is an insult to Spanish art and music to dismiss it in a sentence, but we shall have to be content with the mention of the names of the painters Zuloaga and Sorolla, of the sculptors Benlliure and Inurria, and of the composers de Falla and Granados.

In looking back over this very summary account of Spanish life in recent years, one has the uneasy feeling that the impression carried away by the reader will be that of repeated failure. Though we have not shirked mentioning the mistakes that have been made, we believe that to leave such an impression would convey a wrong idea of modern Spain. Every attempt, in the life, either of individuals or nations, to repair the errors of the past, must needs be a record of stumbles and falls. The important thing is that the will to reform be there. And this will to reform does exist in Spain. A large body of thinkers and workers are bending all their energies to the task.

As happens in every country and with every cause, they are not all agreed on the means to be adopted. Cutting across the old lines of cleavage, roughly represented by the political denominations of Liberal and Conservative, the party of reform seems to be divided into those who look to a deeper interpenetration with European ideals, the *europeización* of Costa; and those who believe that in Spain itself there lie, unexplored and unworked, rich deposits of spiritual wealth, sufficient not only to establish on a firm basis the national civilisation, but also to give of its abundance to the general life of the Continent. The solution, as so often in such problems, will doubtlessly be found in some *via media*. A Europe which has witnessed the shipwreck of its boasted political development may not be the best mentor for a country struggling towards self-realisation. The once proud motto of Spain, *Plus Ultra*, led her, after a period of almost unparalleled splendour, into the quagmire. It may well be that she will yet find her salvation under the humbler but more secure device: *Plus Intra.*

STATISTICS.

[These figures are taken from latest available reports, but as the sources are different, they do not all refer to the same year.]

Total Area with possessions.	Population estimated 1916.	Population per sq. mile.	National Debt.	Revenue.	Expenditure.
194,783 sq. miles.	20,747,893	105	£478,000,000	£70,000,000	£91,000,000

General Exports.	General Imports.	Exports to Great Britain.	Imports from Great Britain.	Army.	
				Peace Estbt.	War Estbt.
£37,000,000	£24,000,000	£21,000,000	£13,000,000	190,000	300,000

Railways.	Merchant Marine Tonnage.	Nature of Exports.		
		Raw Materials.	Finished Products.	Foodstuffs.
9,436 miles	1,094,000	52 per cent.	14 per cent.	34 per cent.

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